



HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

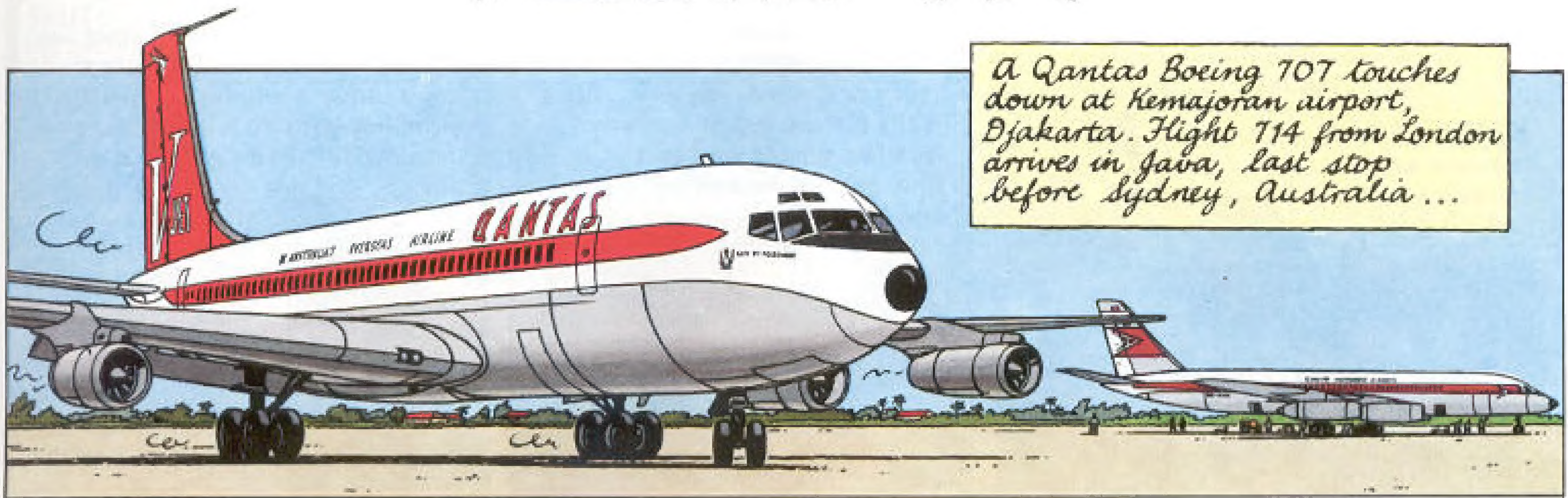


FLIGHT 714



MAMMOTH

FLIGHT 714



A Qantas Boeing 707 touches down at Kemajoran airport, Djakarta. Flight 714 from London arrives in Java, last stop before Sydney, Australia ...



I keep telling you. We're in Java! ... Djakarta!

How very strange I'd have sworn it was Djakarta.



This IS Djakarta, ten thousand thundering typhoons!

Rangoon? You must be joking.



Blistering barnacles! Djakarta! Djakarta!! DJAKARTA!!! Can' you listen to what I say?

Botany Bay?...Then why didn't you say we'd arrived?



No, Professor, we're not in Australia yet. It's Djakarta.

Yes, I know. But I thought at first it was Djakarta.



Welcome to Java! Transit passengers this way, please ...

Transit passengers... that means us.

This is more like it. I'm no skye terrier... I prefer my feet on the ground!



I say, Tintin, what about a little drink?

Good idea. Why not?

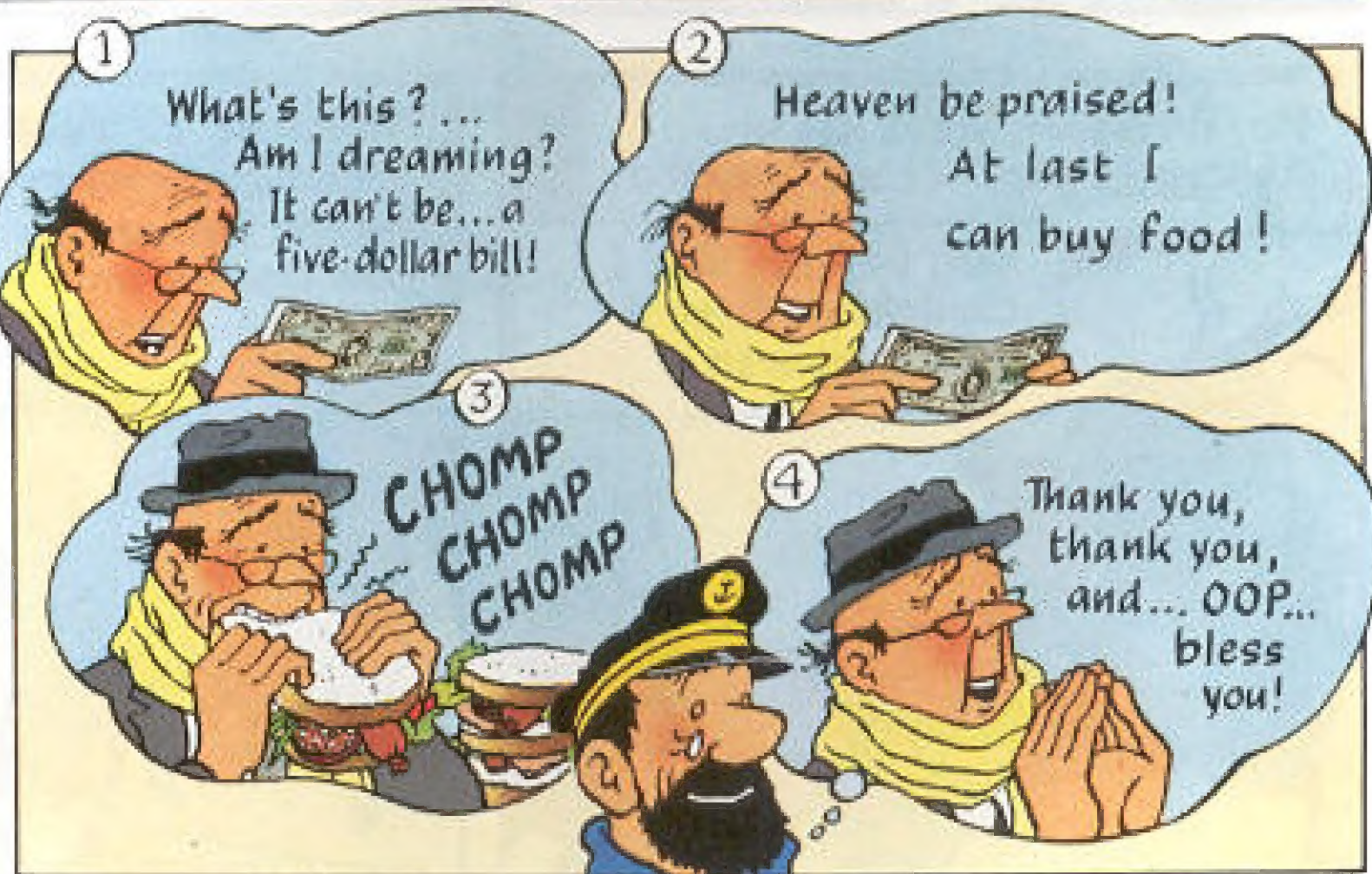
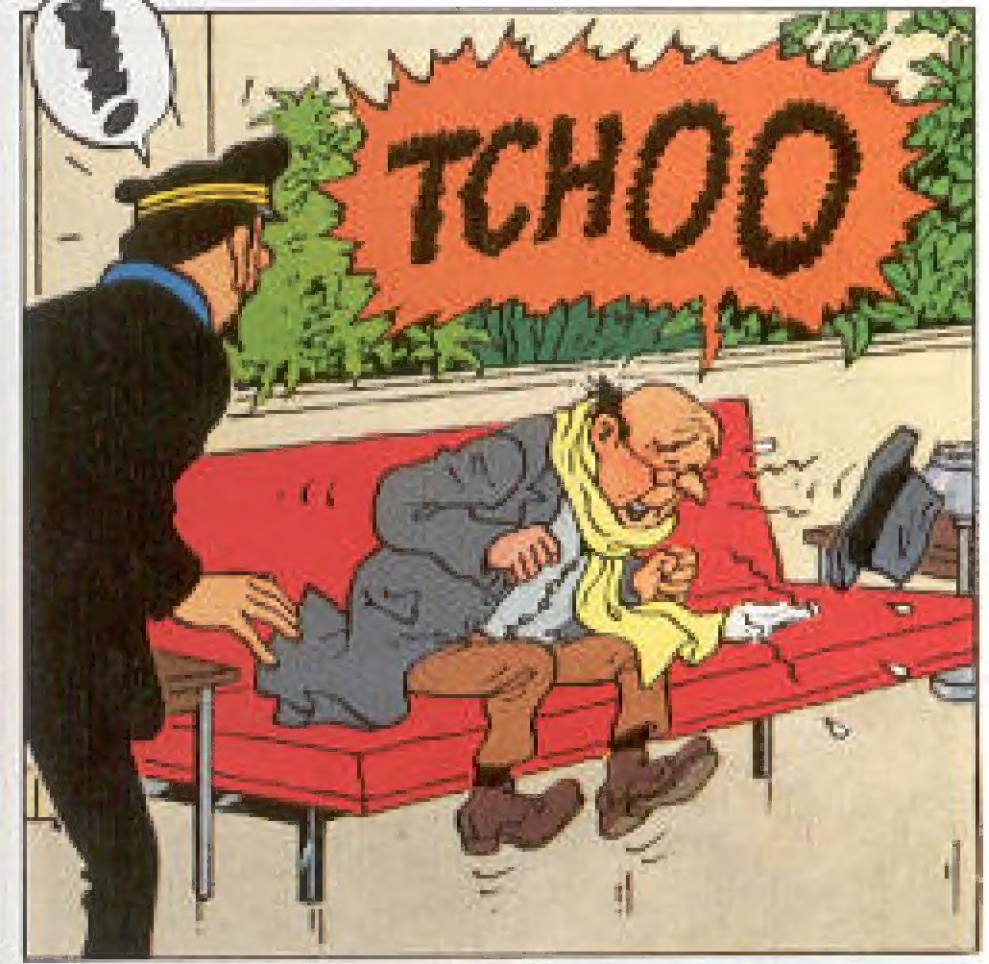
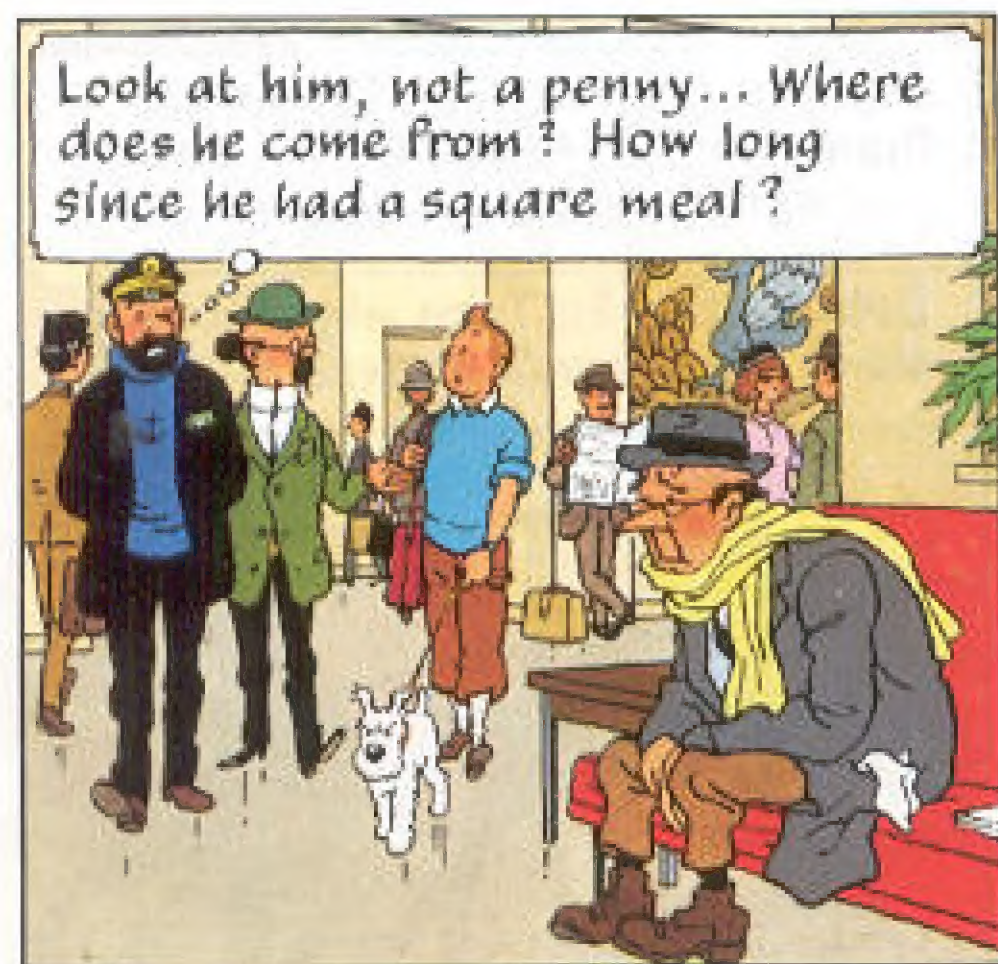


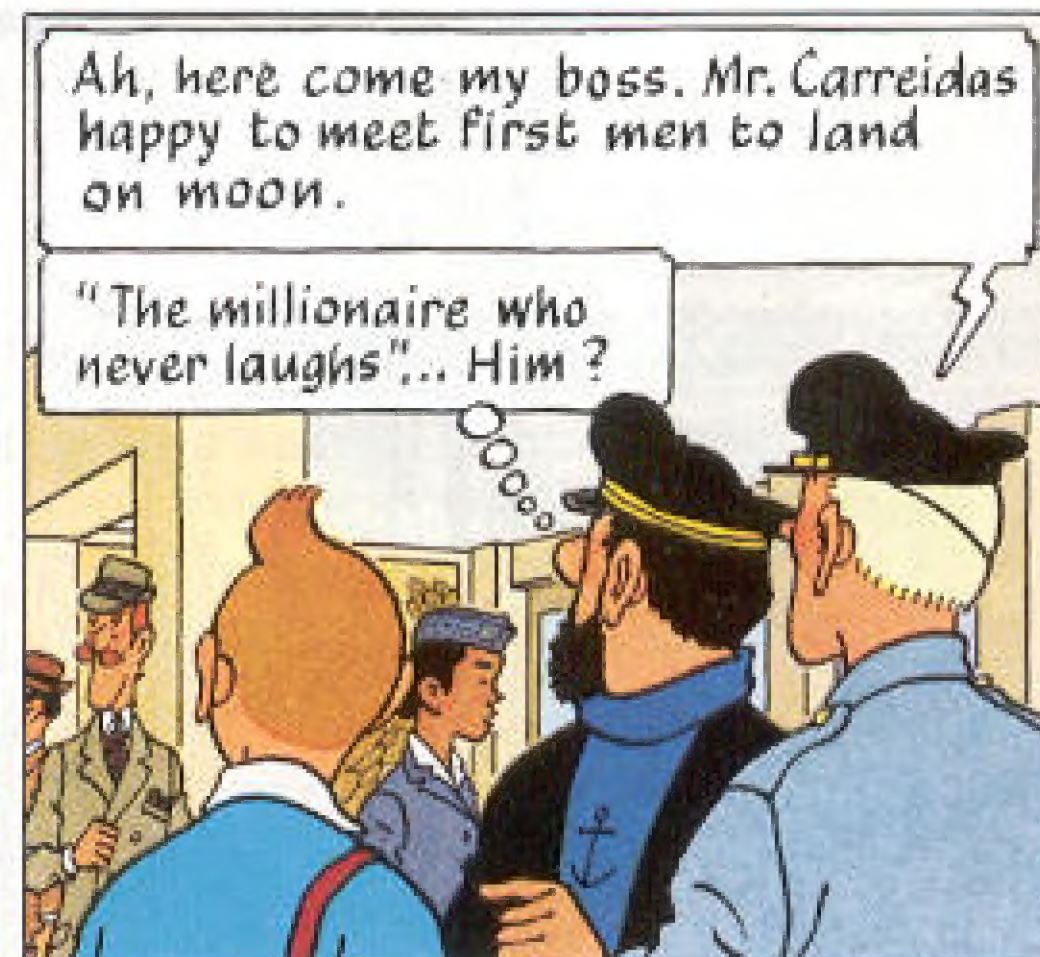
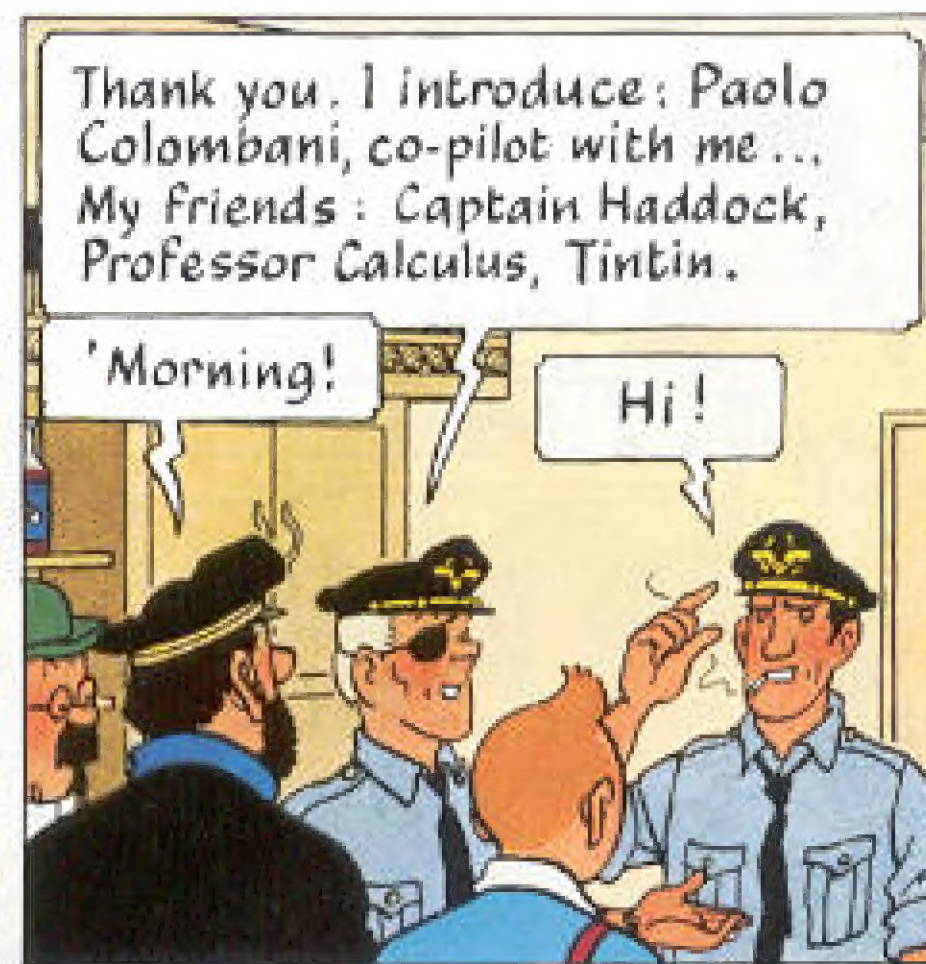
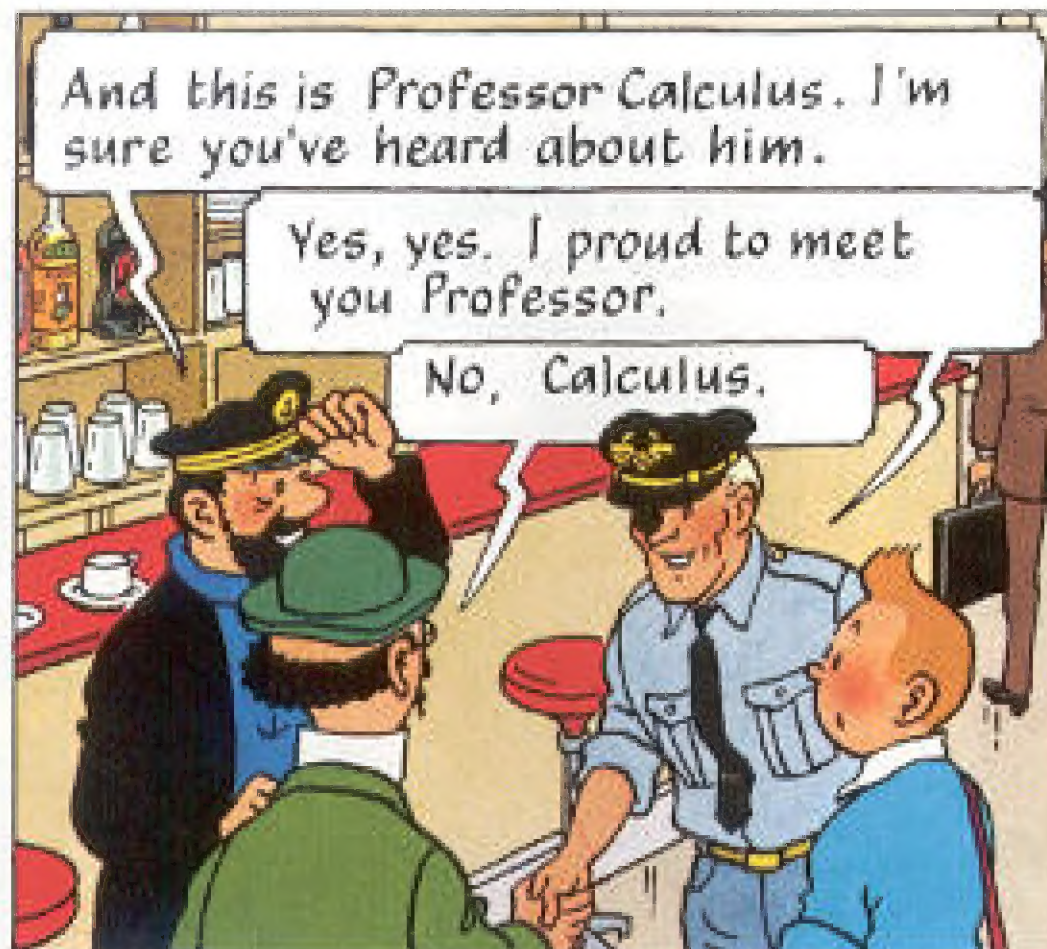
There's the bar, look ...

Fine!



Hey! ... Stop! ... Are you trying to make a fool of me?



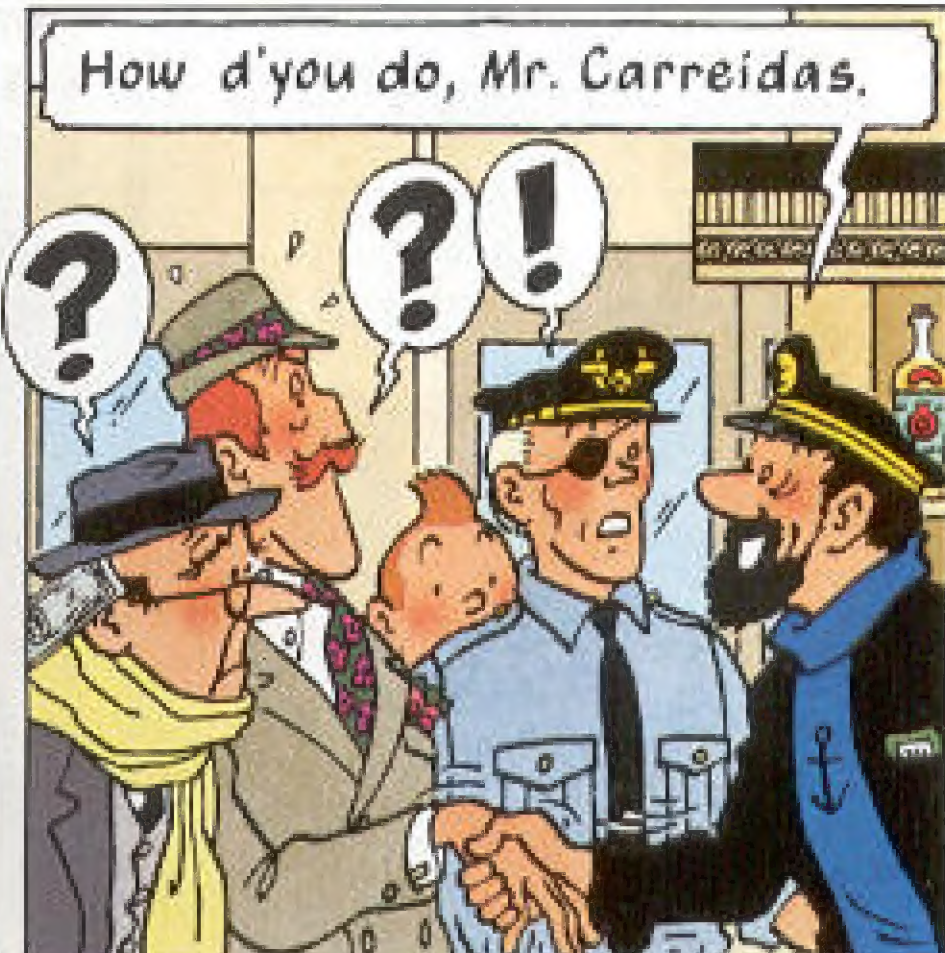




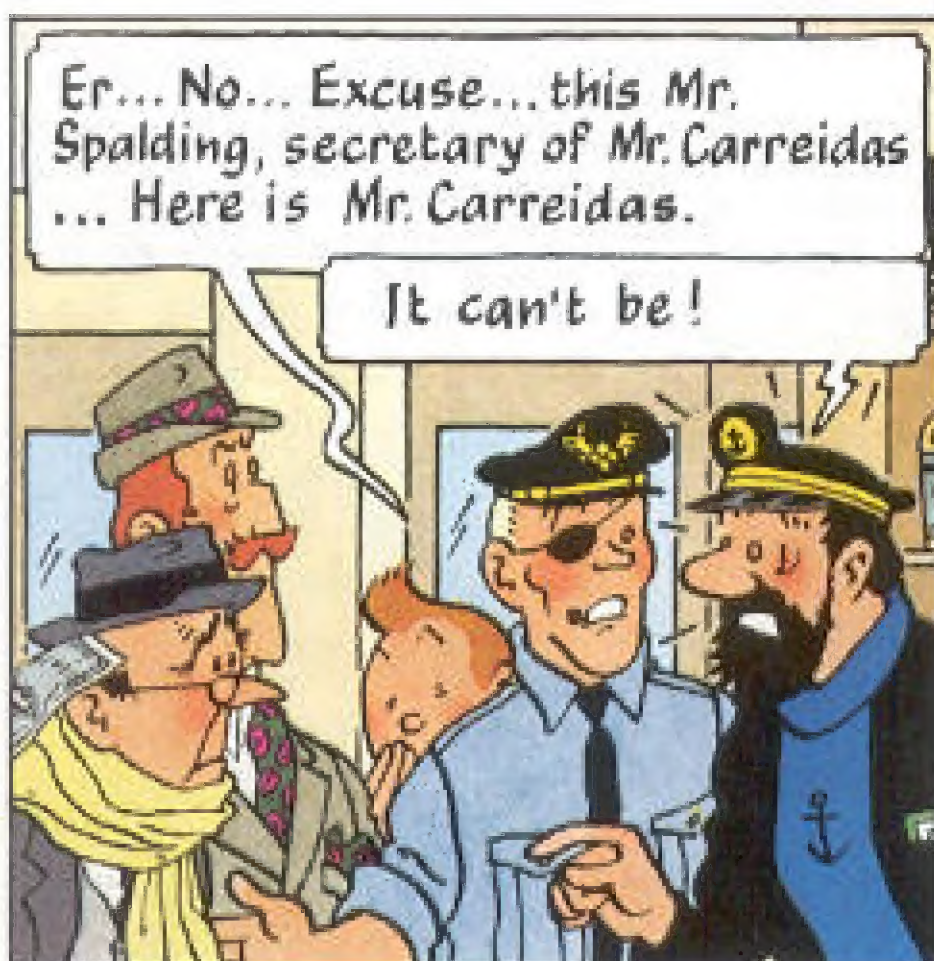
Still, he must be kind-hearted; he's taken that little emigrant under his wing. Good For him!



Mr. Carreidas, I please introduce my friends to you: Captain Haddock, Professor Calculus, Tintin. They went in rocket and were first men on moon. You remember?... I...

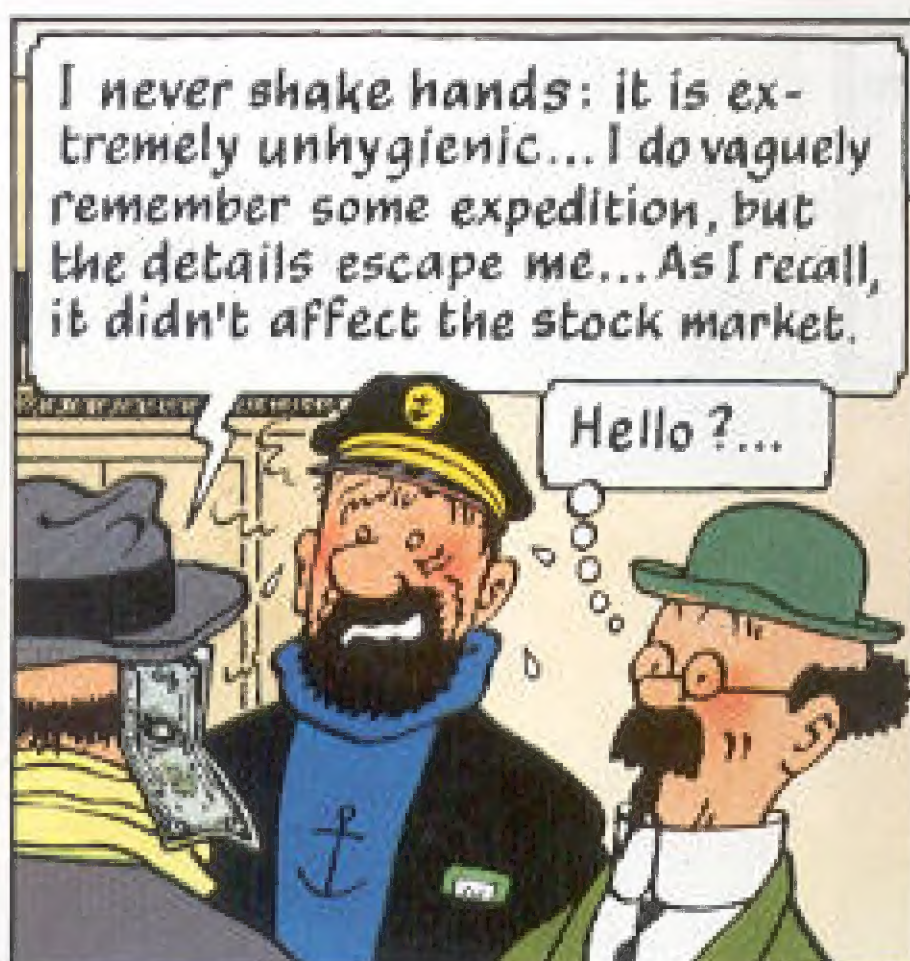


How d'you do, Mr. Carreidas.



Er... No... Excuse... this Mr. Spalding, secretary of Mr. Carreidas ... Here is Mr. Carreidas.

It can't be!



I never shake hands: it is extremely unhygienic... I do vaguely remember some expedition, but the details escape me... As I recall, it didn't affect the stock market.

Hello?...



There seems to be... Allow me...



Presto!



My hat!... You're a trespi... no, I mean... presti... prestigidi... pres-tidigita...ta...ta...



HA HA HA



HAHAHA... pres-tidigitator!



HEE HEE OH HO HO HAAA



TAAAH... AAAH...



I... ha! ha!... I... it's incredible... incredible... ha! ha! It's quite incredible!



Spalding!

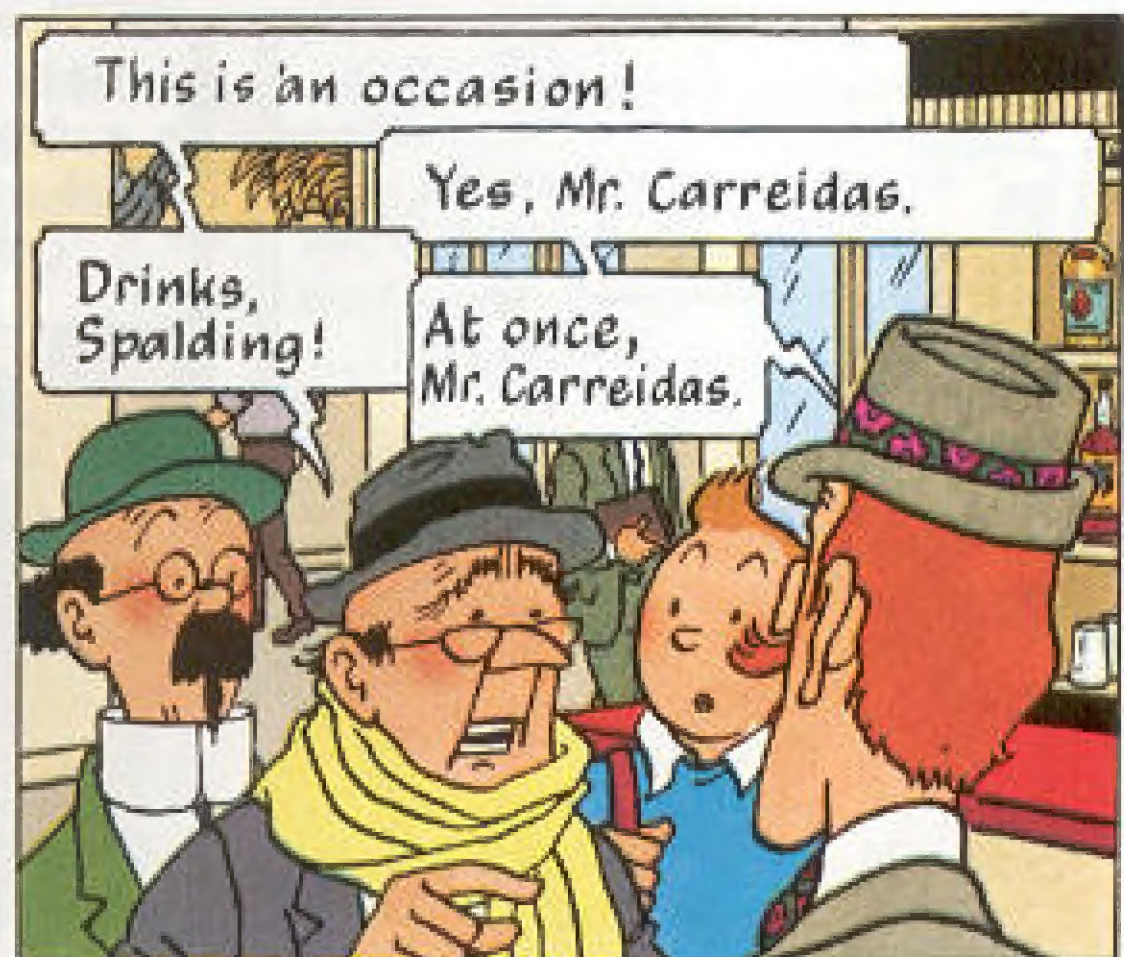
Yes, Mr. Carreidas.

You heard, Spalding?

Yes, Mr. Carreidas.

It hasn't happened for years.

As you say, Mr. Carreidas.

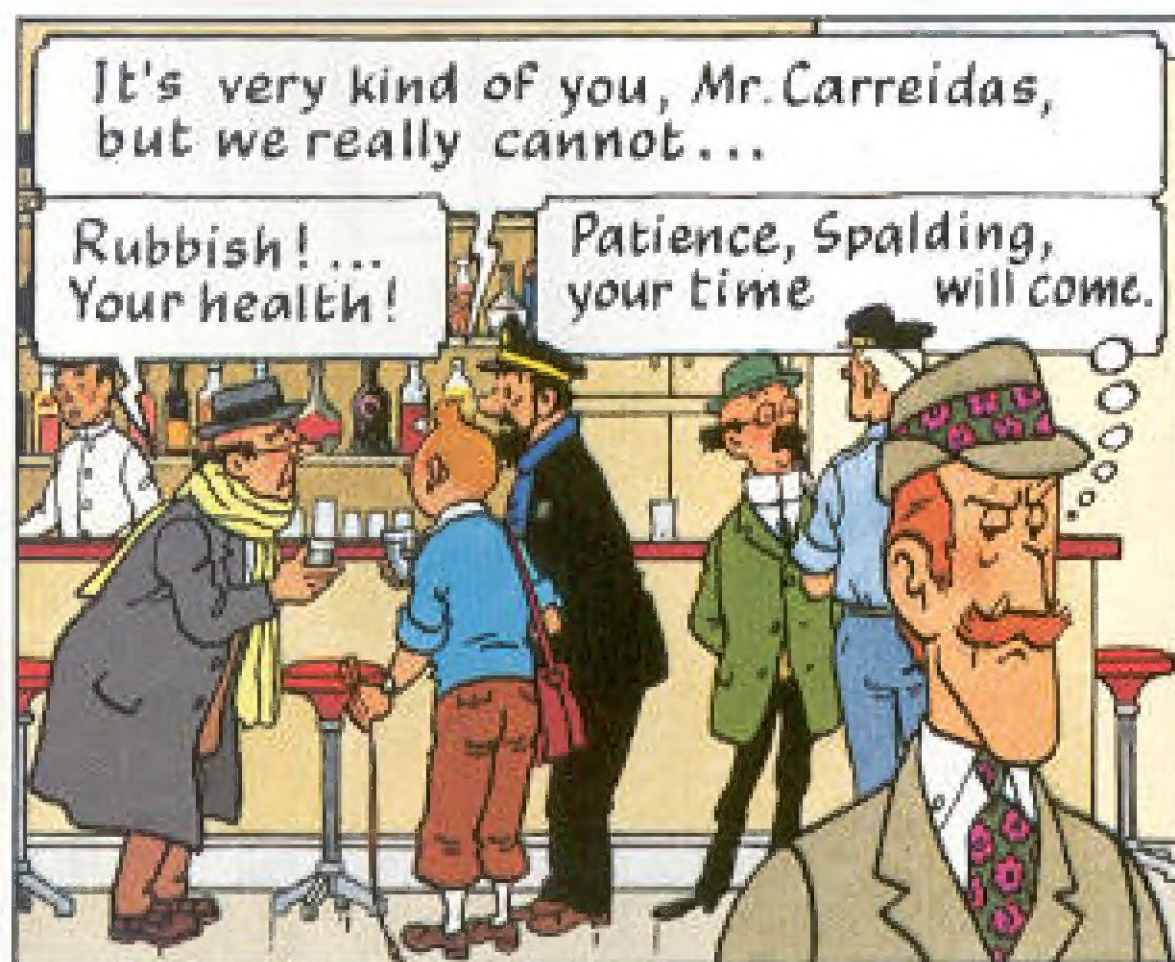
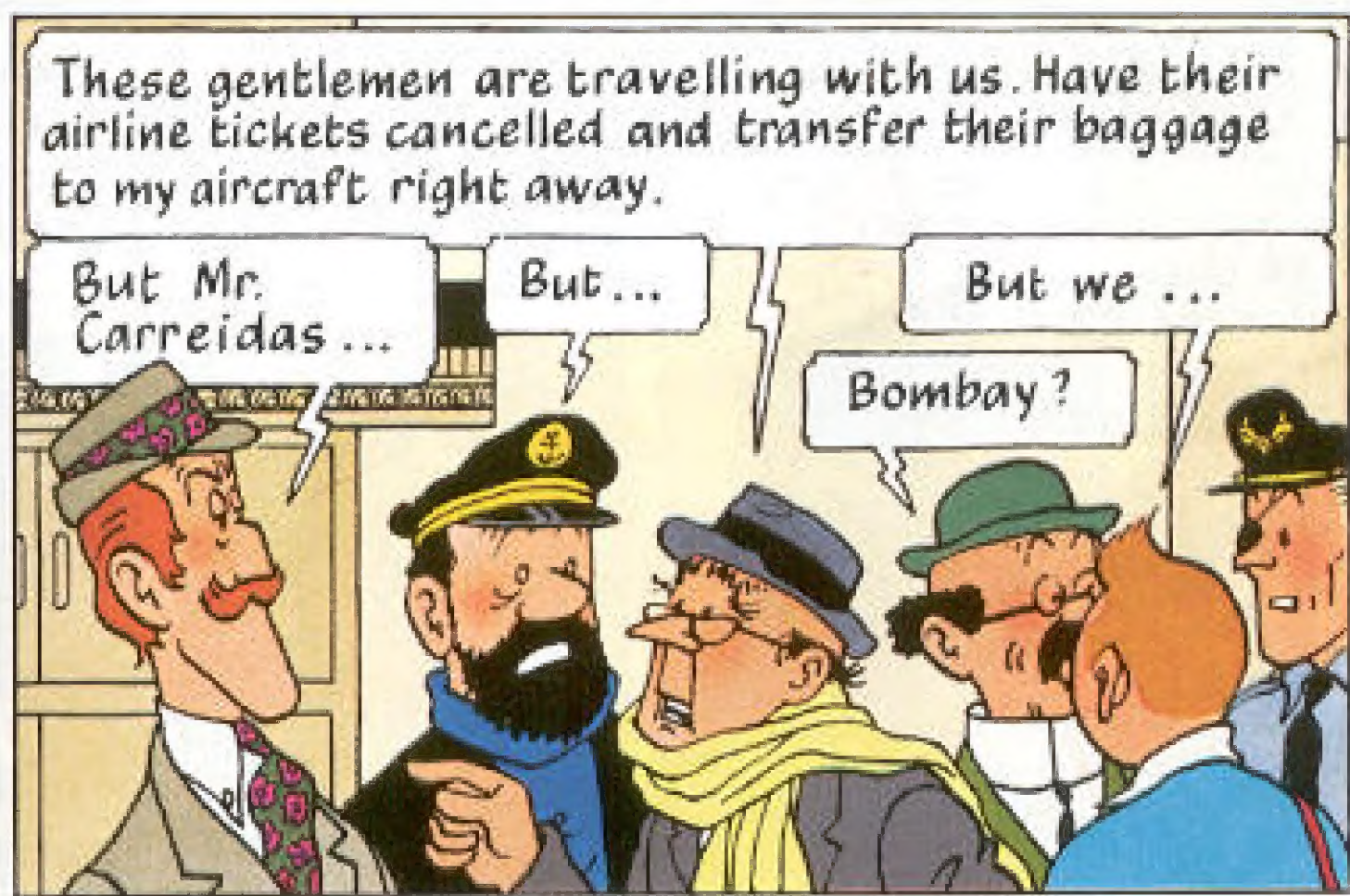
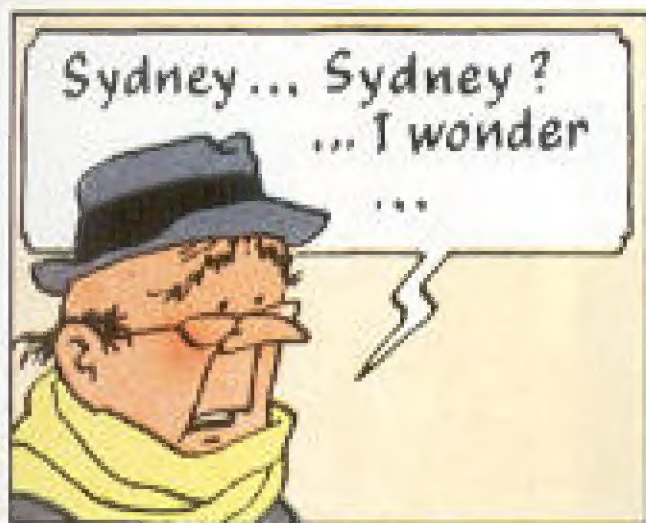
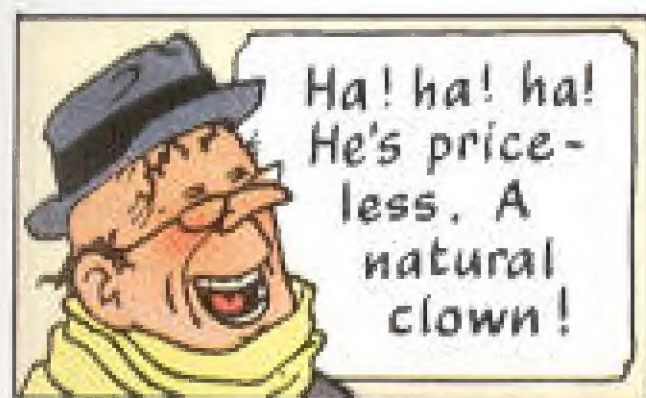


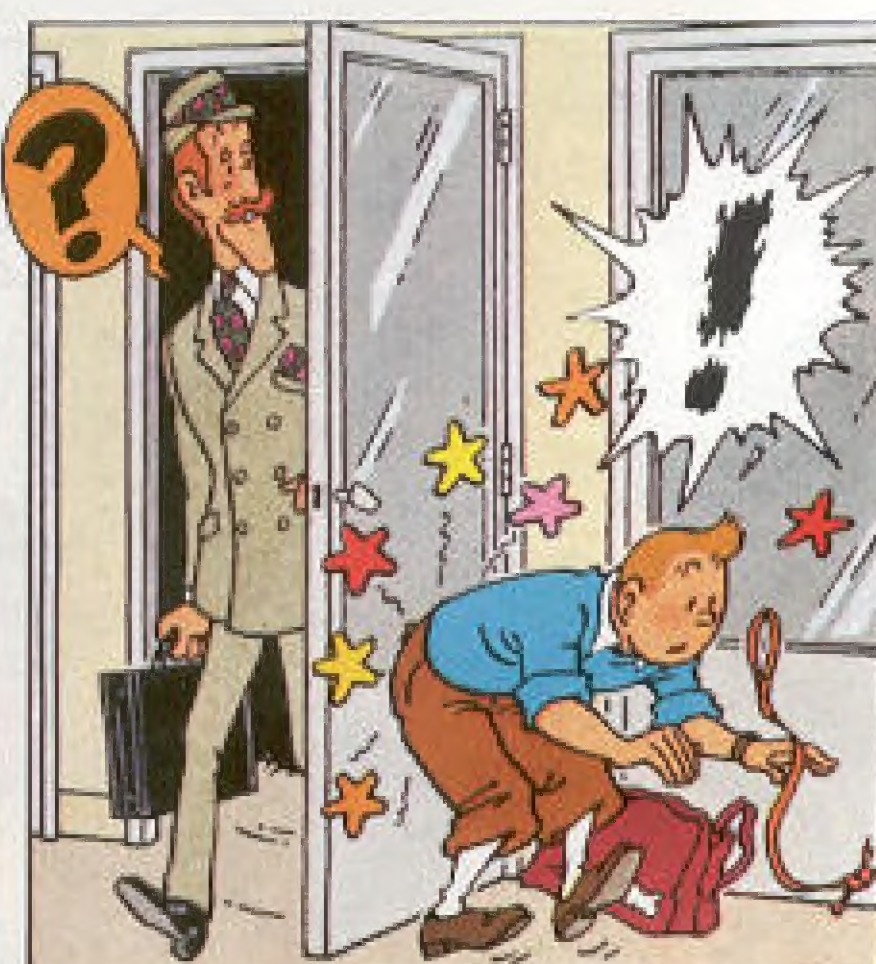
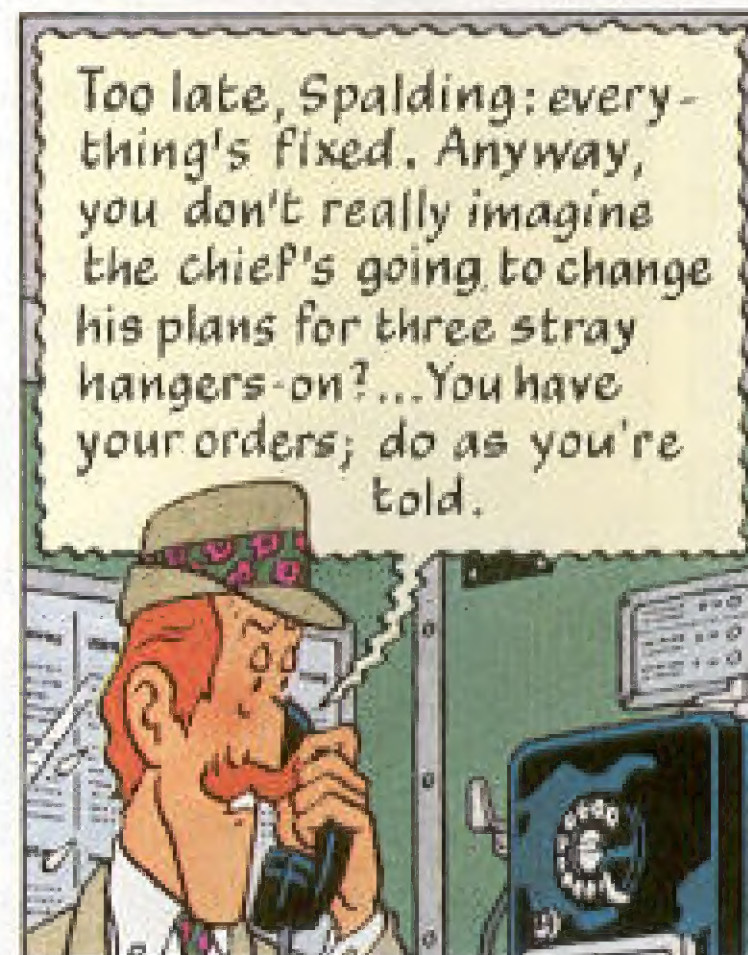
This is 'an occasion!

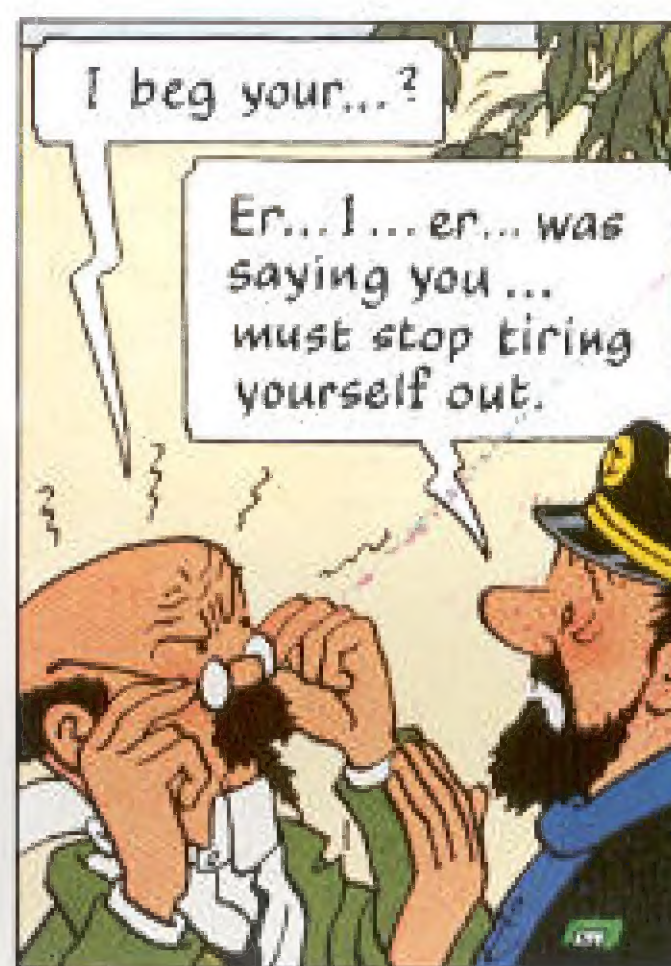
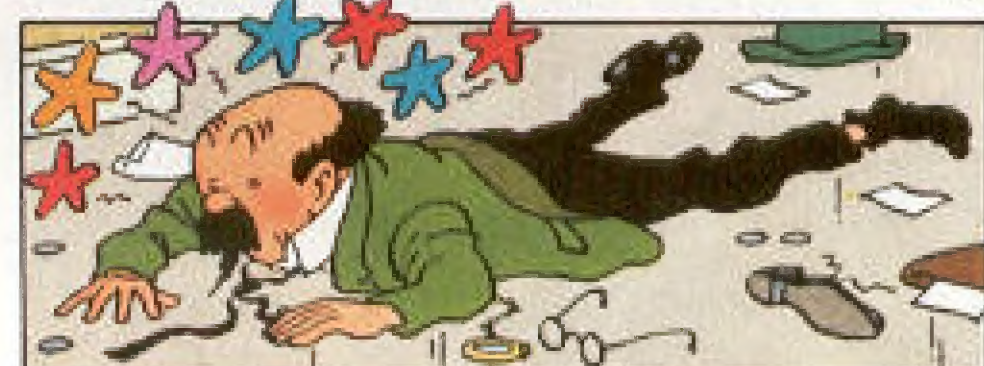
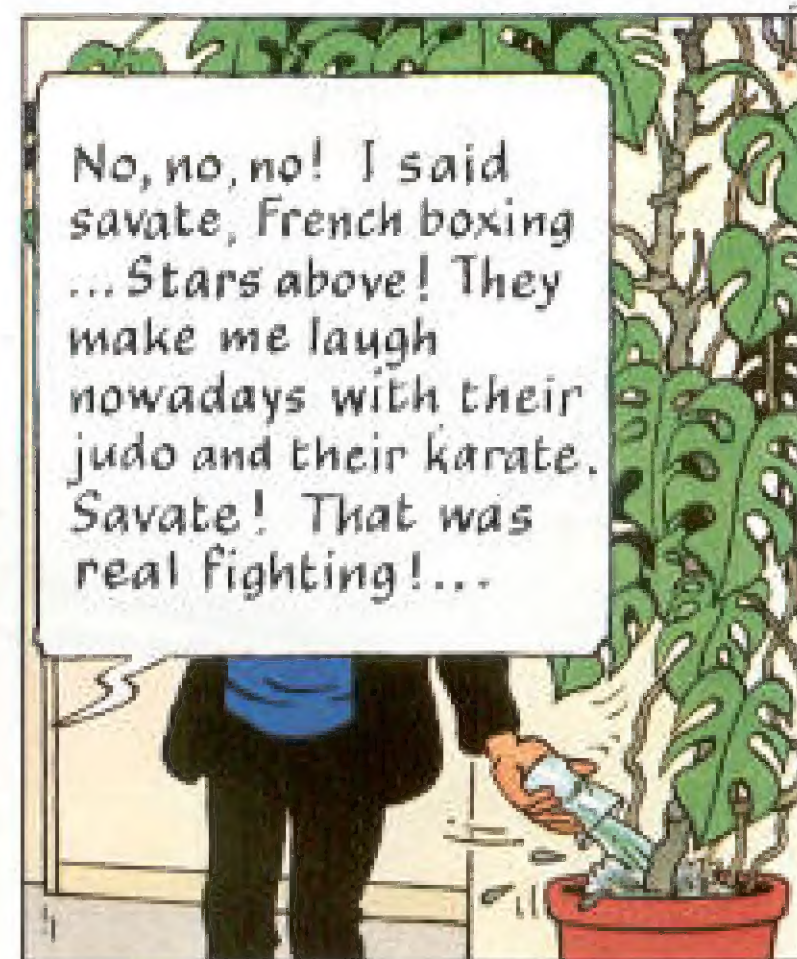
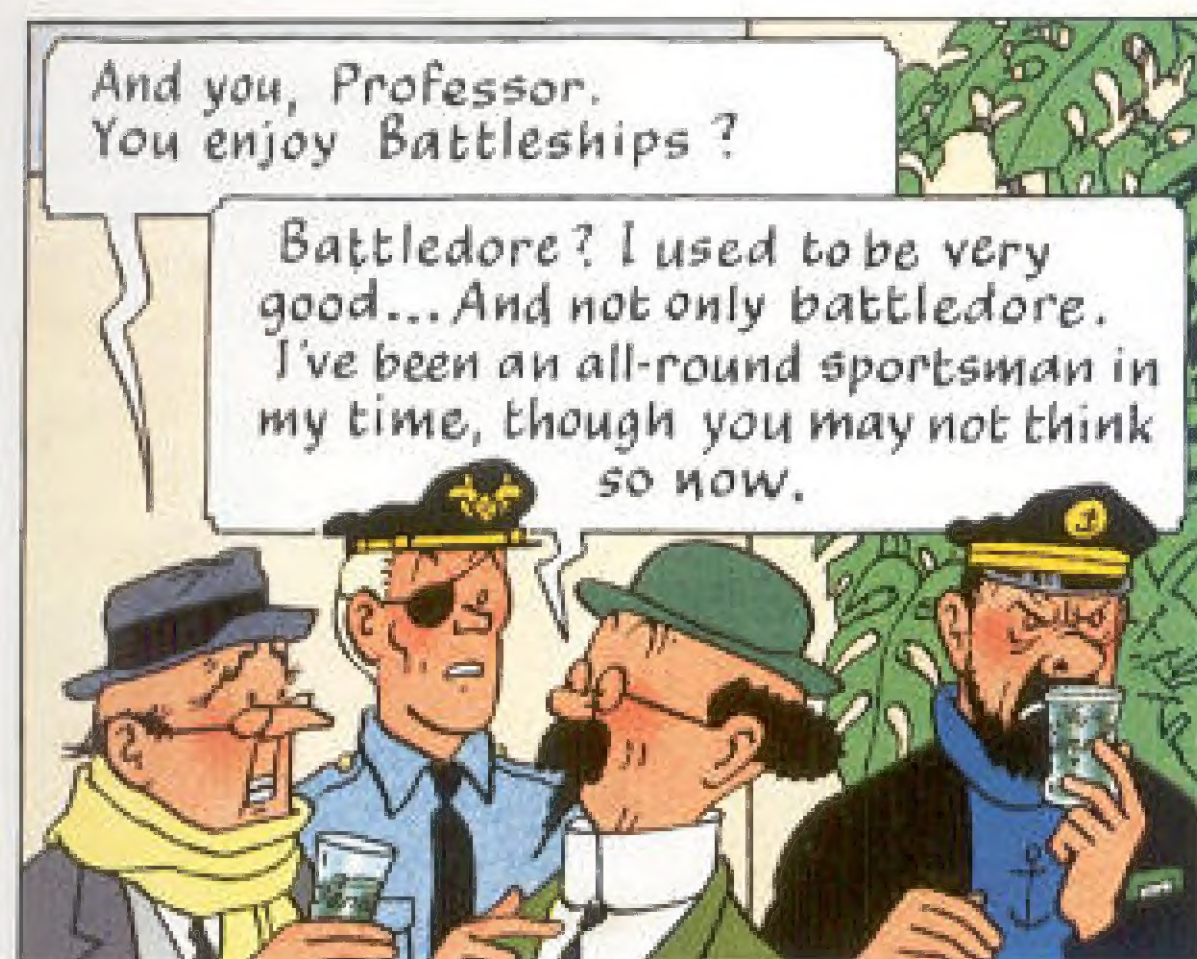
Yes, Mr. Carreidas.

Drinks, Spalding!

At once, Mr. Carreidas.

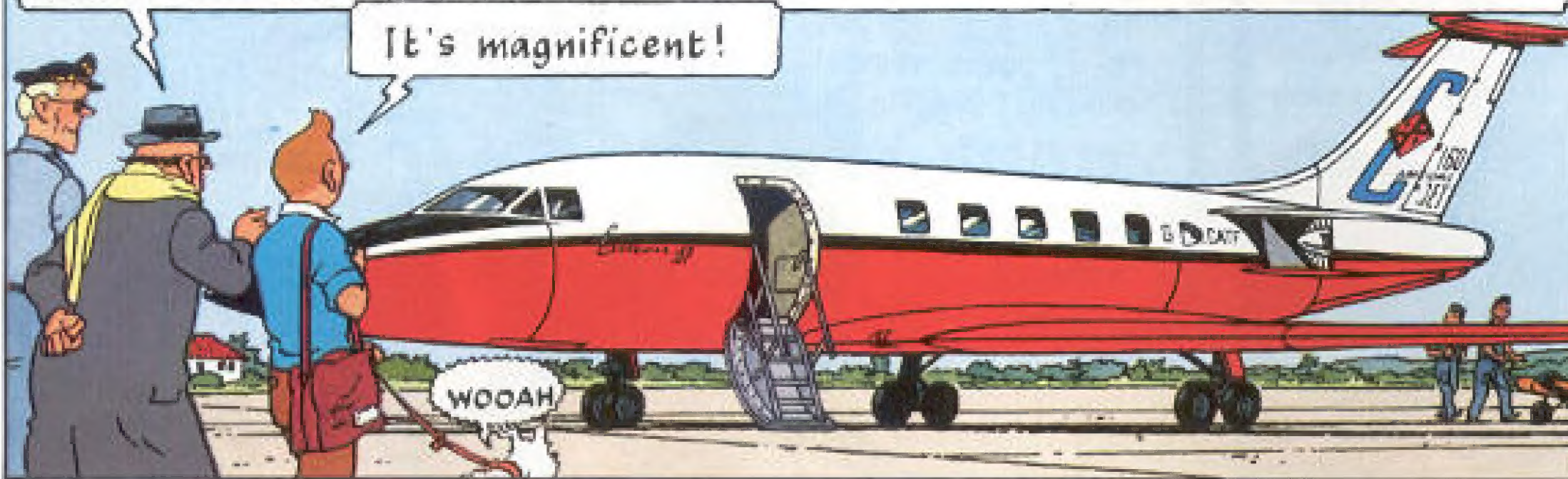






This is my newest brain-child: the Carreidas 160. A triple-jet executive aircraft, with a crew of four, and six passengers. At 40,000 feet the cruising speed is Mach 2, or about 1,250 m.p.h. The Rolls-Royce-Turbomeca turbojets deliver in total 18,500 lbs of thrust...

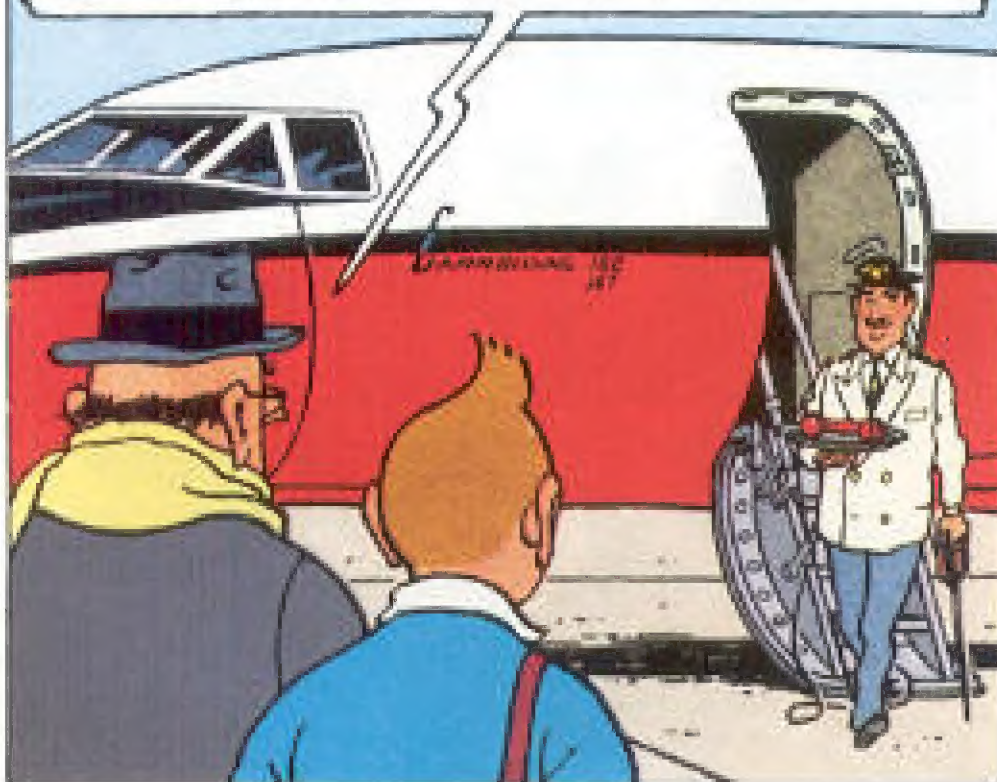
It's magnificent!



The most advanced feature lies in the aerodynamics of the ...



Ah, there's Gino, my steward ... A Neapolitan. I wonder...



Telefono from New York for il signor Commendatore.

That'll be Goldberg.

Hold the line, please.

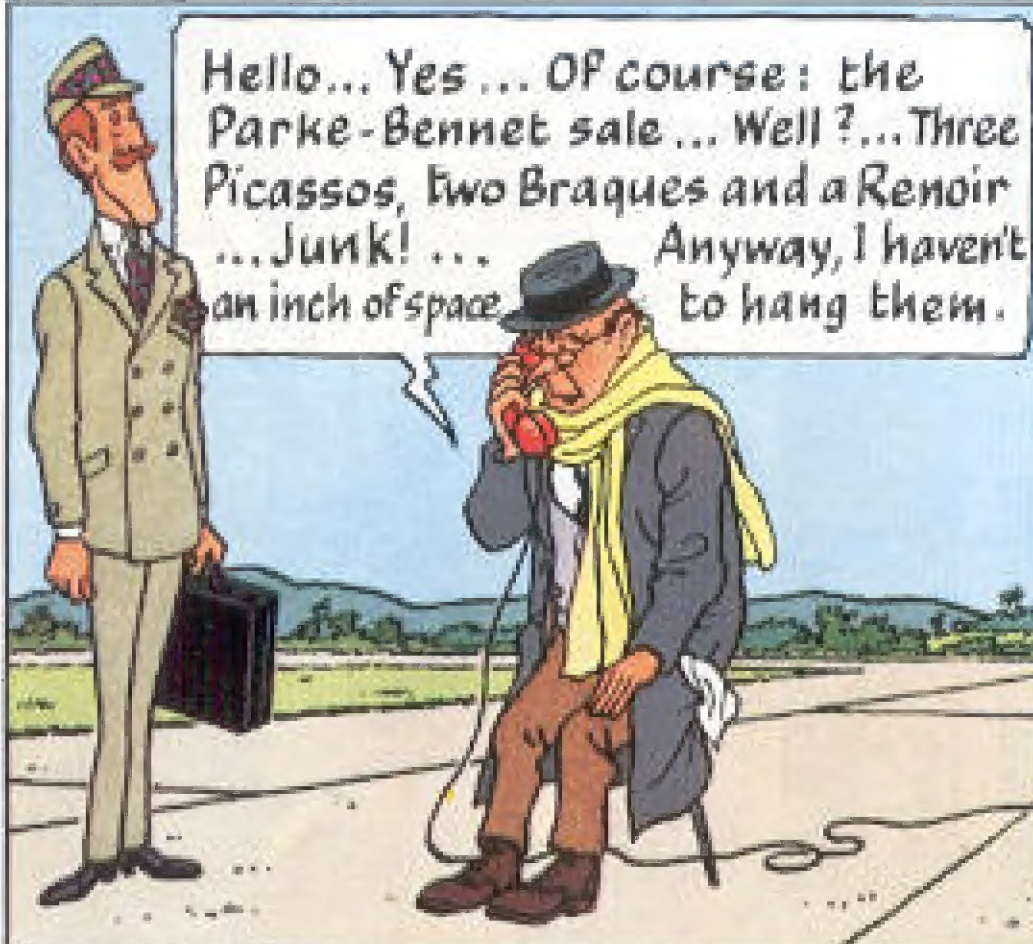


Please board the aircraft, gentlemen. Gino, look after my guests.

Si, signor Commendatore.



Hello... Yes... Of course: the Parke-Bennet sale... Well?... Three Picassos, two Braques and a Renoir... Junk!... Anyway, I haven't an inch of space to hang them.



What's that?... Onassis after them?... Then buy!... Get them all!... What?... I don't care how much, buy!



You met navigator Colombani... This is new radio operator, Hans Boehm.

Hello!

Captain!

Well, well...

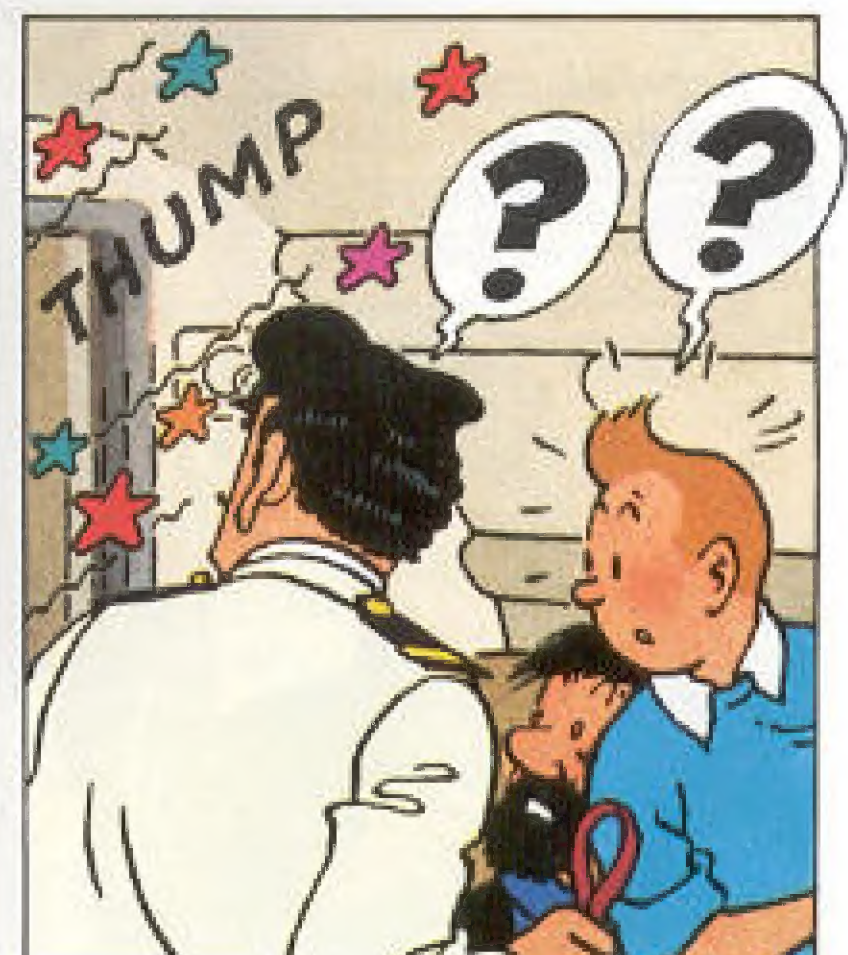


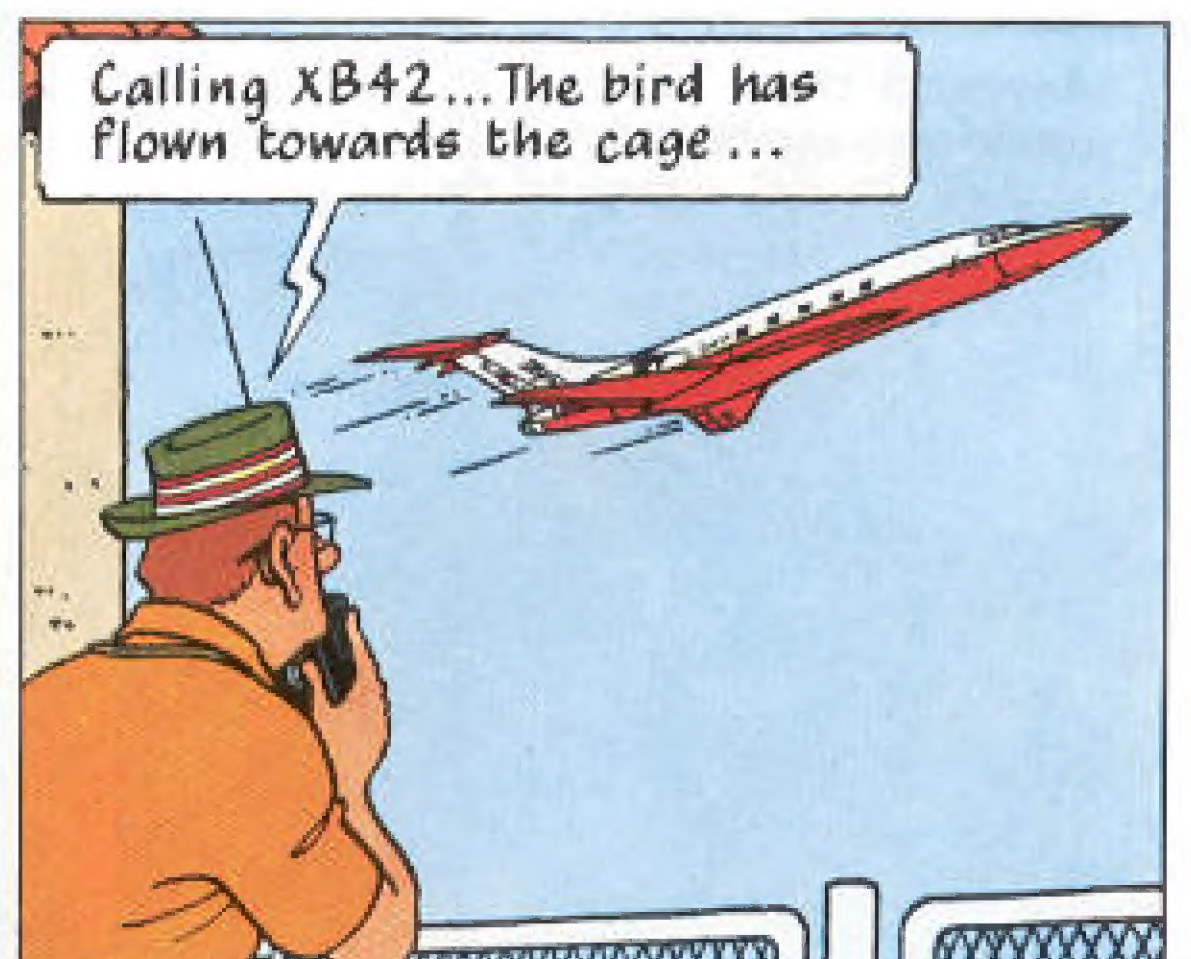
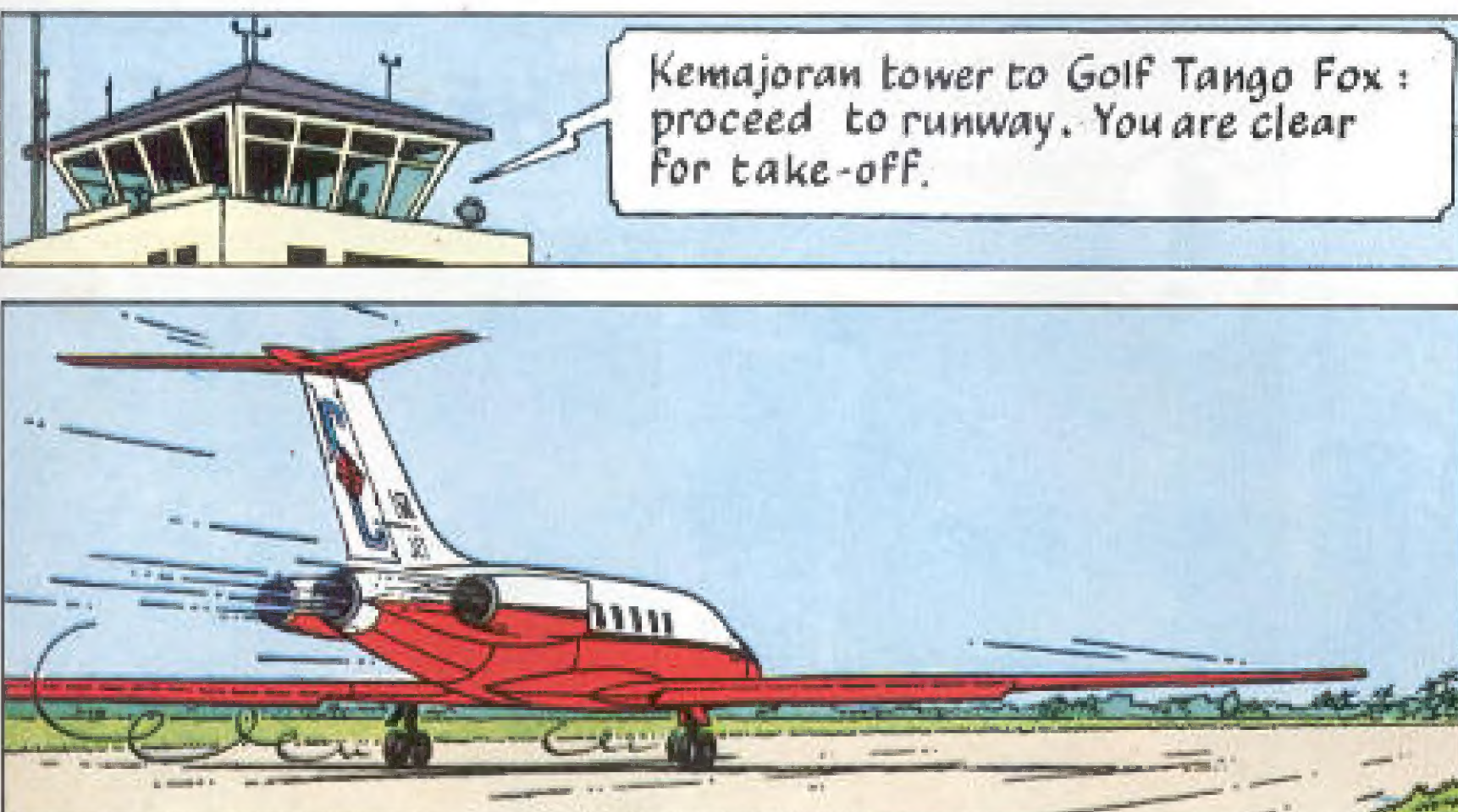
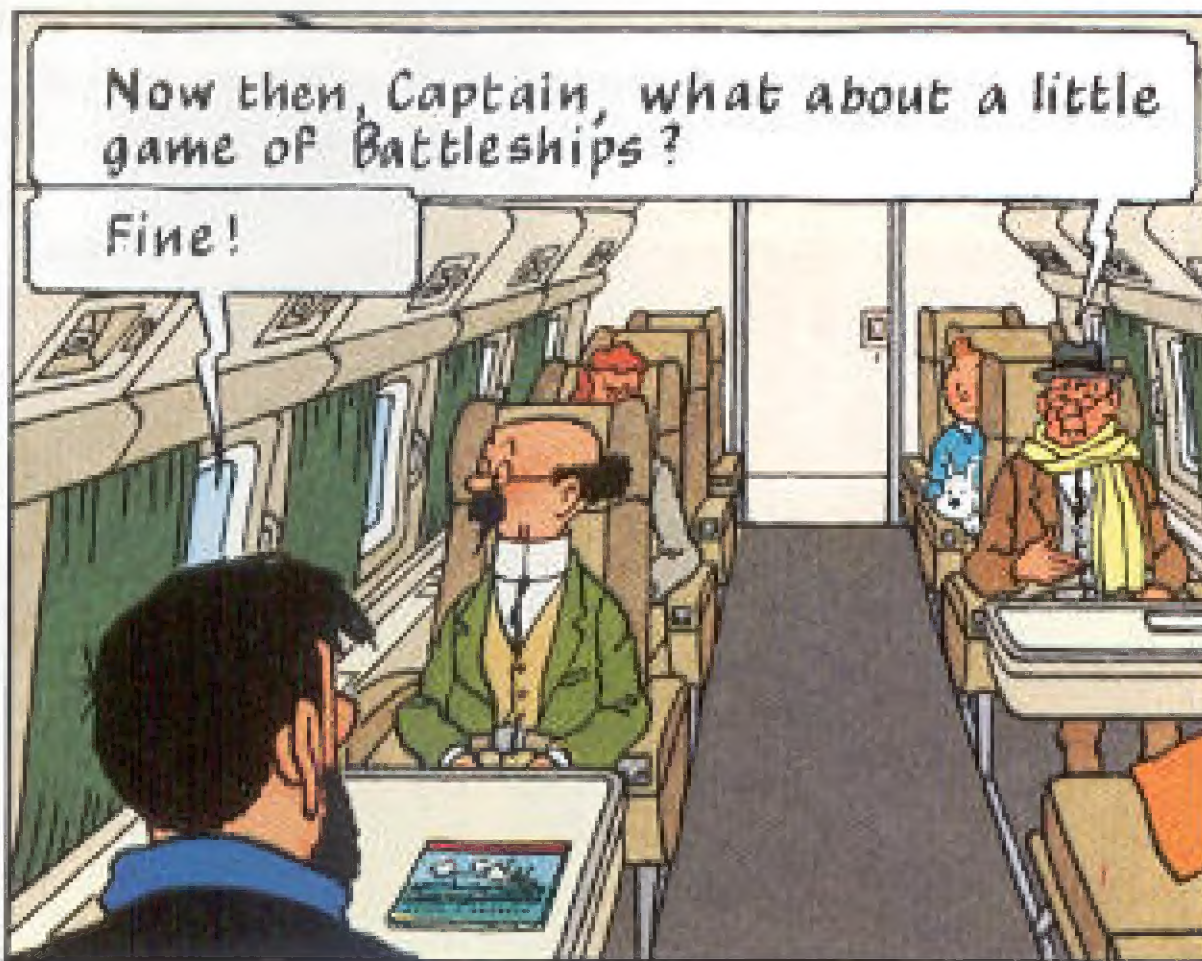
More new crew?

Si... no fortuna we have on this viaggio... Other radio operator in accidente at airport in Singapore... with petrol tanker...



But presto presto il signor Spalding find new radio operator... Il Signor Spalding is molto intelligente... Il Signor Spalding...







C4 - D4 - E4? Not a bad start, Captain. You've sunk a submarine, but the other two shots went into the water.



Aha!



This is going to be good!... Now for my pipe. Oh, I hope the smoke won't bother you?

Smoking is strictly prohibited, Captain. Even the smell of tobacco upsets me.



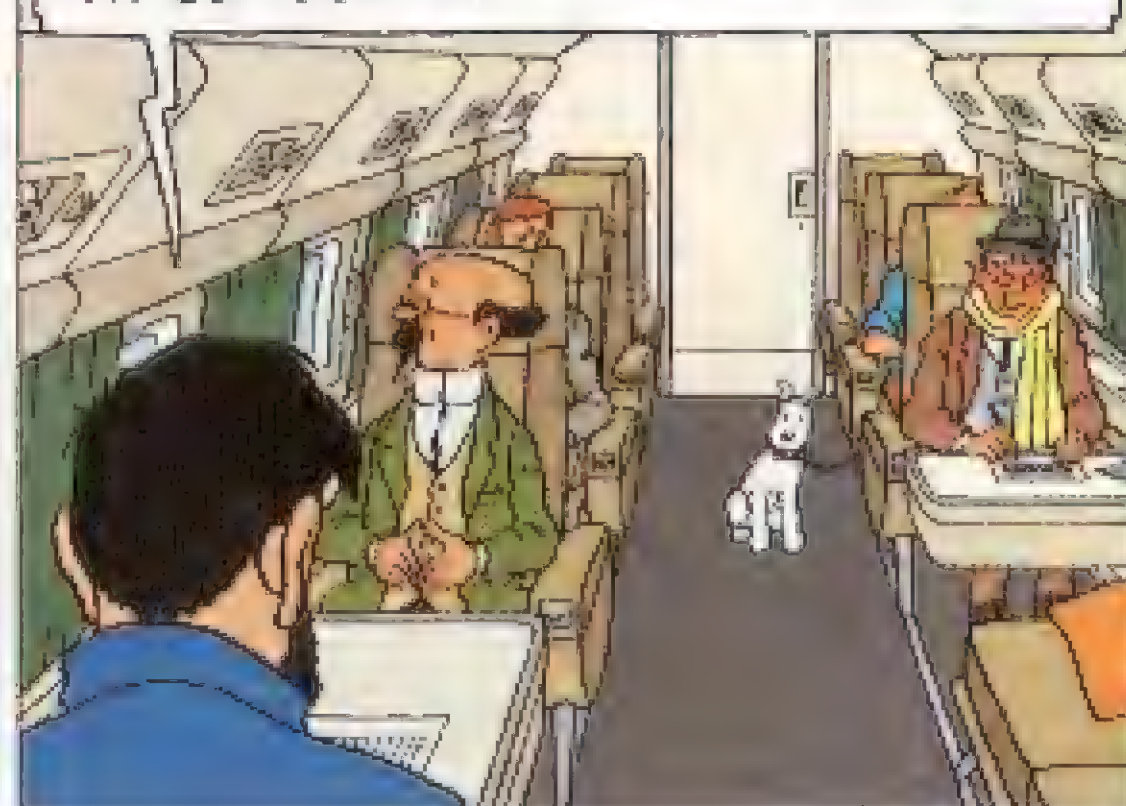
My turn now. Let me see... A4 - B4... and ... er ... C2.



Good shot Mr. Carreidas! ... A destroyer sunk with two shells, and a hit on another destroyer.

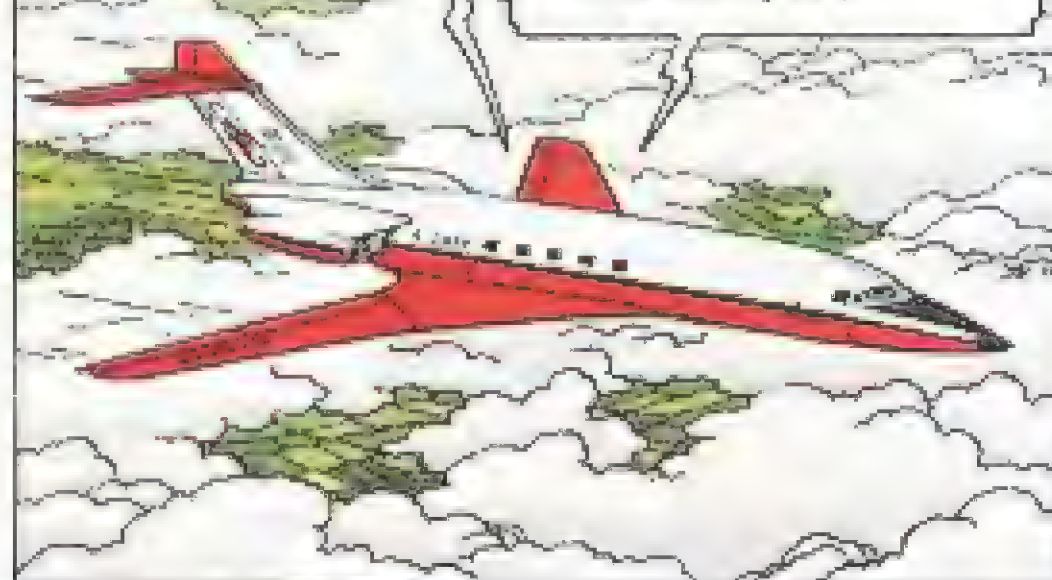


Now I'll have a go. I must fight back! ... C5 - D5 - E5



Bad luck, Captain! All three shots into the sea ... I think I'll try A8 - B8 - C8.

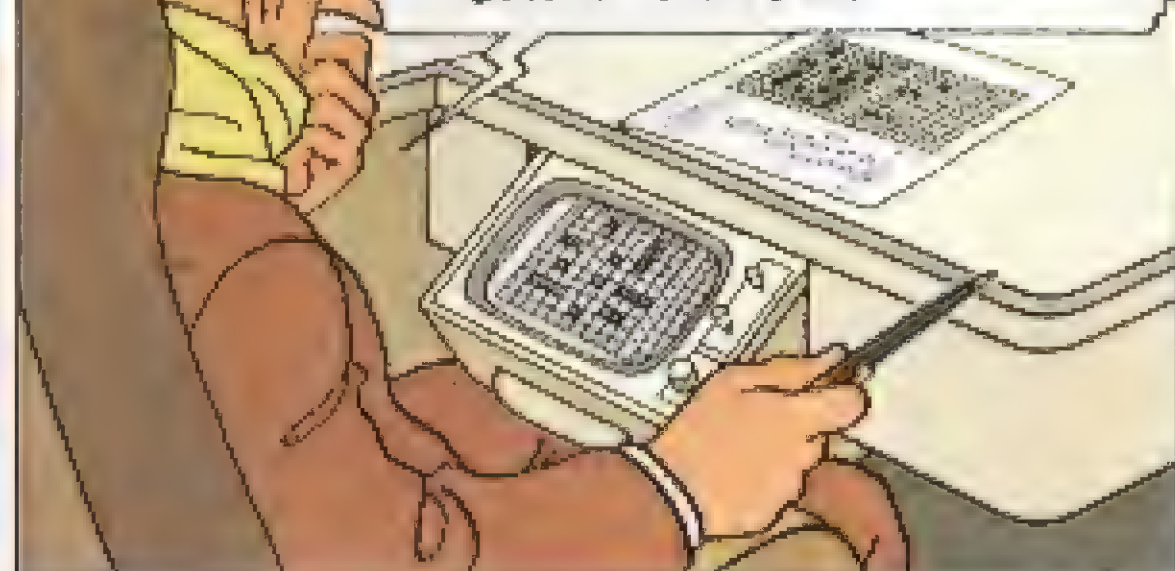
Blue blistering barnacles!



A cruiser sunk: three direct hits! ... You're psychic! ... Still, what do you say to C6 - D6 - E6, eh?



All missed, I'm afraid ... What bad luck! ... I haven't got second-sight, you know... just natural talent, that's all. Now I must concentrate ...



Anyone'd think he could see my board ... And what's more, he won't let me smoke!



Hello, that's odd ... I'd swear ... I must be dreaming ...

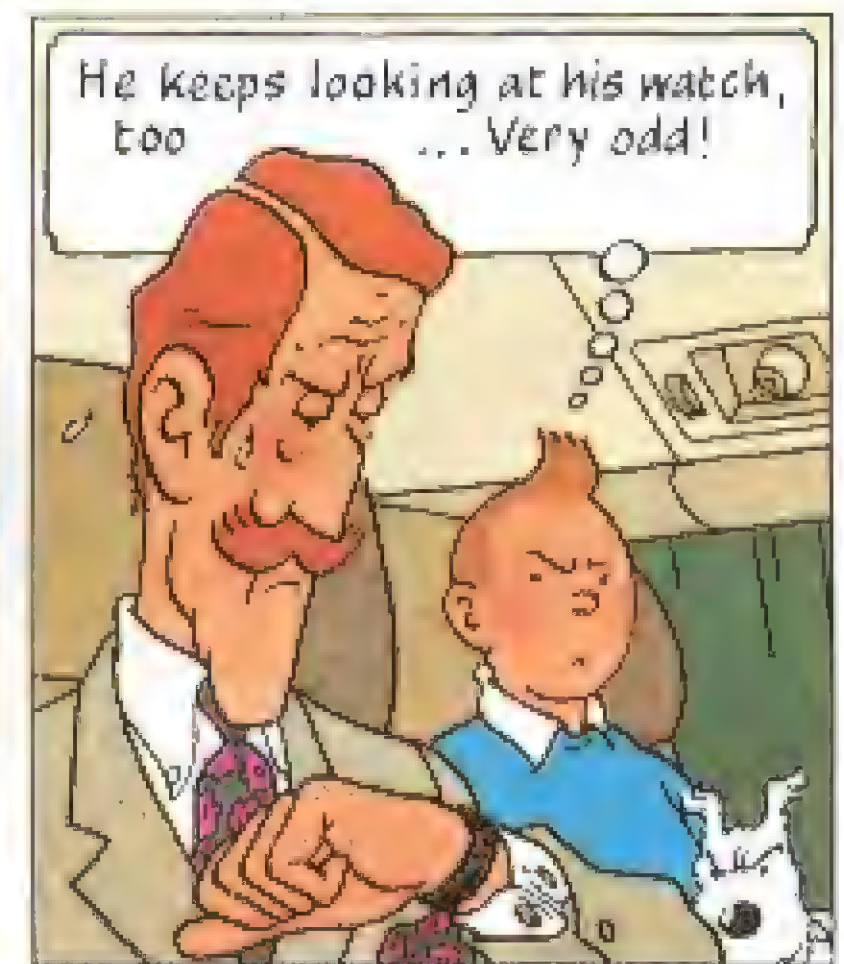
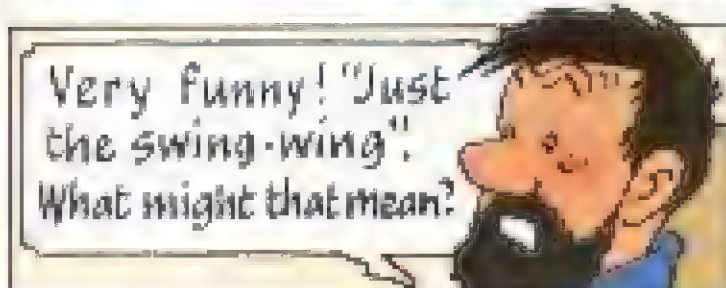
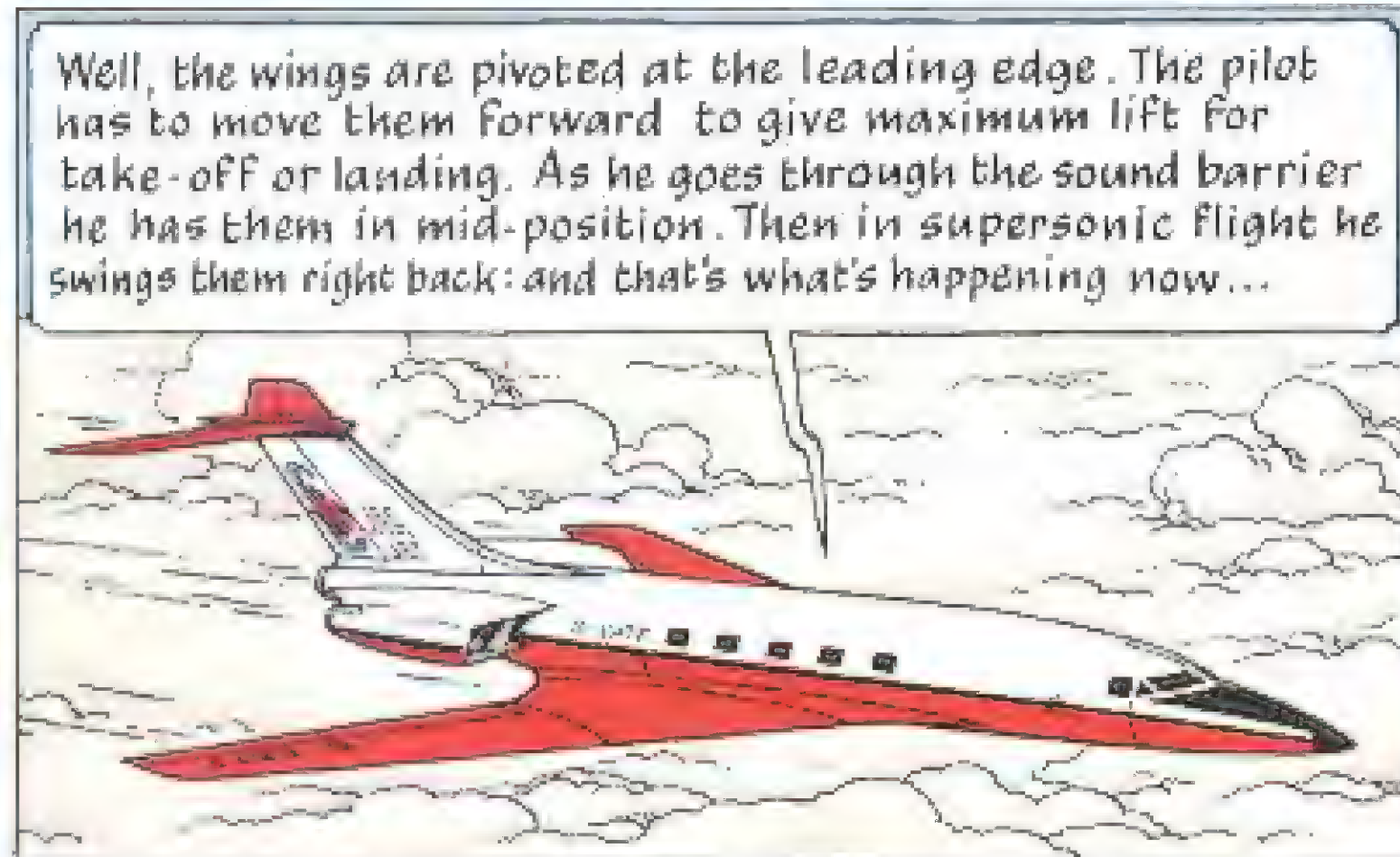


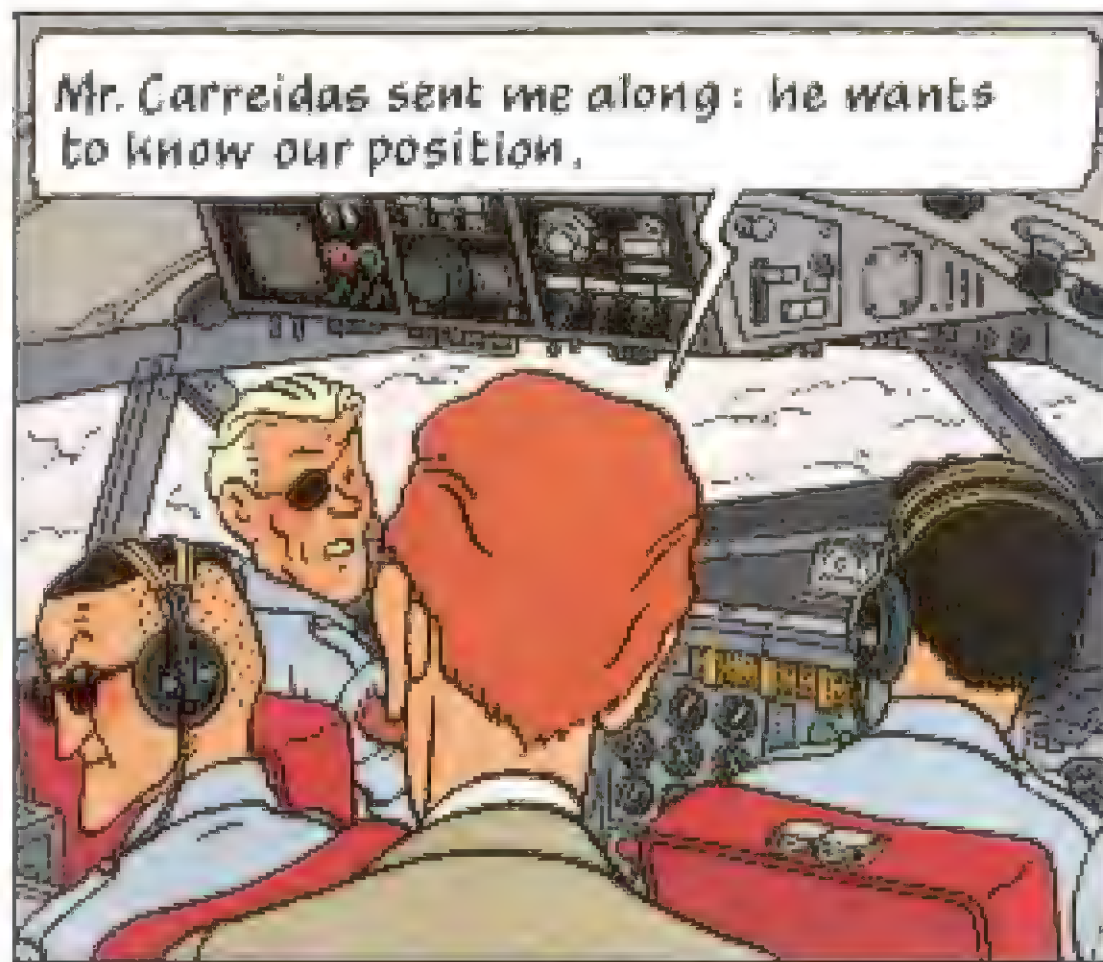
For my third salvo: G1 - G2 - G3



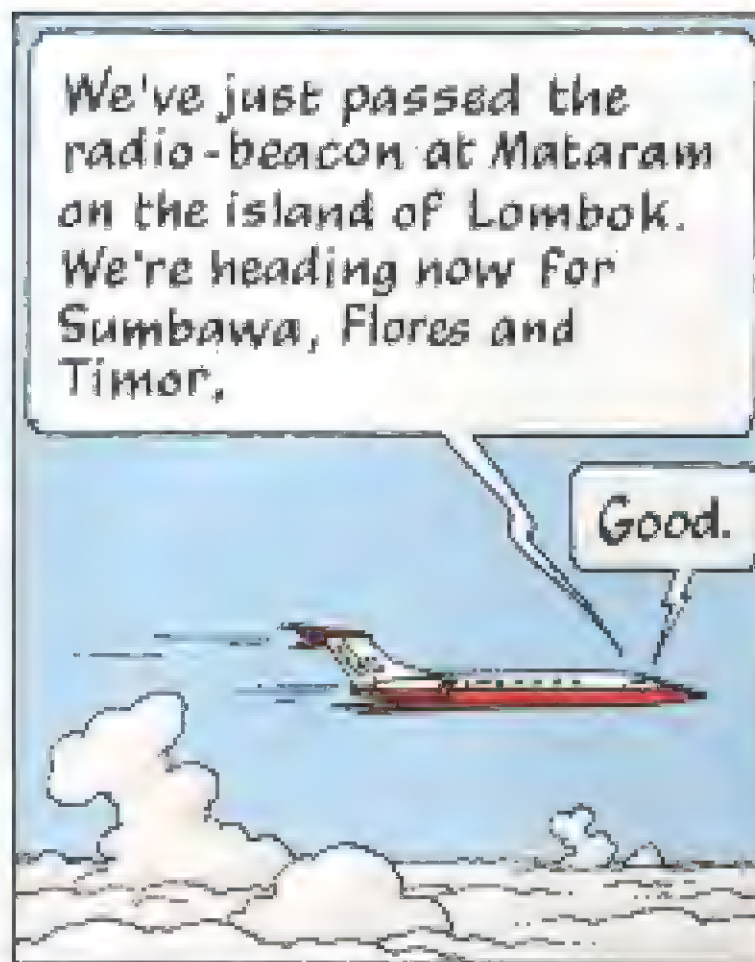
THE WING!







Mr. Carreidas sent me along: he wants to know our position.



We've just passed the radio-beacon at Mataram on the island of Lombok. We're heading now for Sumbawa, Flores and Timor.

Good.



By the way, skipper. Mr. Carreidas would like a word with you.

Me?... Then I'll come at once.

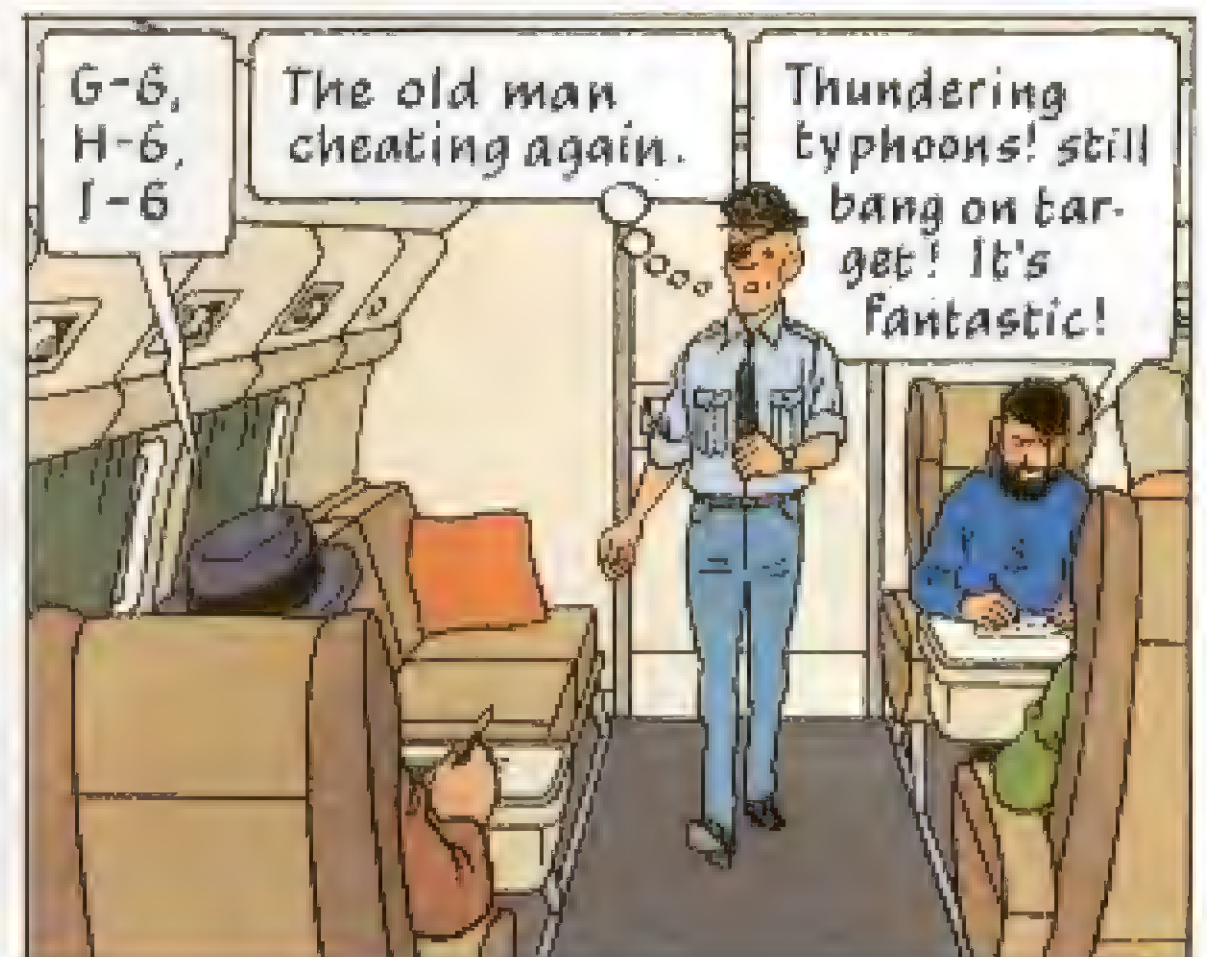


You take over the controls, Colombani.

O.K.



You go. I'll be along.



G-6,
H-6,
I-6

The old man cheating again.

Thundering typhoons! still bang on target! It's fantastic!



A cruiser sunk! Holed three times!... Now I'll try...er... F-1, F-2, F-3.



A destroyer hit once, and two shots wide ... Well, what is it?



You send for me, Mr. Carreidas?

Me?... No?... Why?



But Mr. Spalding just come and say to me ...

Spalding? That half-witted ...

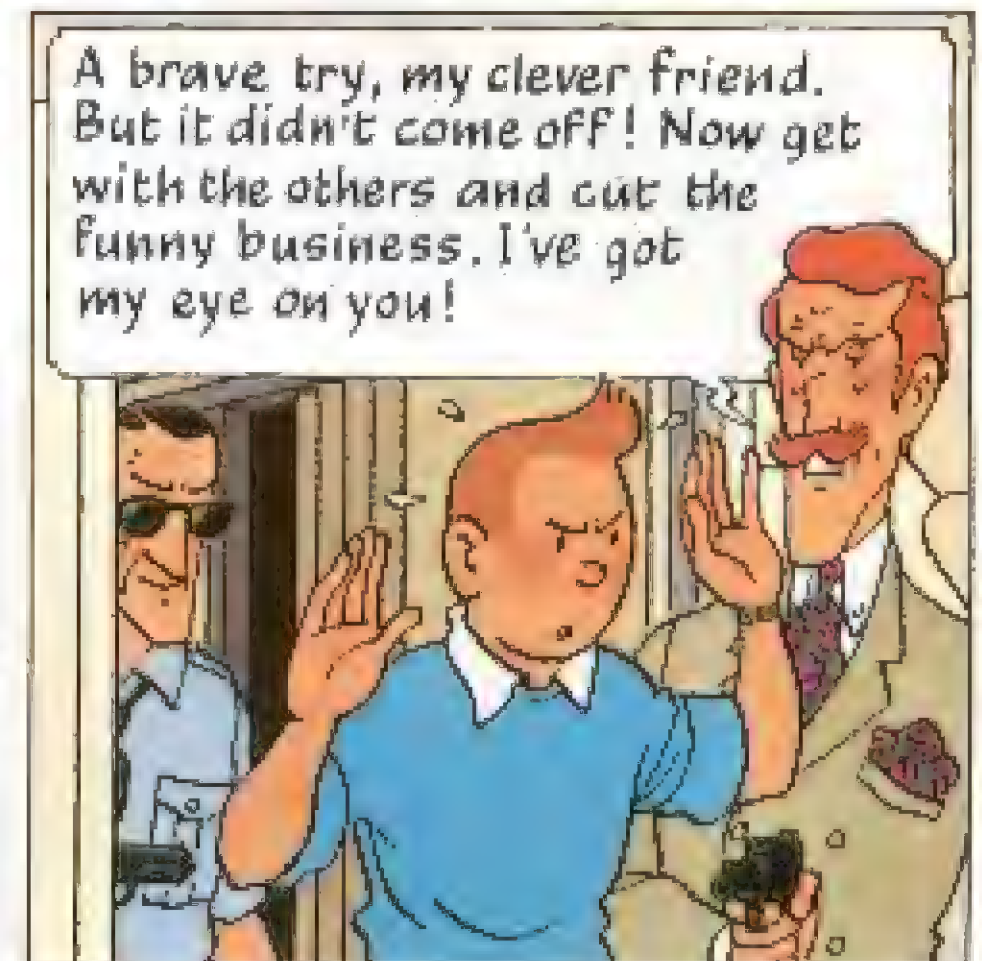


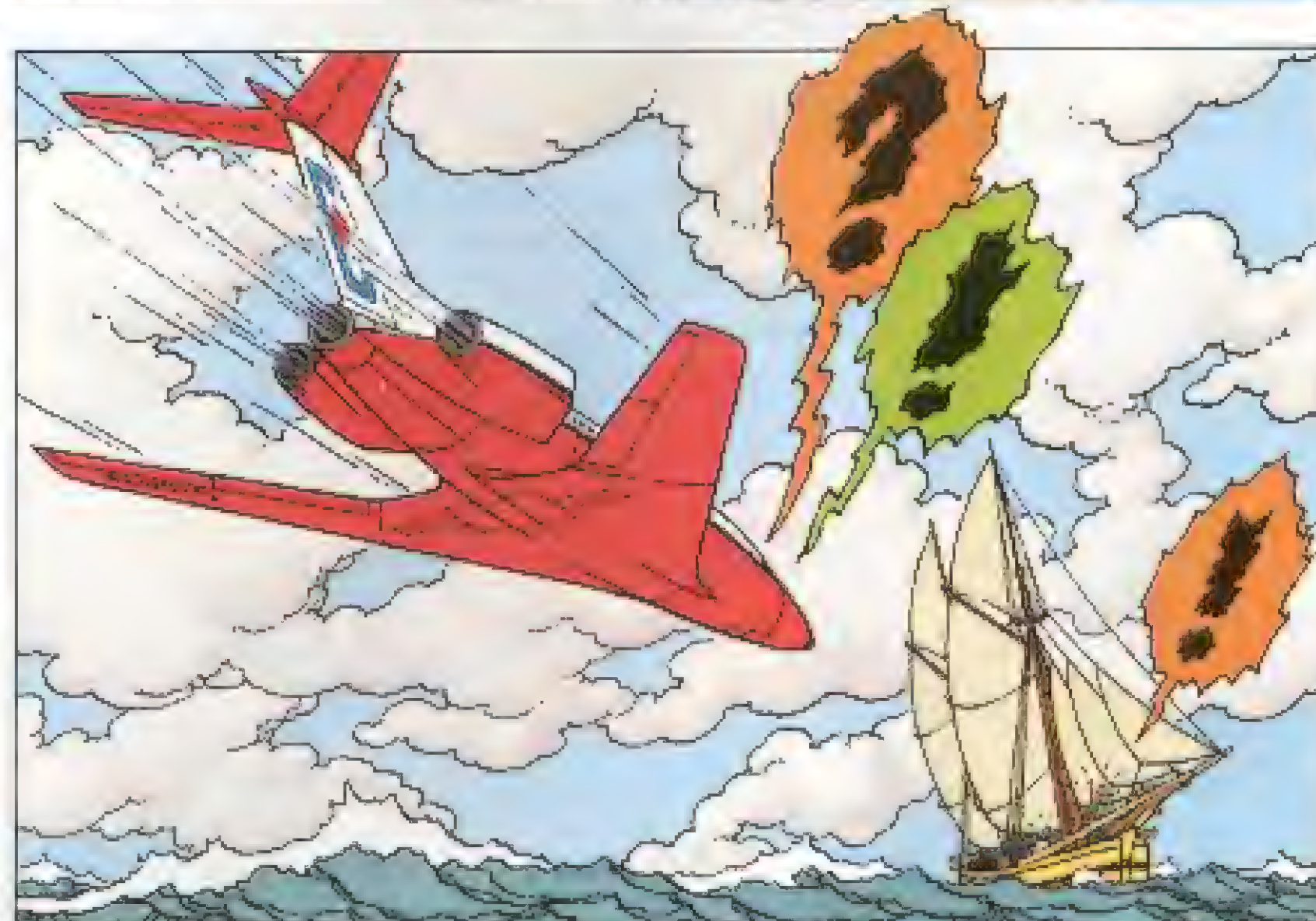
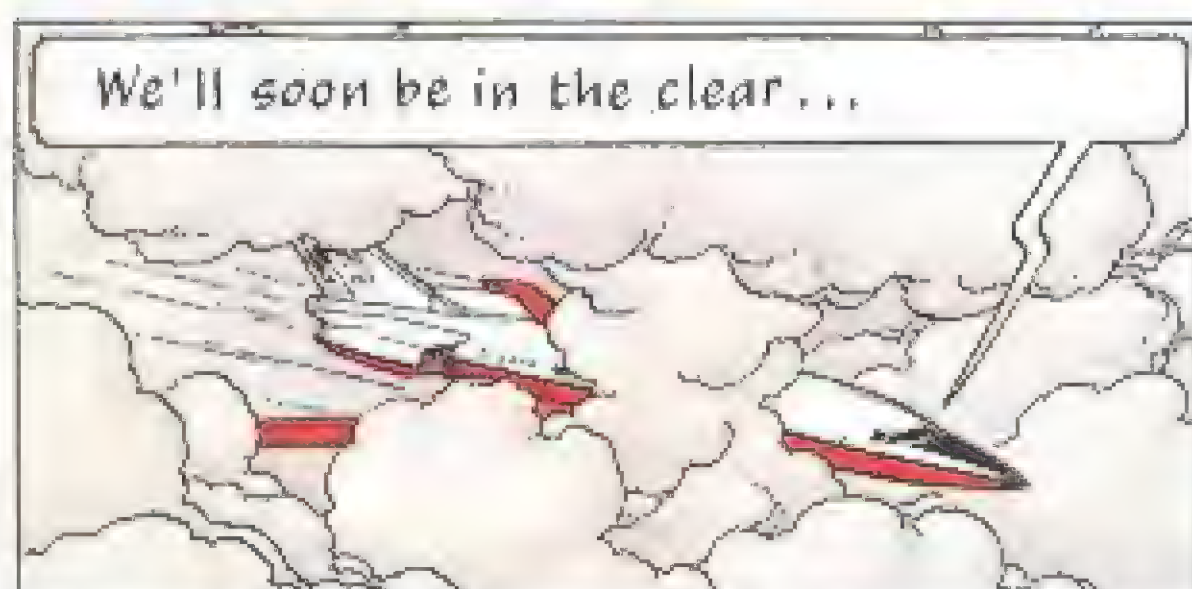
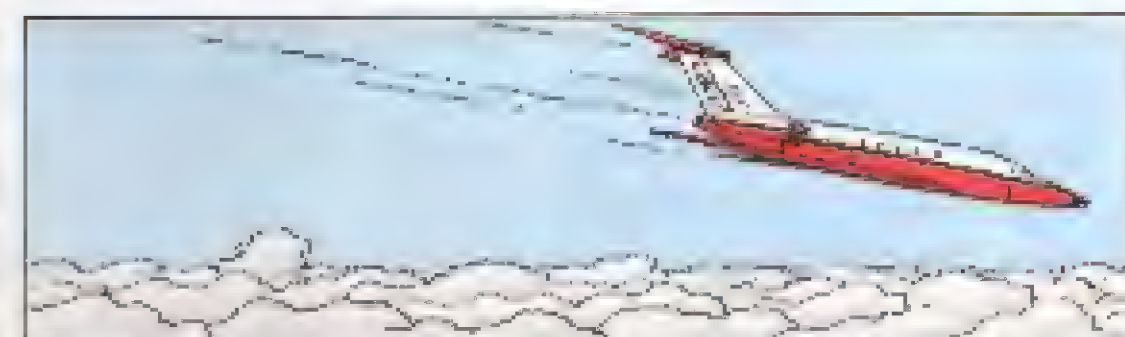
Is it not true, Mr. Spalding, you say ...

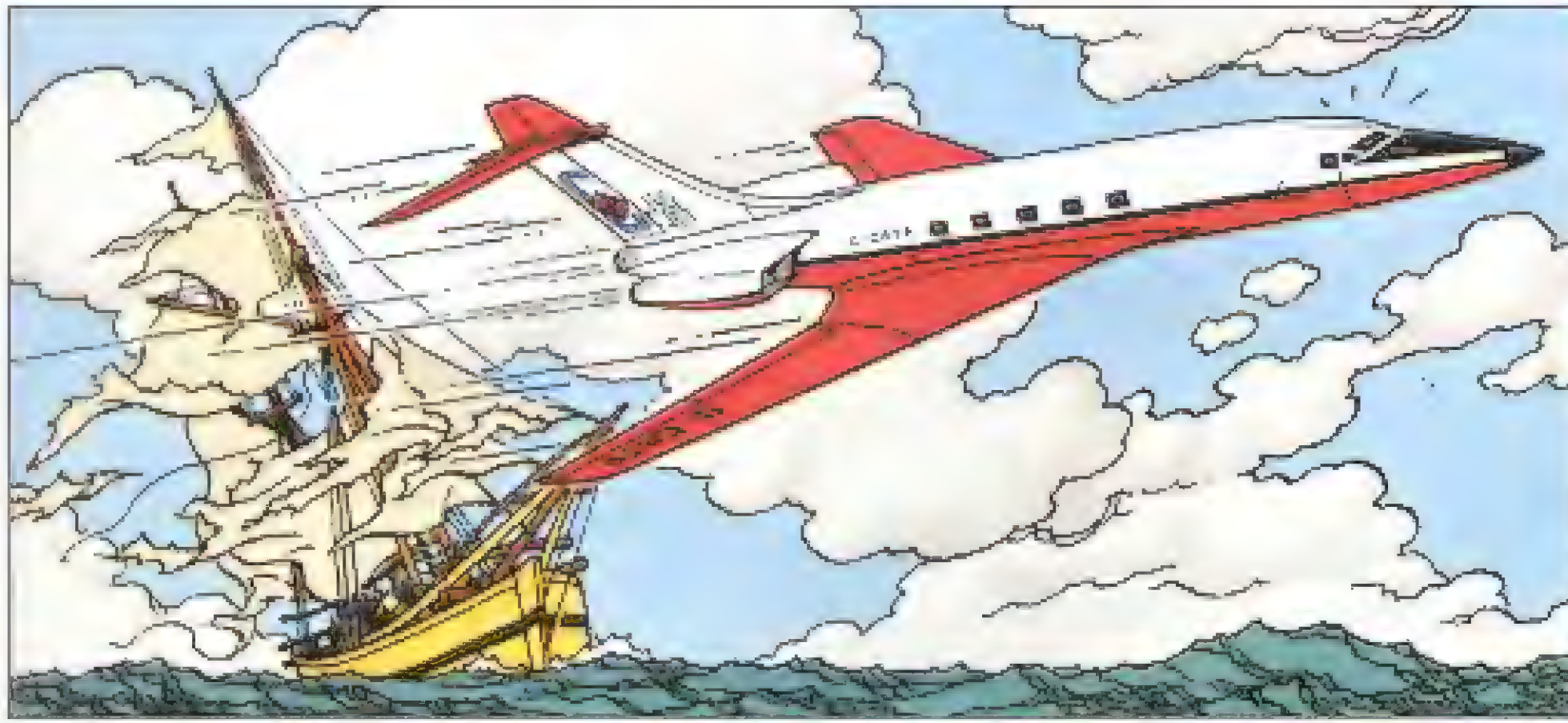


Hands up! Come on, all of you!

SPALDING!?!?







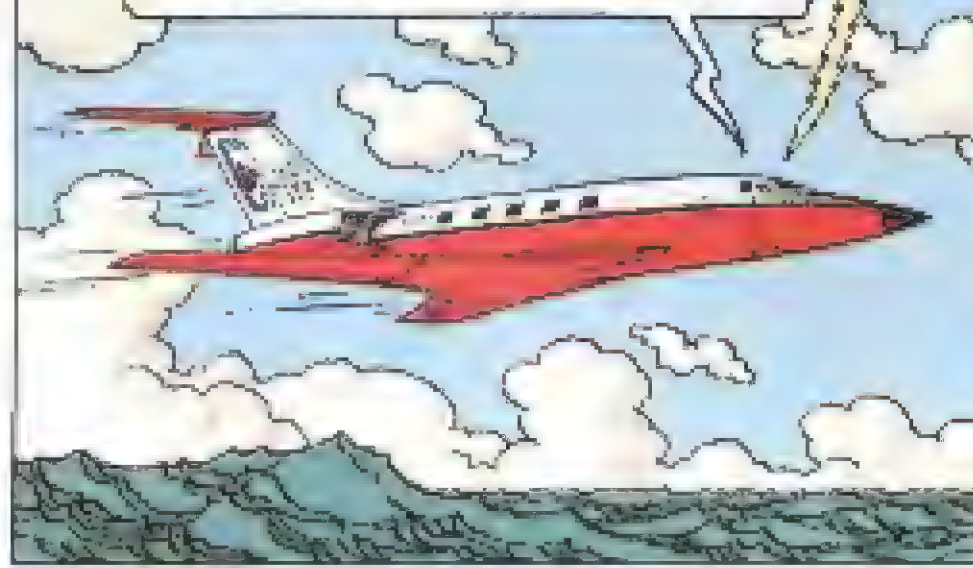
Kurang ajar ! Apa tidak bisa
djaga sajaboenja lajar ! Apa gilah !

Macassar tower calling
Golf Tango Fox! What
has happened? Are you
receiving me? We have lost
radar contact... Please re-
port your position. Over.



Macassar tower calling Golf Tango Fox!
I repeat: we have lost radar contact.
Report your position. Golf Tango Fox,
are you receiving me? Come in
please. Over!

Aha! That's done the trick!



Mamma mia!

Why?

A pleasure trip!

Ha! ha! Very funny!

We
change
course.

Spalding!



Spalding, this is treason! You'll
live to regret it, Spalding! ...
Spalding, you hear me? ...
Spalding, speak to me, Spal-
ding!



What d'you suppose is behind all
this, Mr. Carreidas?

A foreign power, undoubtedly,
or a rival company, trying
to steal my prototype.



Or perhaps it's just a straight case
of kidnapping... to extort a big
ransom.

They won't get a penny!
Not a penny! Never!



Macassar tower to Darwin
tower. We have lost con-
tact with Carreidas 160
Golf Tango Fox, destination
Sydney. Last radio contact
passing over Sumbawa.
Are you in touch with
this aircraft please?



They'll soon raise the alarm
and ... Ah, there's our
radio beacon!

We're
home
and dry!



Home and dry?... Don't count your chickens,
inglese! ... It isn't all over by a long chalk!

Why? ... What do you mean?



What do I mean?... Just this: the runway we're going to land on is about a quarter the length we need for a bus like this!... So, you can reckon it's ten to one we'll break our silly necks!



Ten minutes later...



There's our rendezvous: the island of Pulay-pulau Bompá.

Right. We'll regain height to 1000 ft, reduce speed, set the wings for landing, empty the tanks. And in we go!

They climb again. I think prepare to land... Yes, there is island... And there is runway... But... crazy! Is crazy! Runway much too short!



They're ready for us.

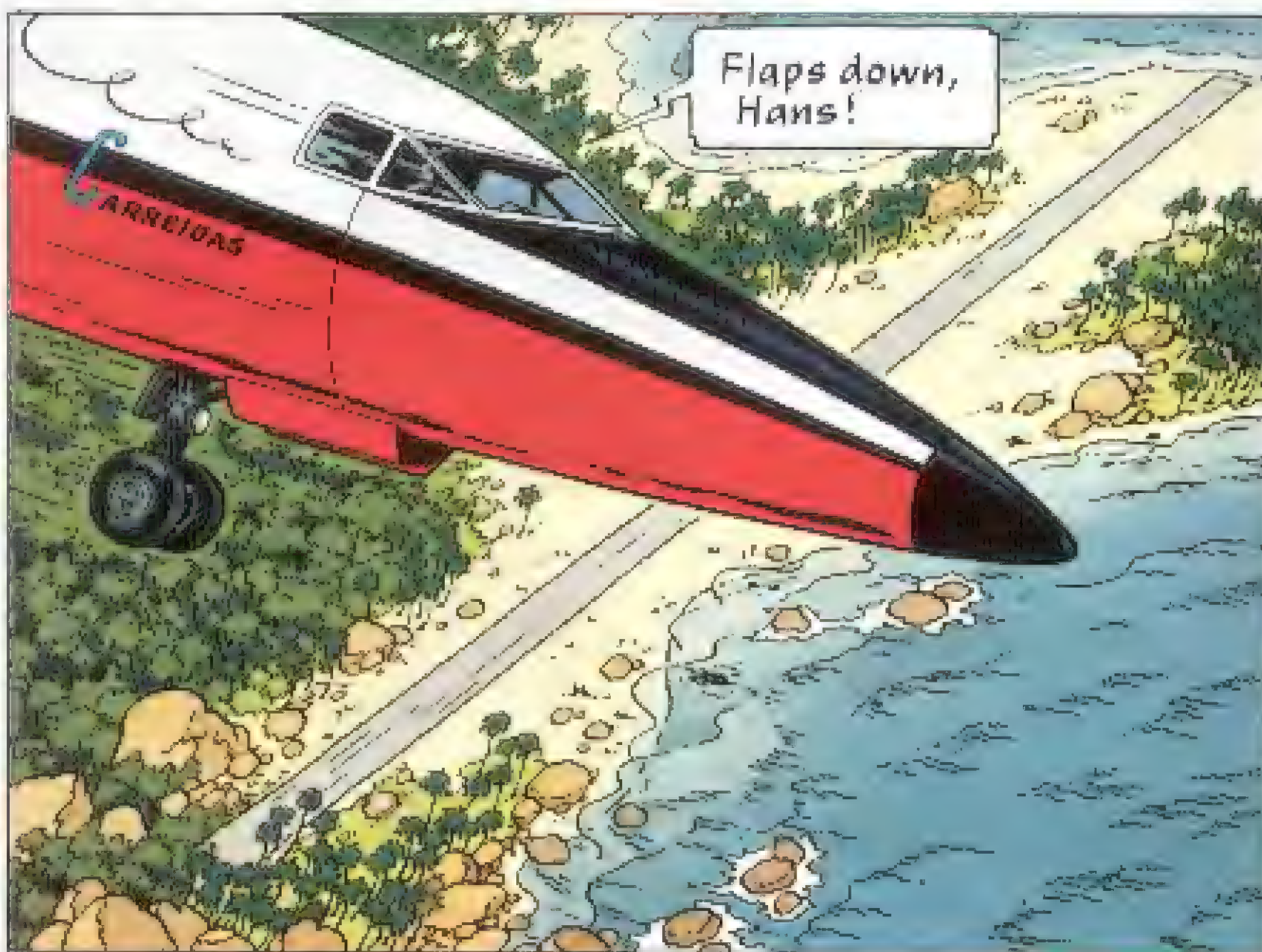
Yes, I saw.



Ah, the wheels are down, they're coming in.

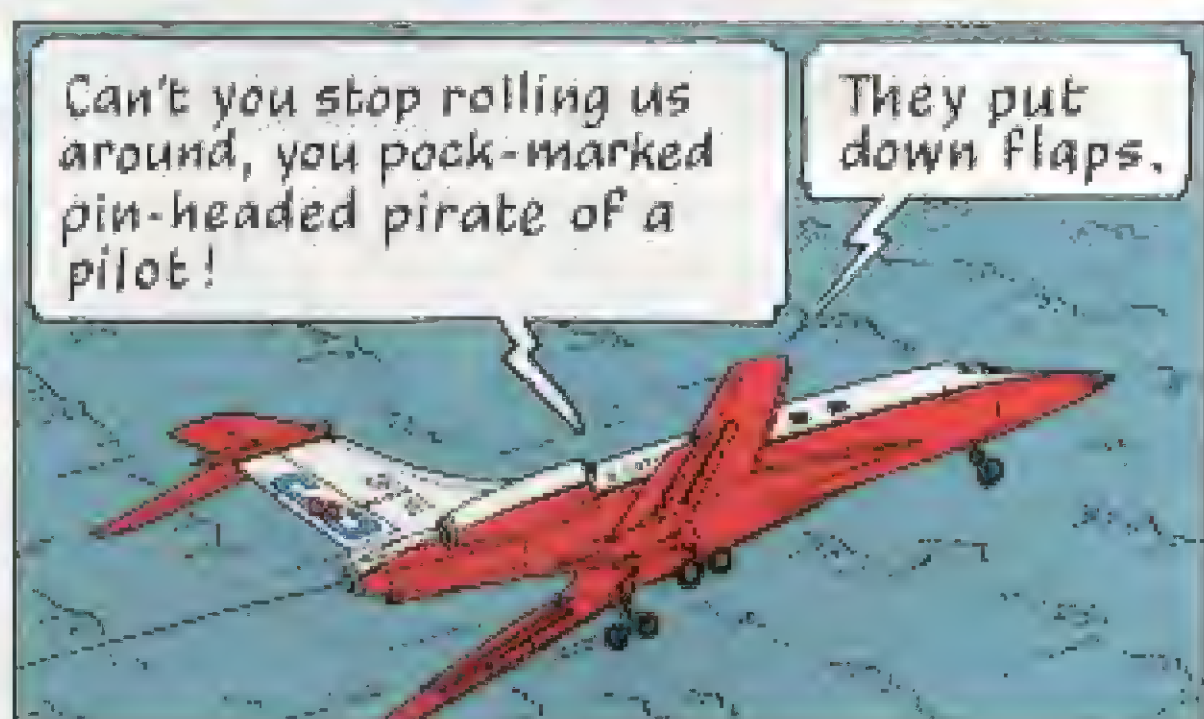


Flaps down, Hans!



Can't you stop rolling us around, you pock-marked pin-headed pirate of a pilot!

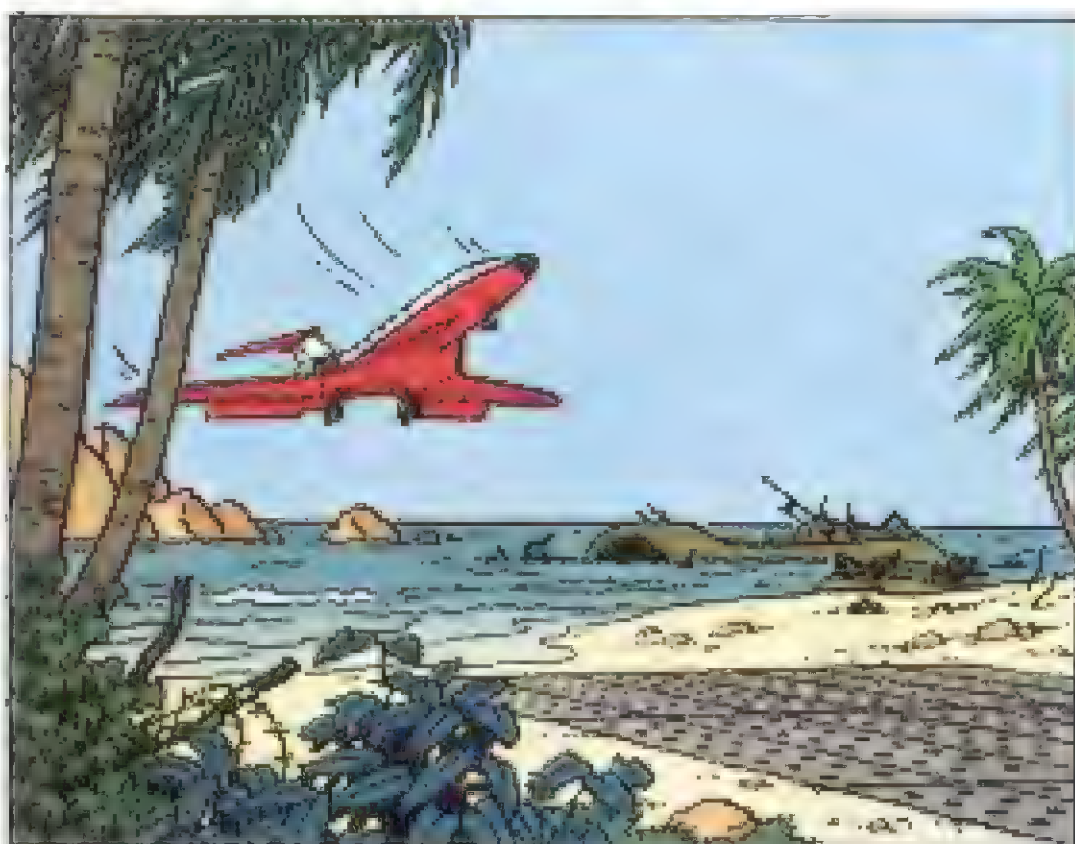
They put down flaps.

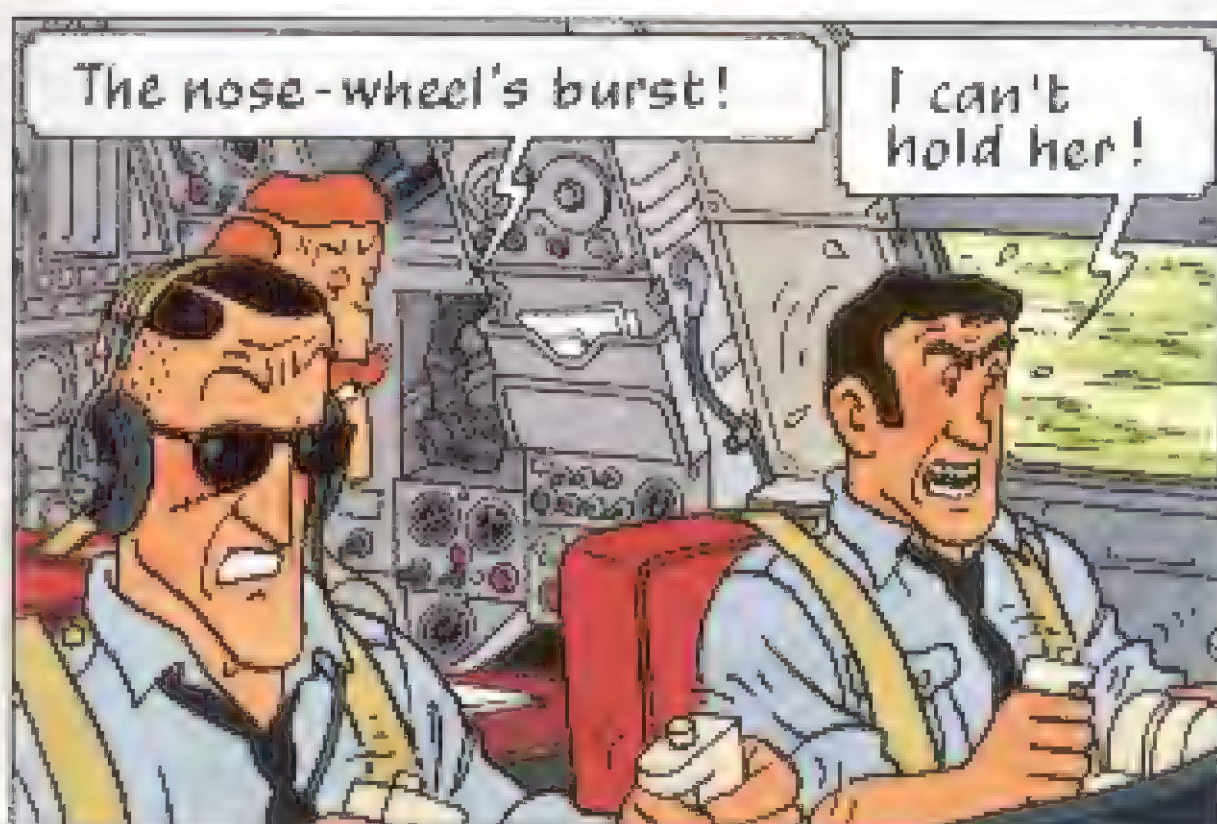
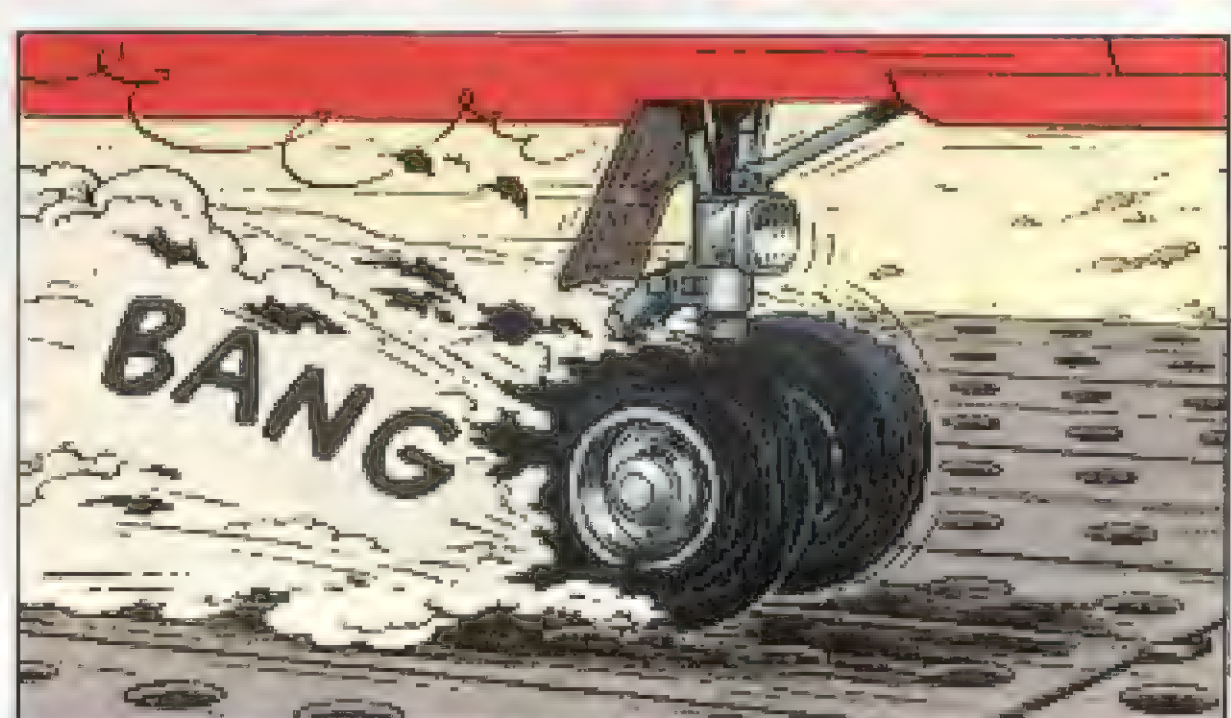
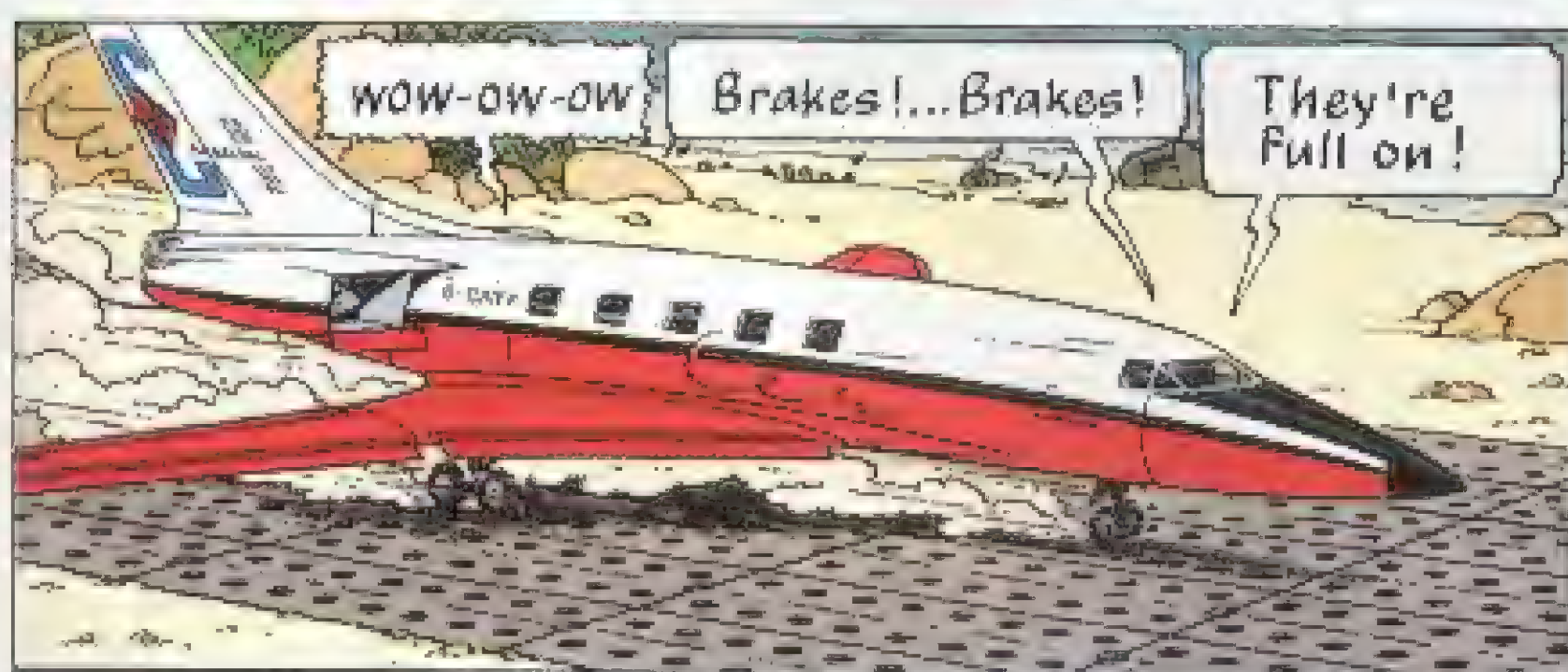
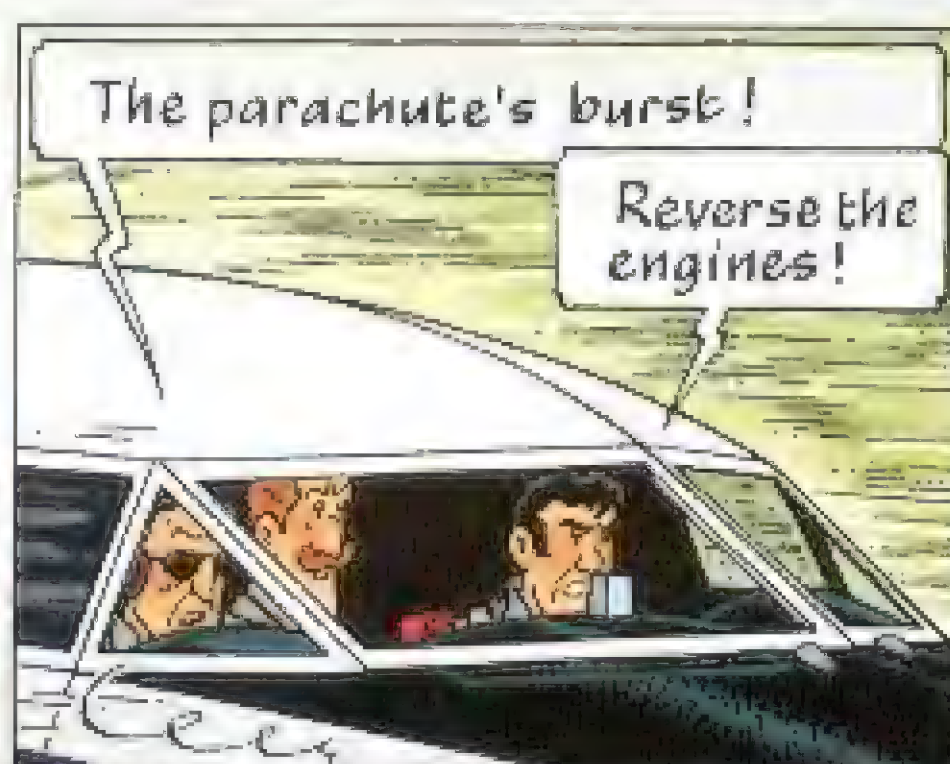
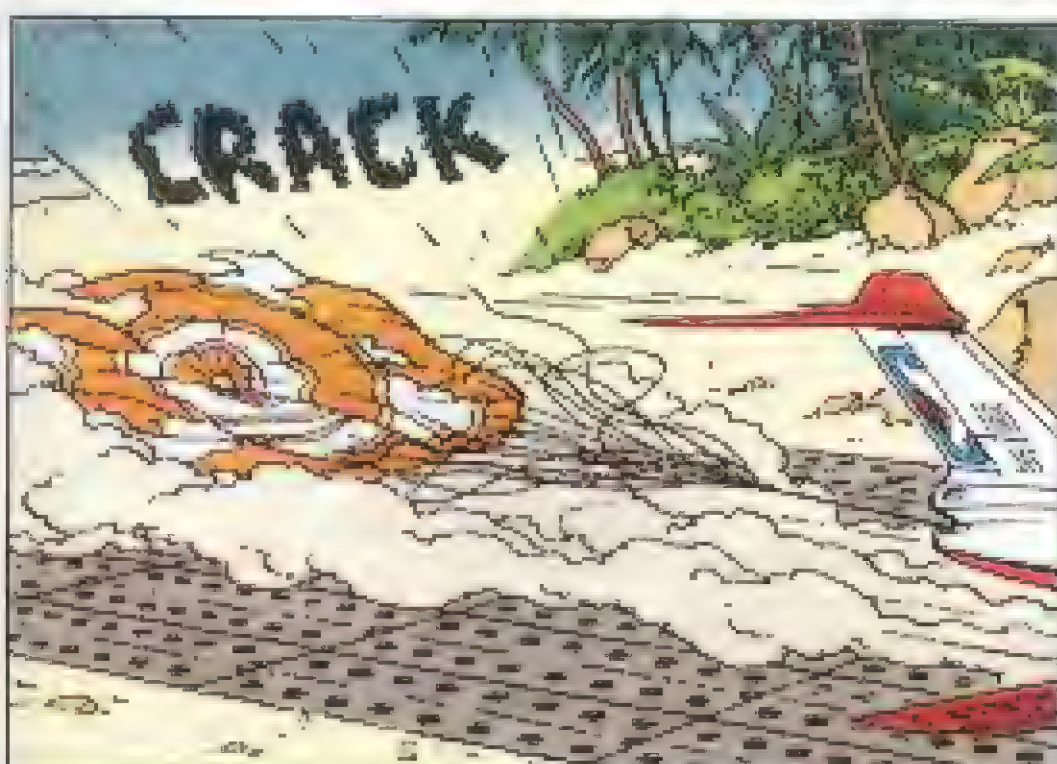
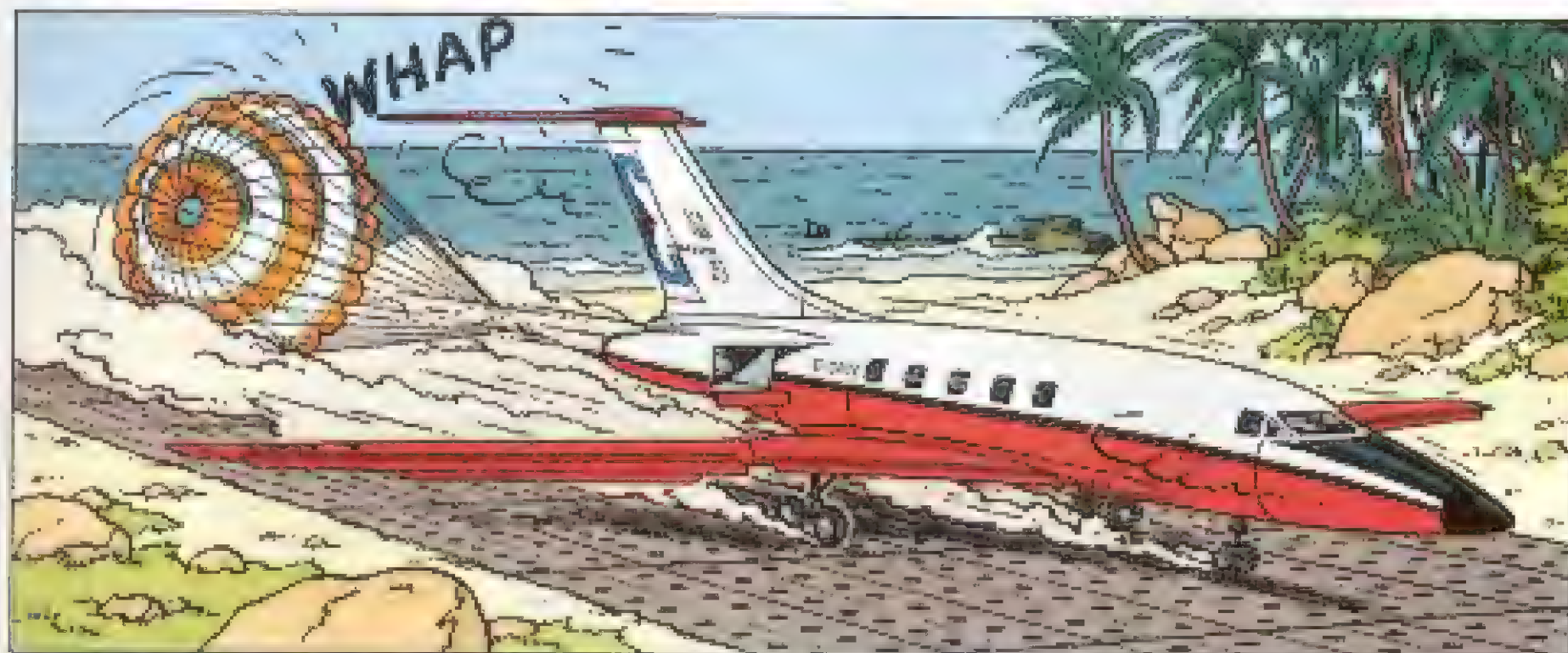
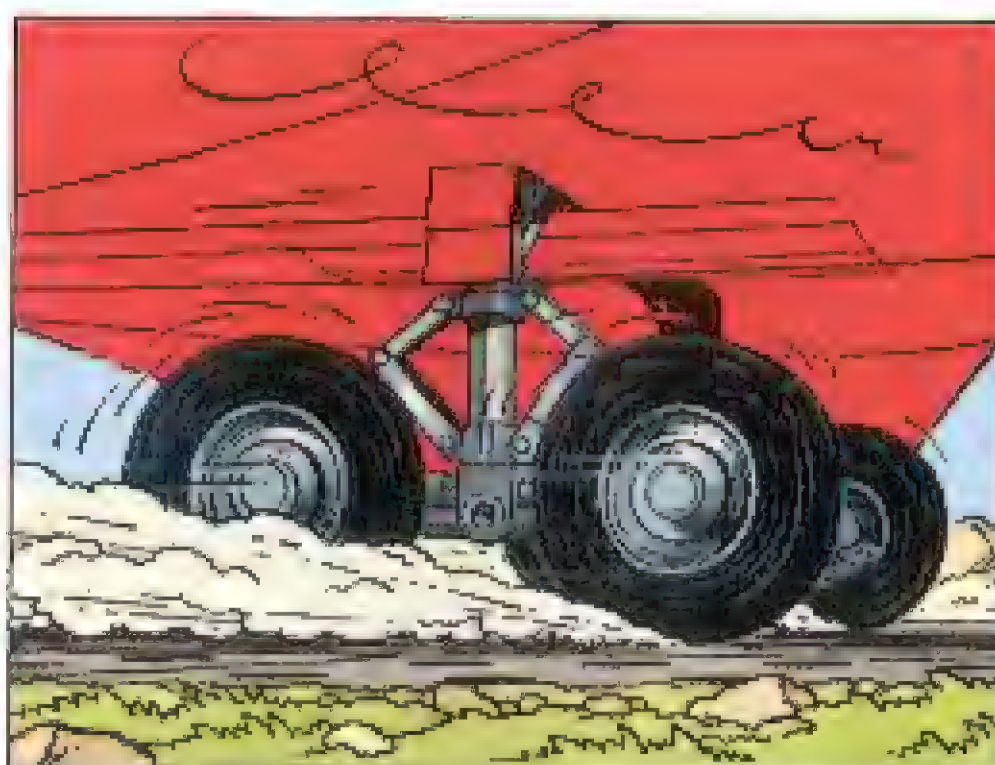
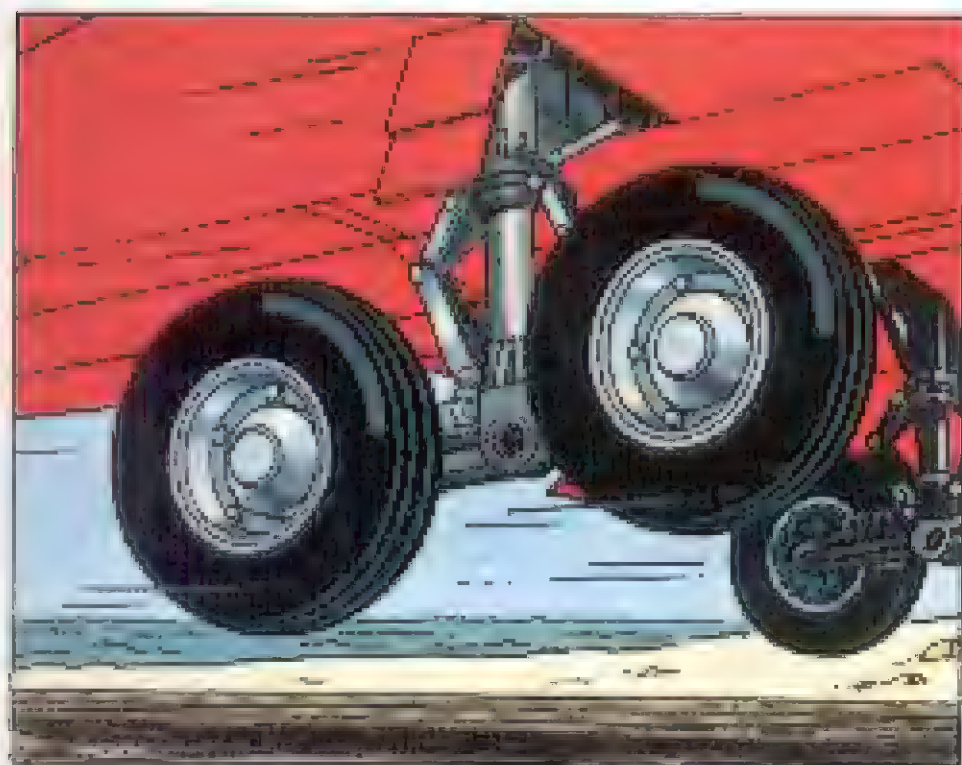


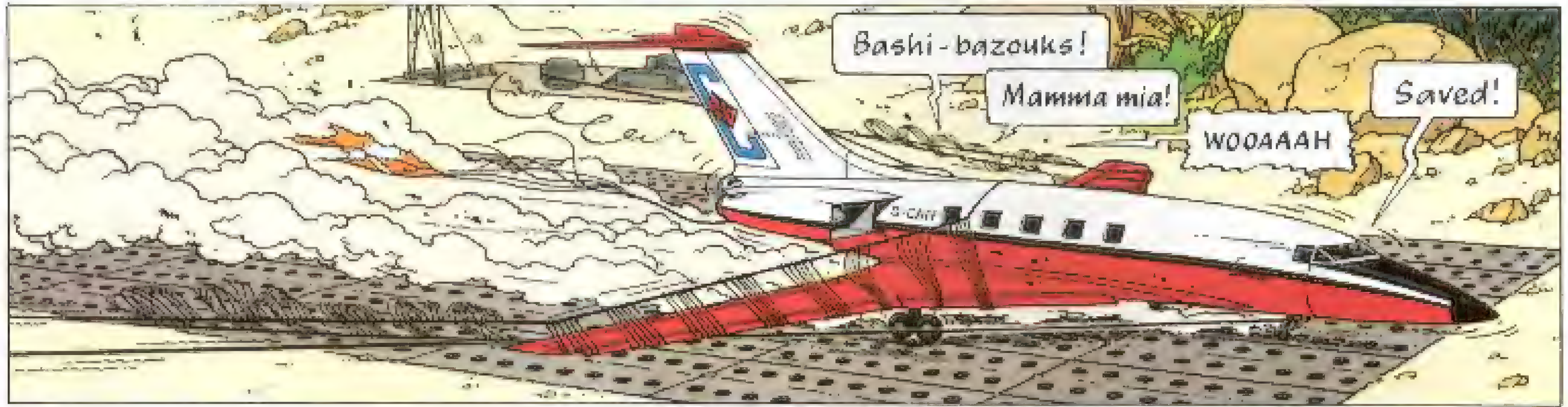
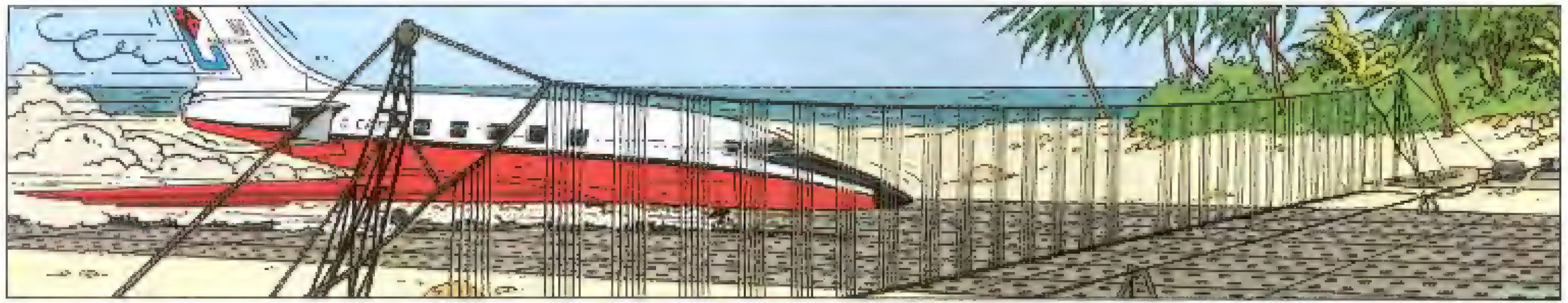
All sit with back against forward partition, hands behind head!

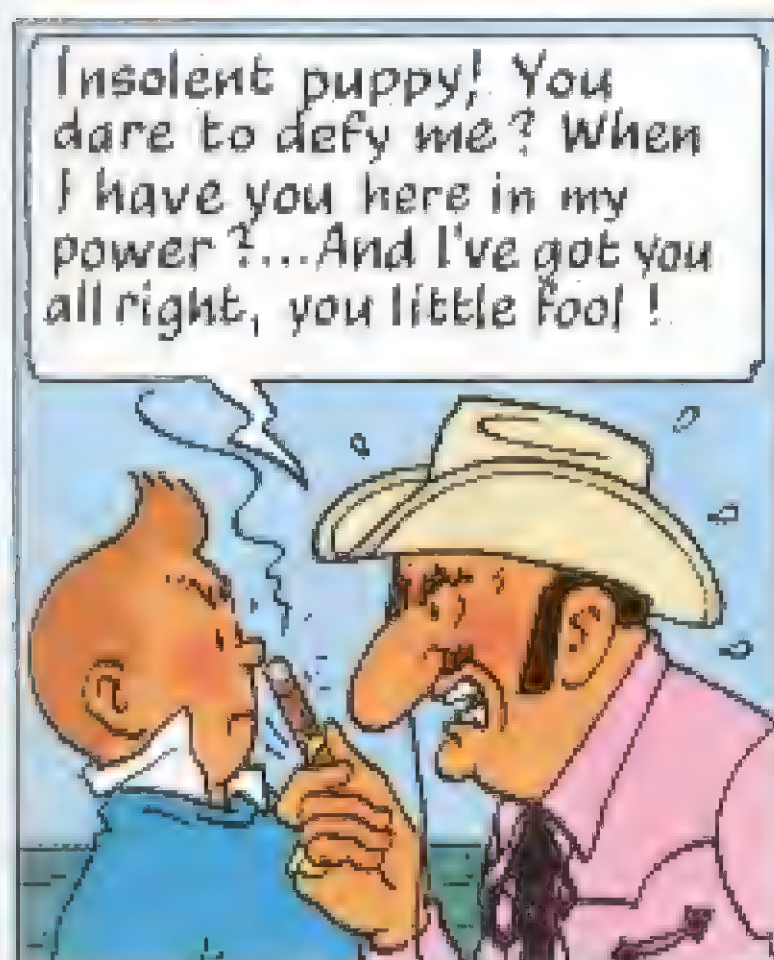
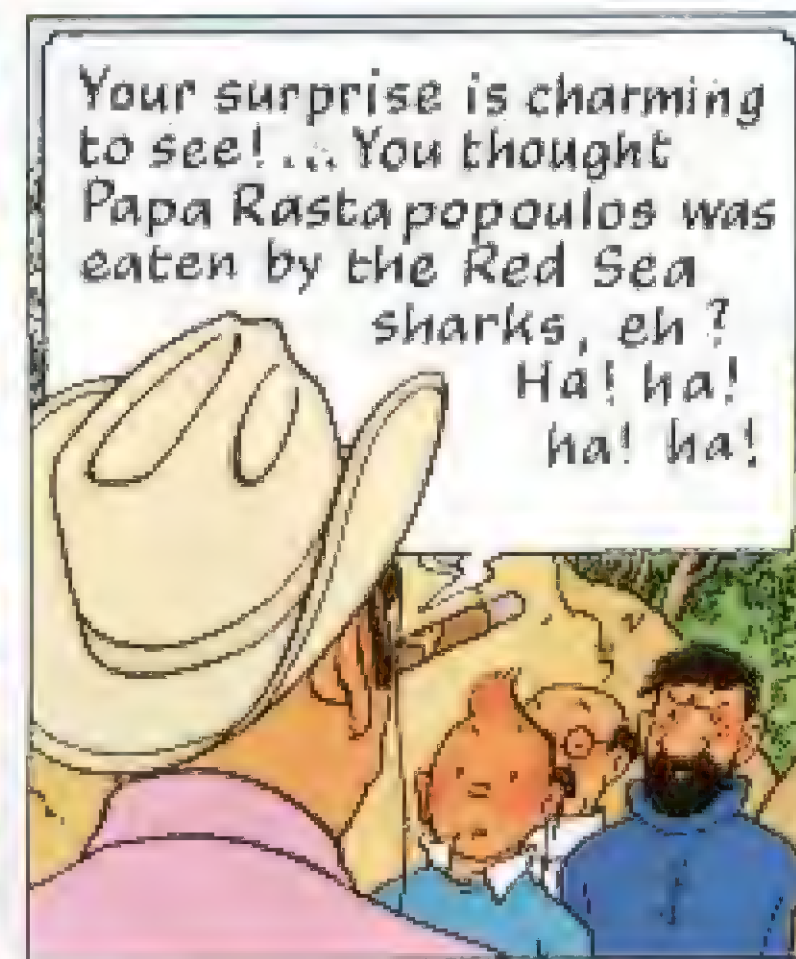
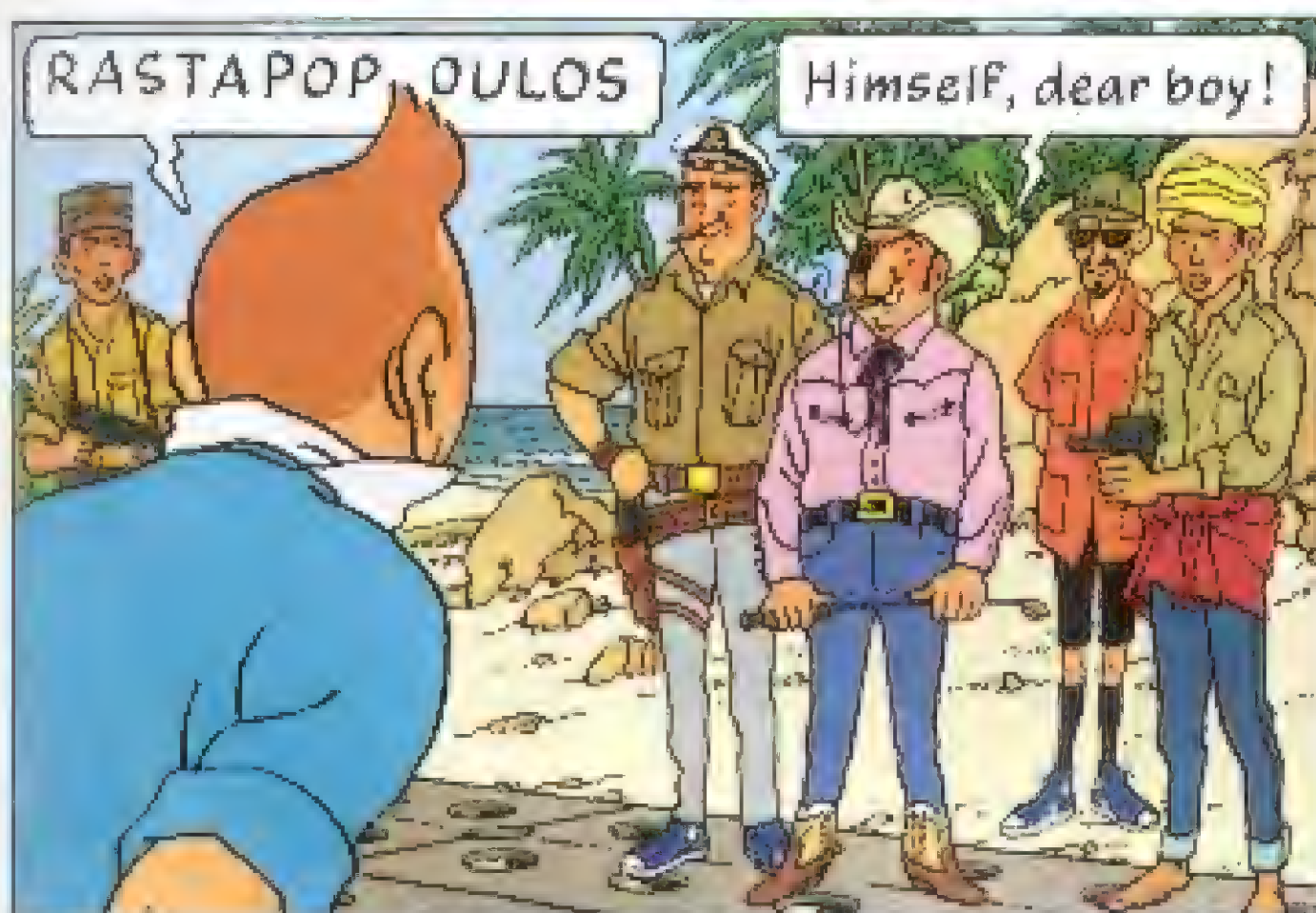


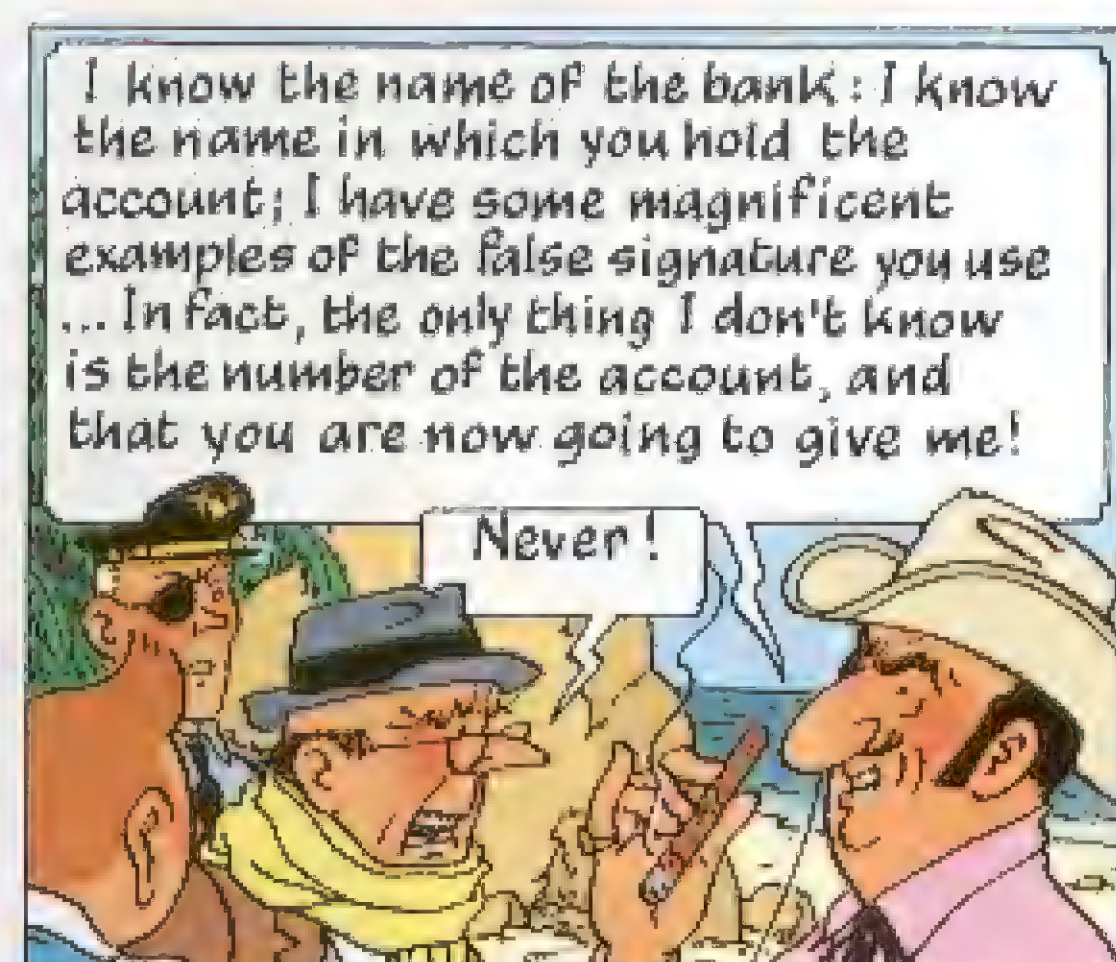
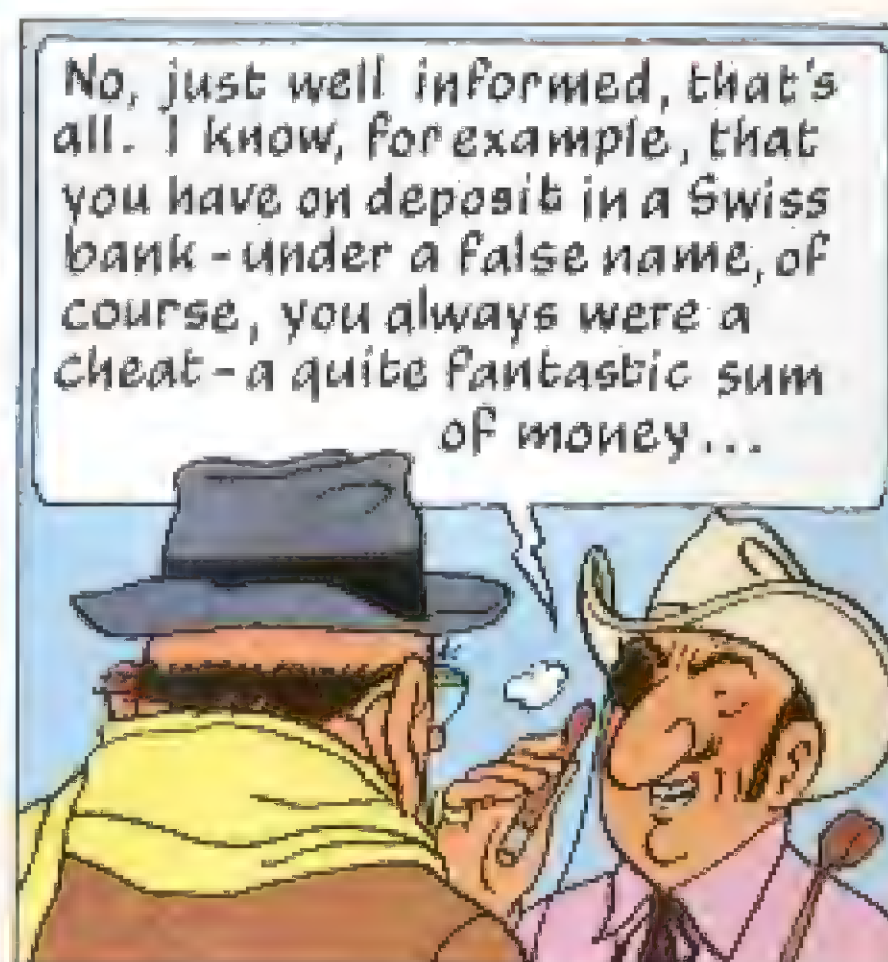
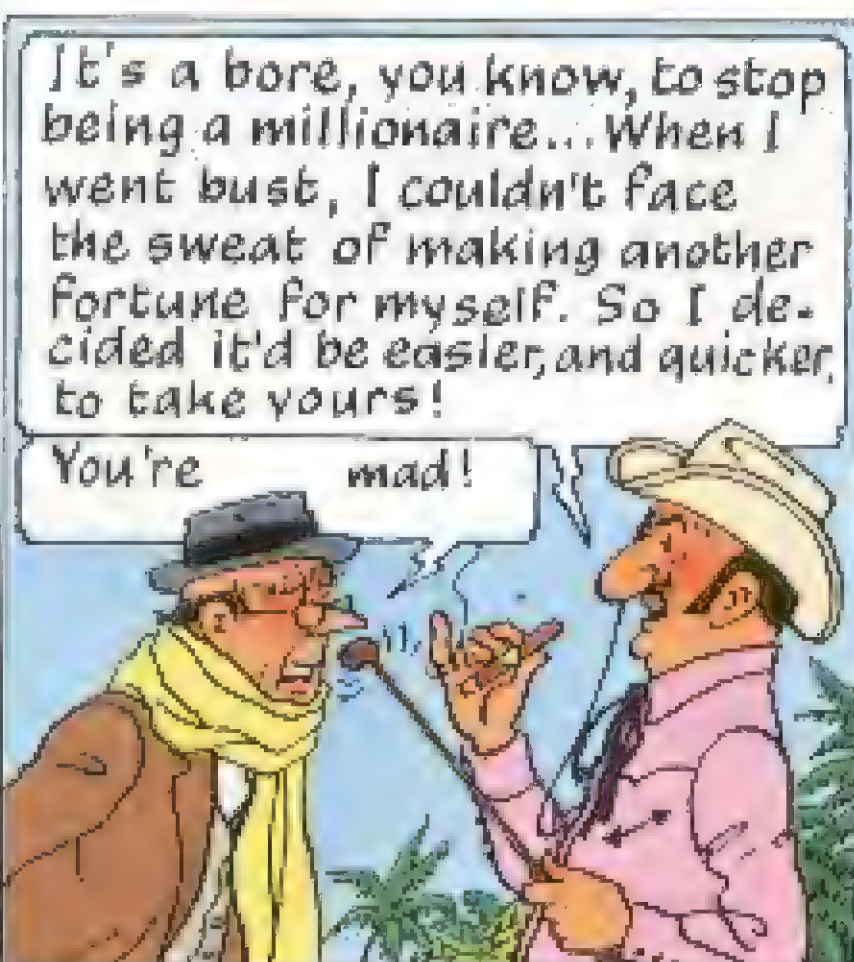
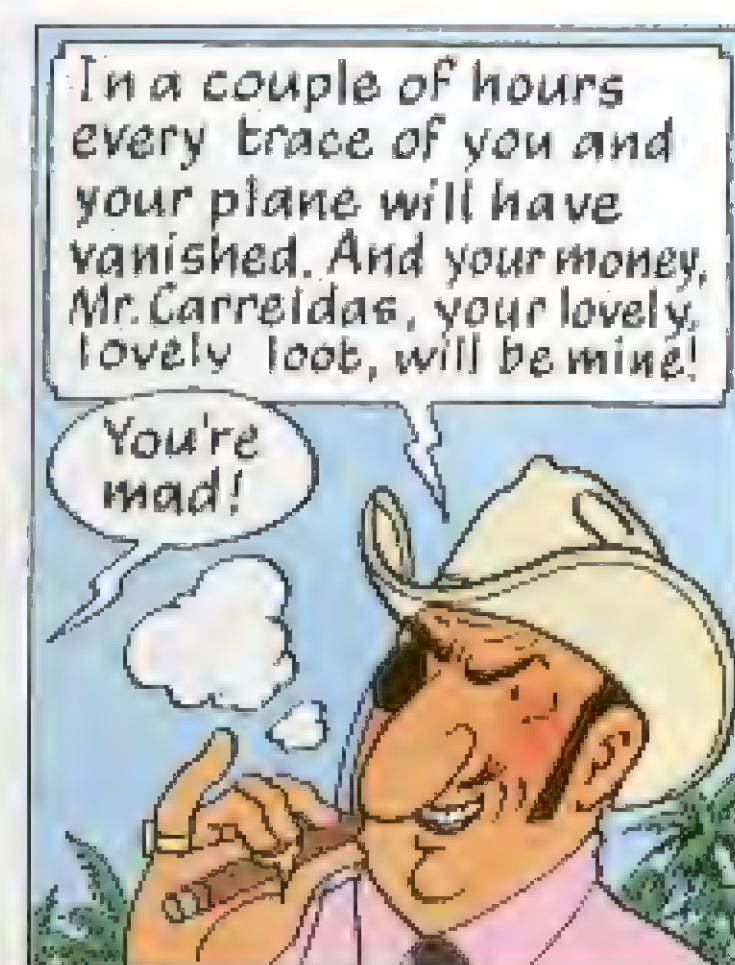
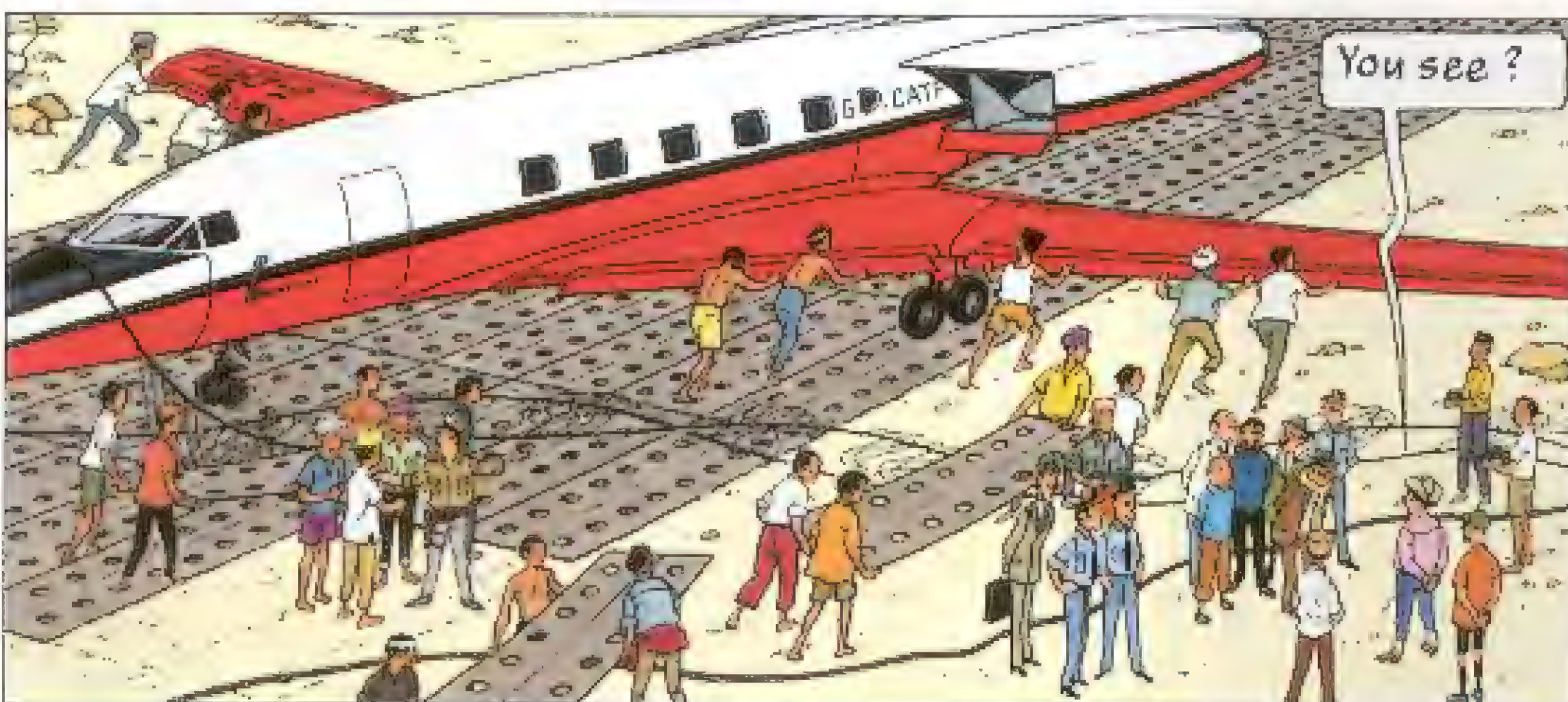
Now, Colombani boy, it's all or nothing!

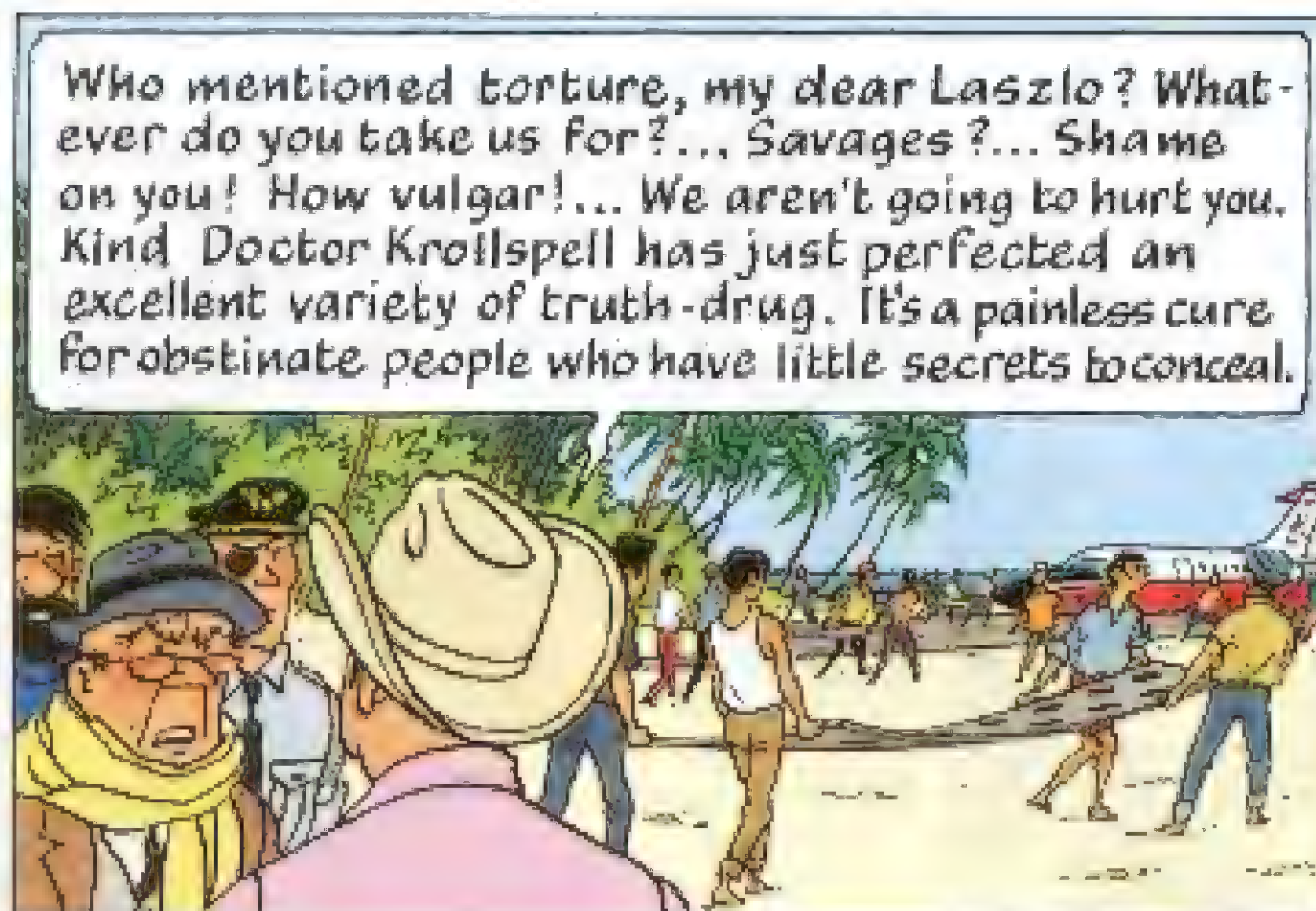


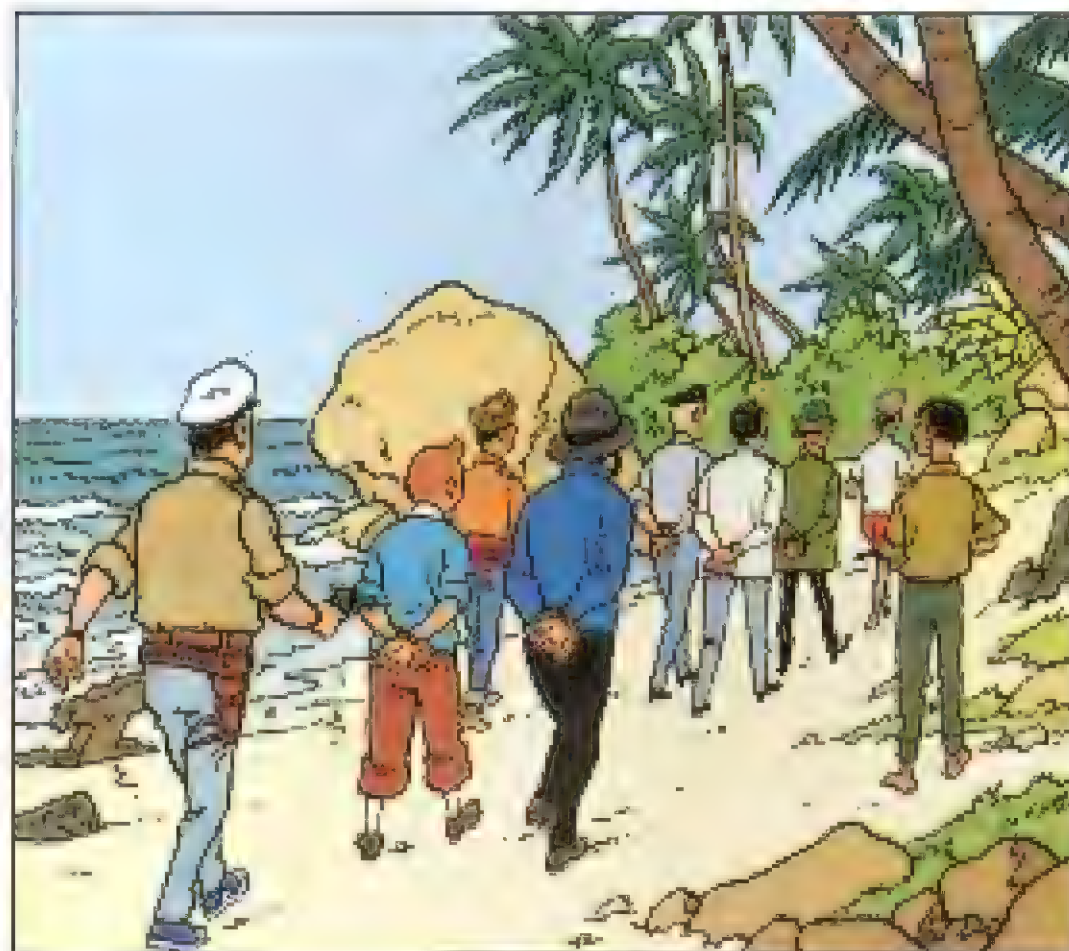
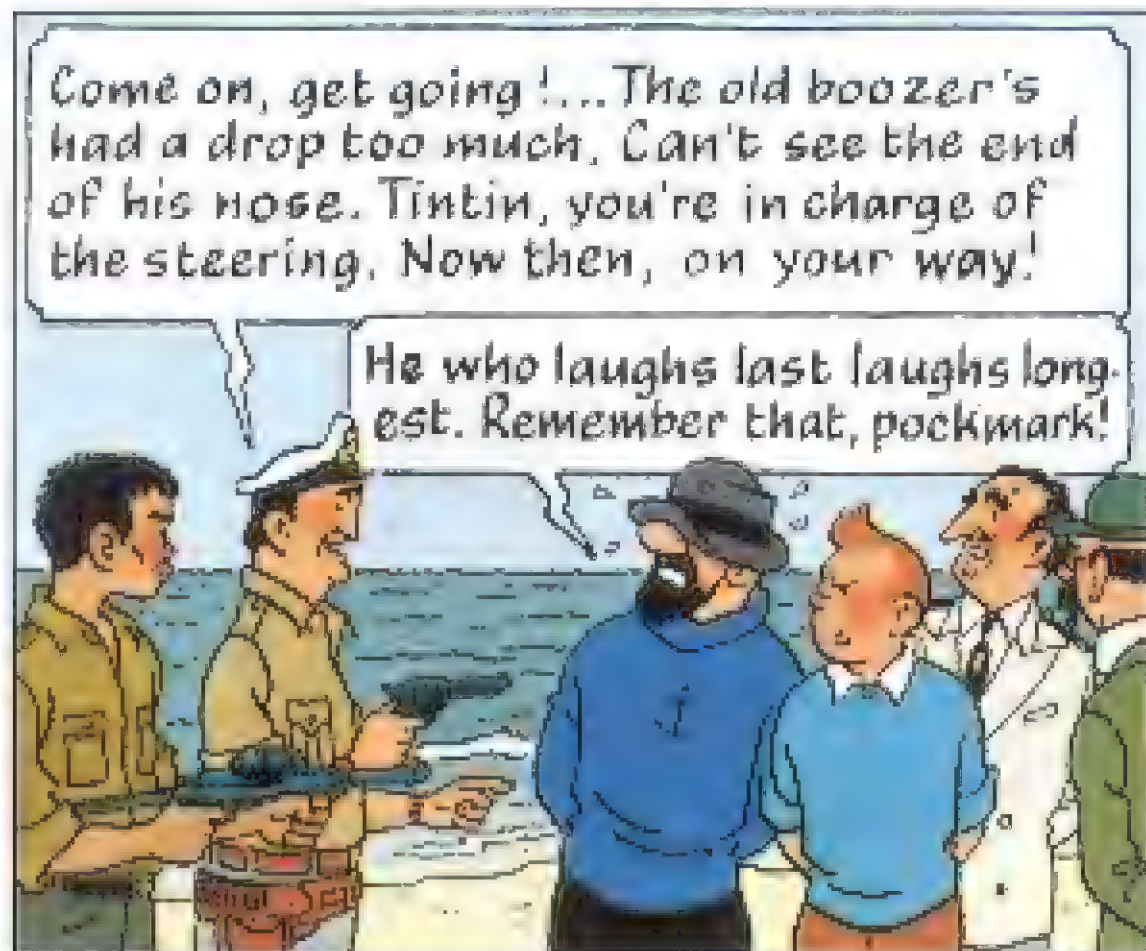














Baboon! ... Orangoutang! ...

Ha! ha! ha!



Bandit! ... Bootlegger! ...
Bashi-bazouk! ... Breathalyser!
Brigand!

Keep your hair on,
Captain ... I
mean ... Come and
let me try to get
that hat off!



'ull 'ard, 'a 'ain! ... 'ull! 'ull!

Can I be of any
assistance
to you?



'ooray

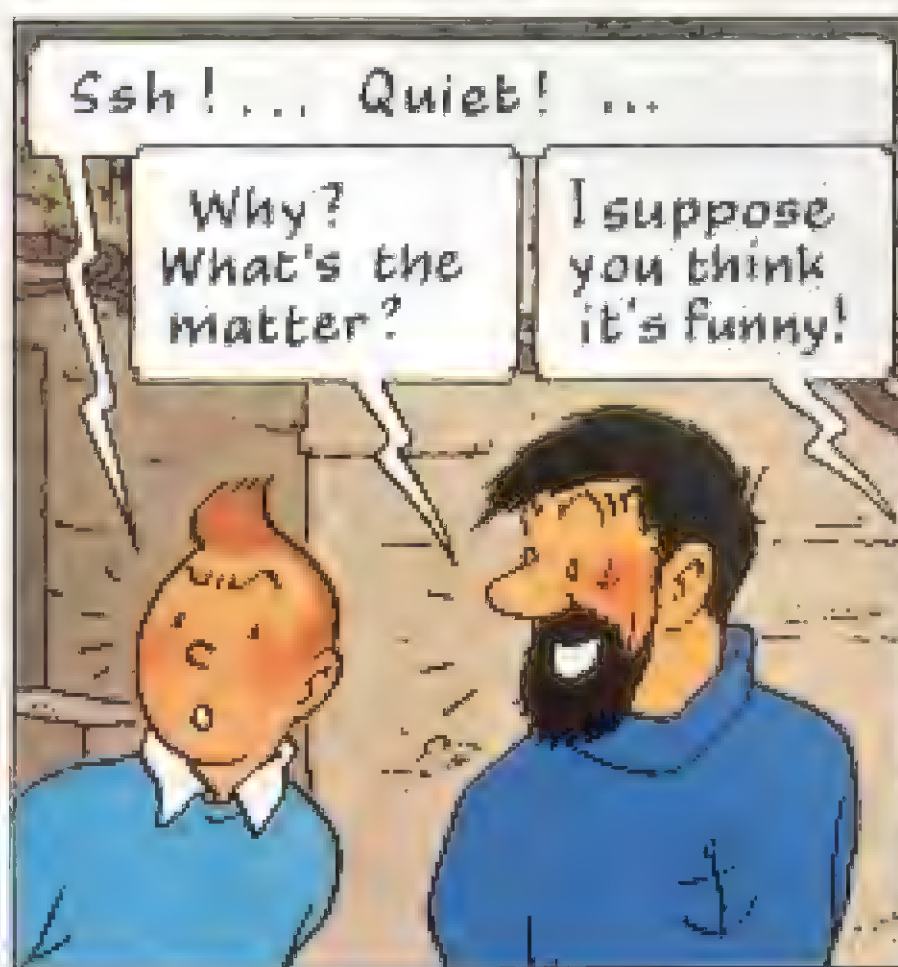


Billions of blue blistering
barnacles, I ... Oh,
sorry! ...



HA! HA! HA! HA! It suits
you! You look fabulous!

It's disgraceful! ...
Yes, disgraceful! ...
I said disgraceful!



Ssh! ... Quiet! ...

Why?
What's the
matter?

I suppose
you think
it's funny!



No, it's nothing ... I thought for a minute
I could hear Snowy barking.

Of course. Poor
old Snowy!

Disgraceful!
That's what I call it!

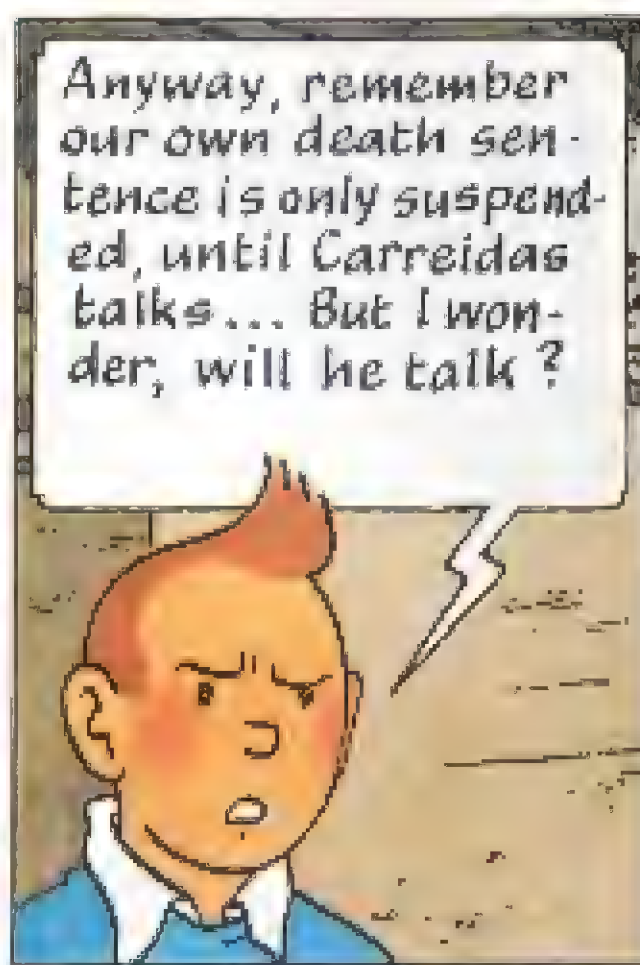


Don't you worry, Tintin.
If we get out of this
alive we'll make the
butchers pay.
I'll ...



Thanks, Captain. Whatever
we do, it won't bring
poor Snowy back to life.

I ... er ... well ...
yes ... hm ... er ...



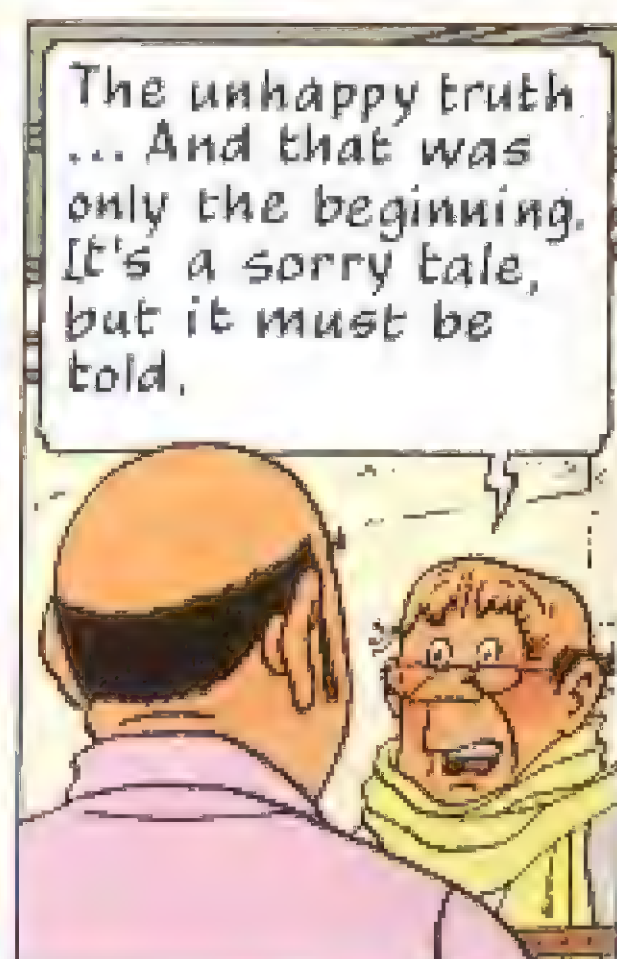
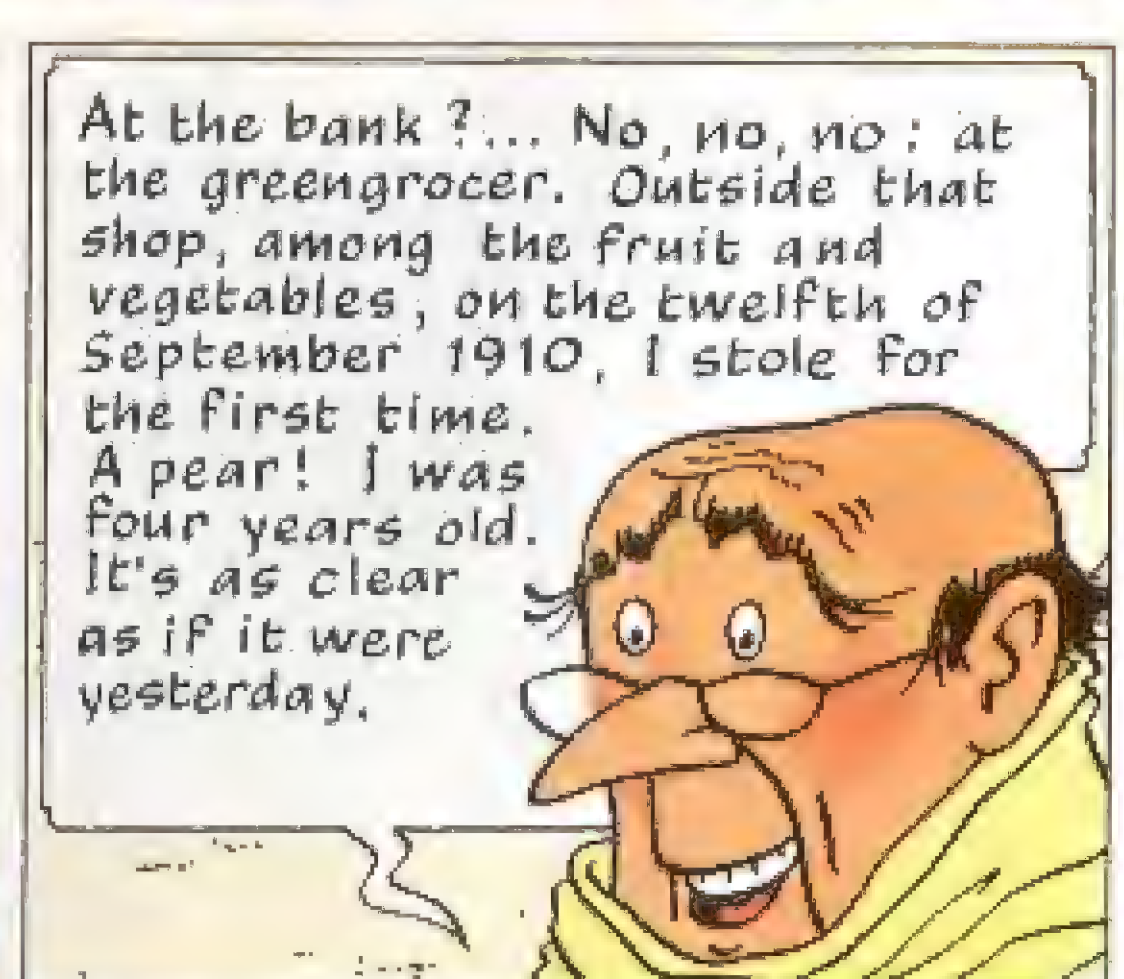
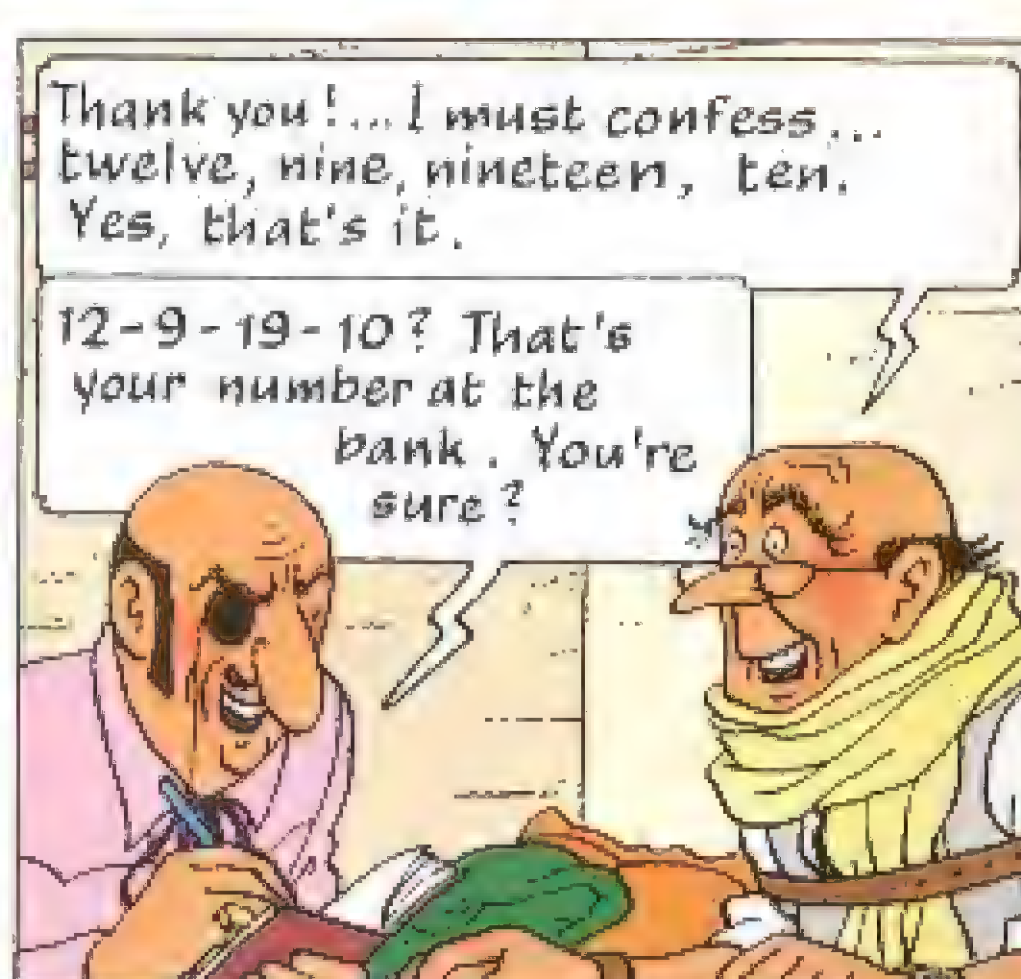
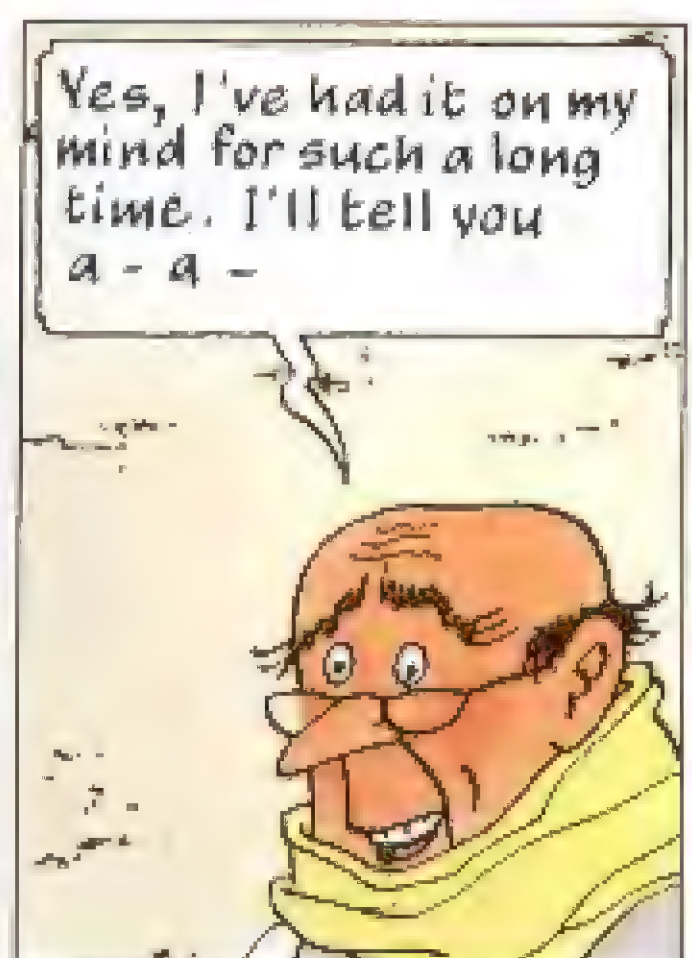
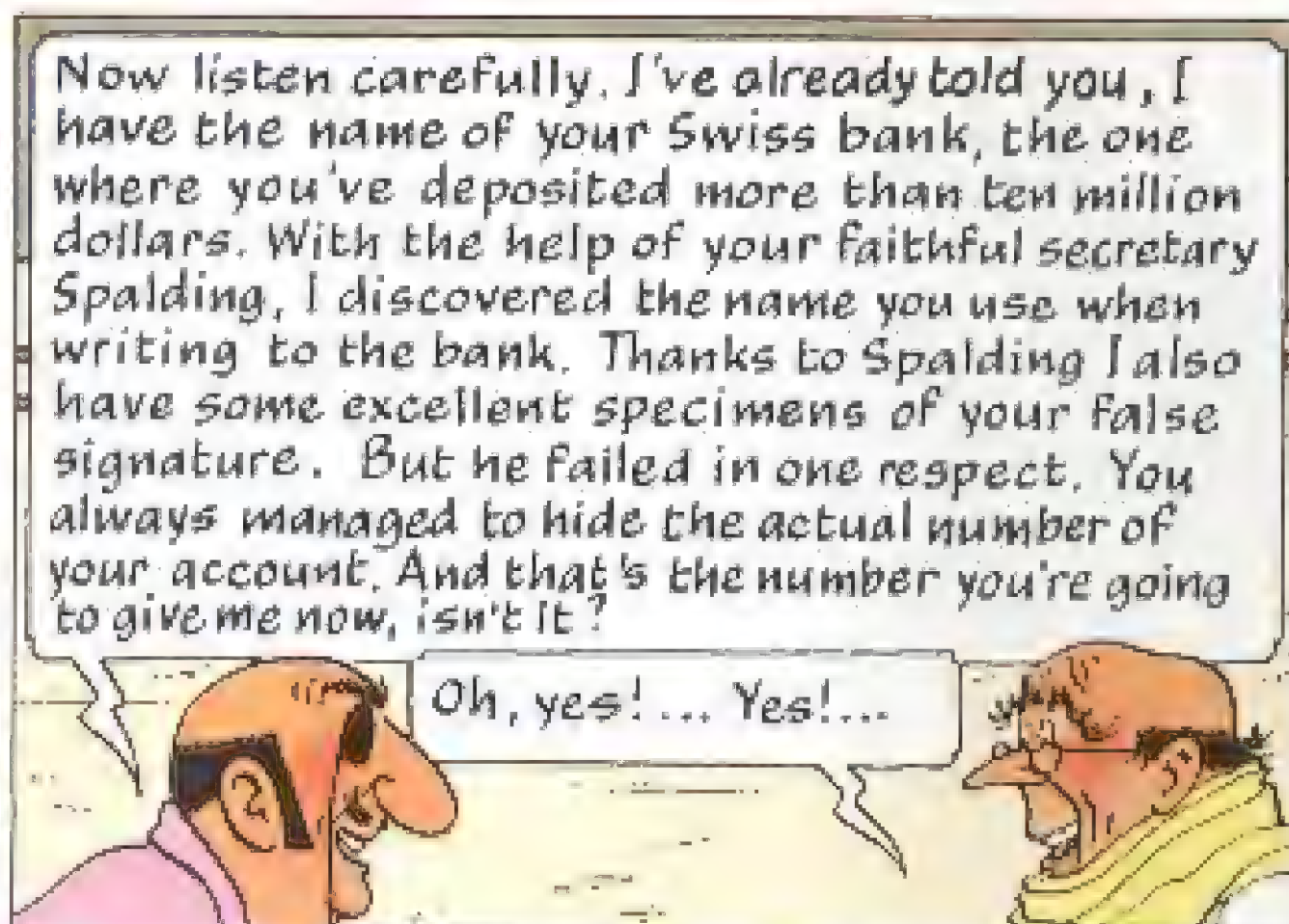
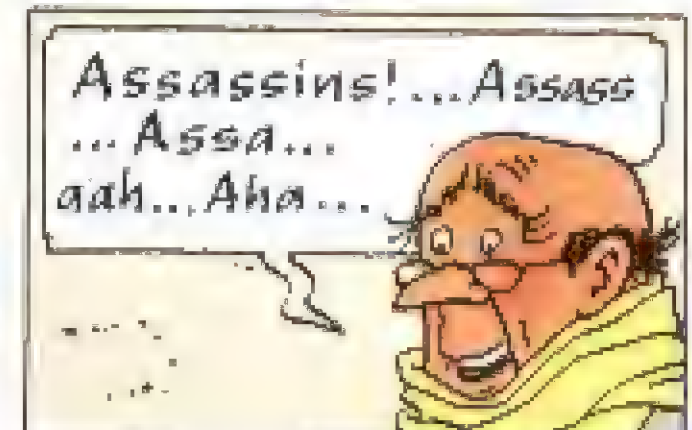
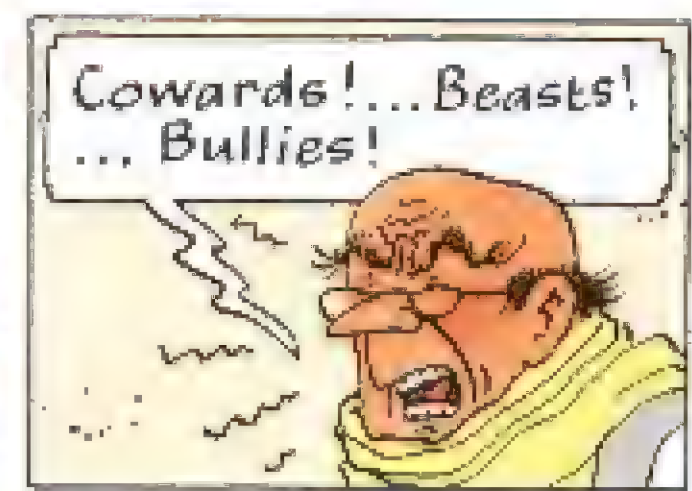
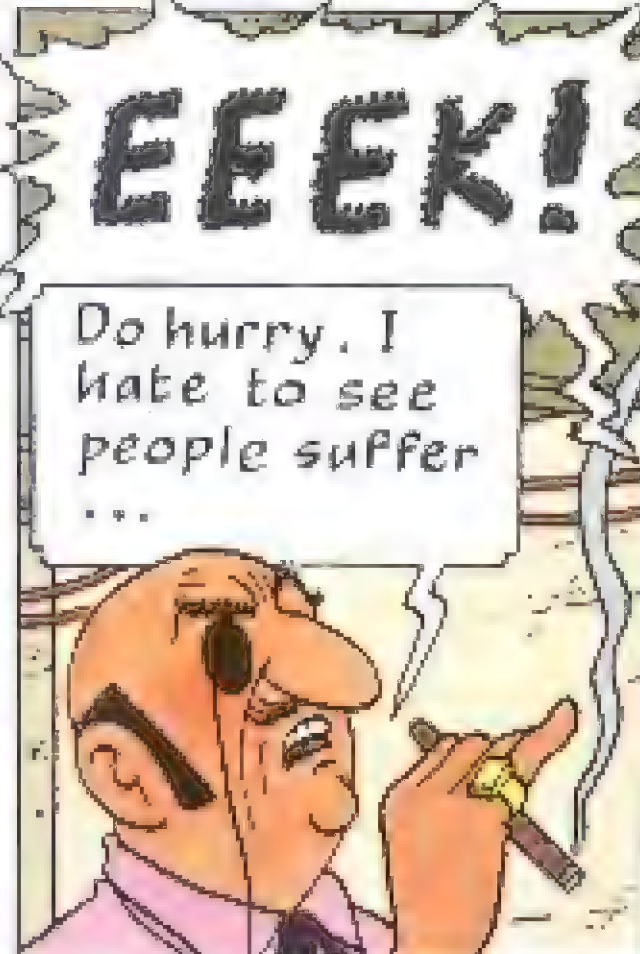
Anyway, remember
our own death sen-
tence is only suspend-
ed, until Carreidas
talks ... But I won-
der, will he talk?

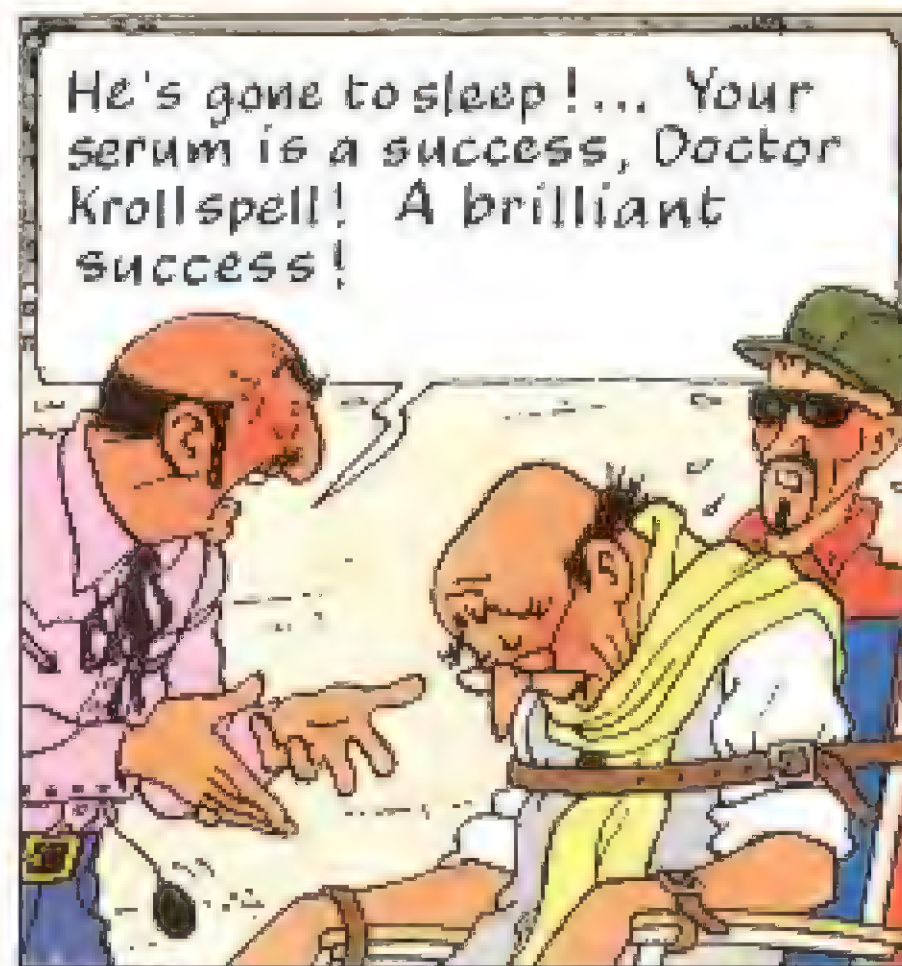
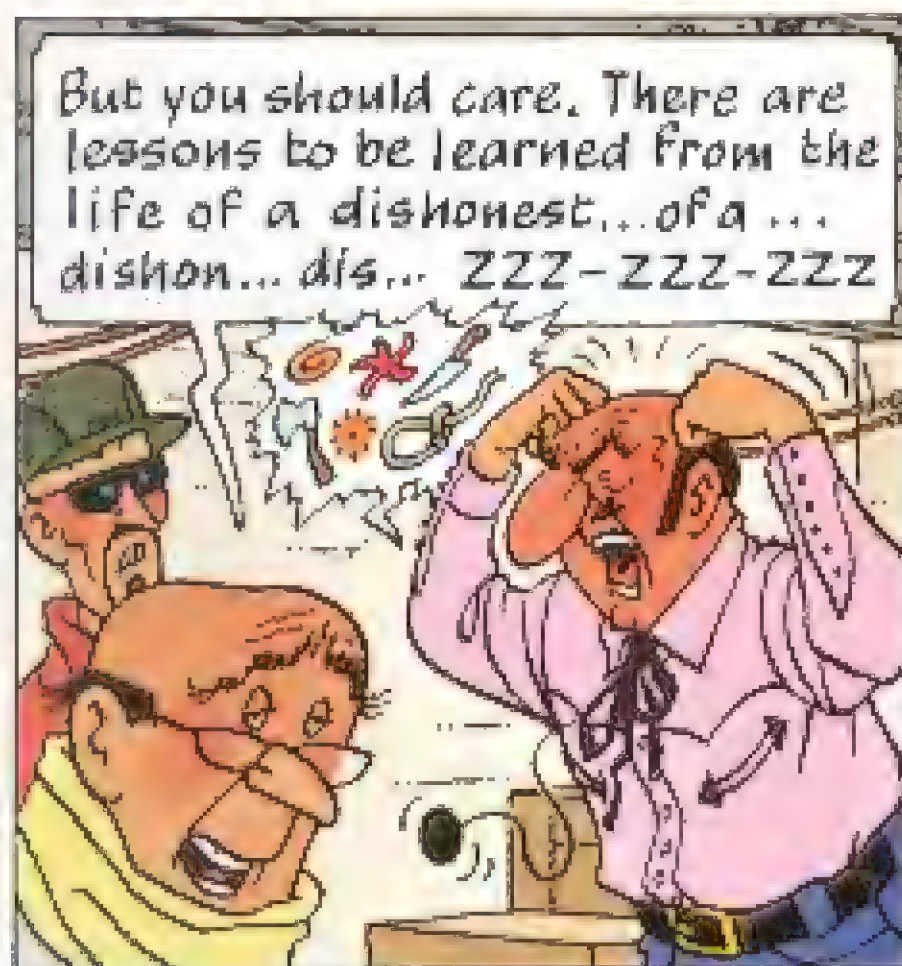
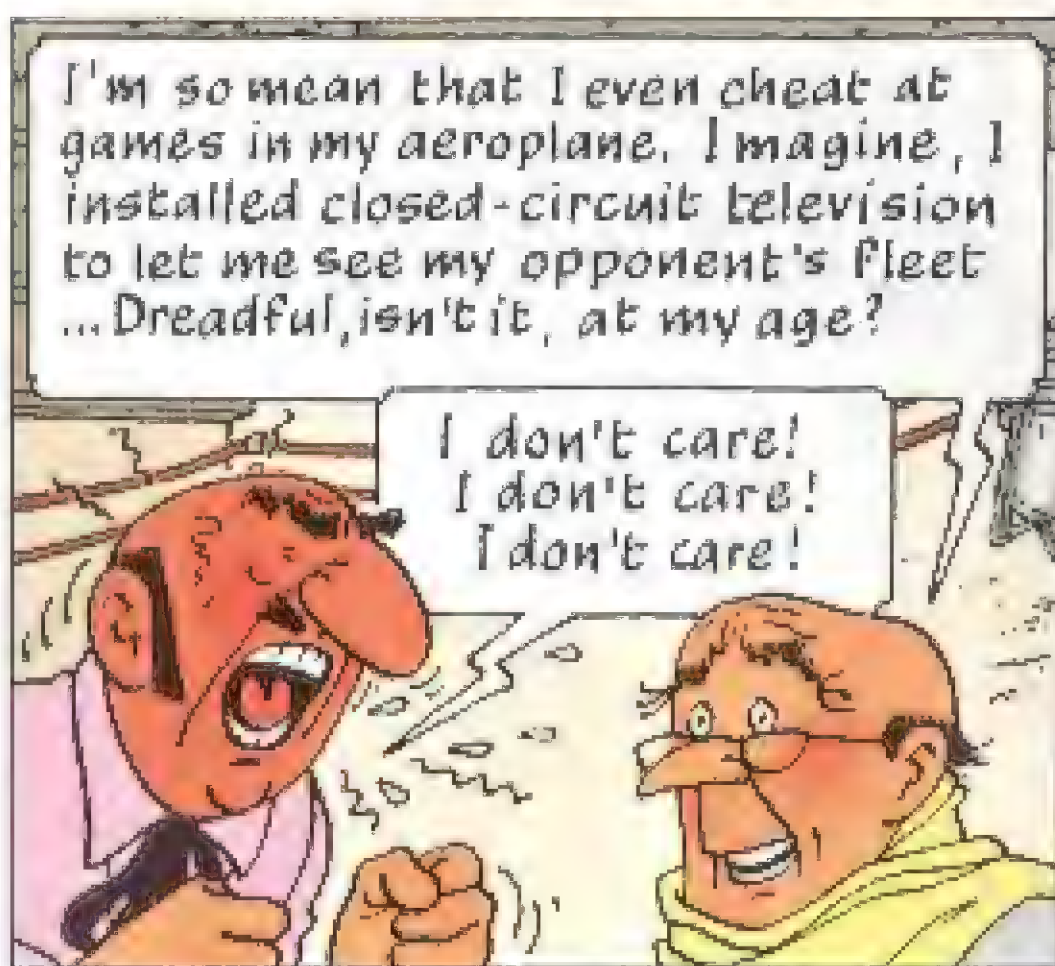
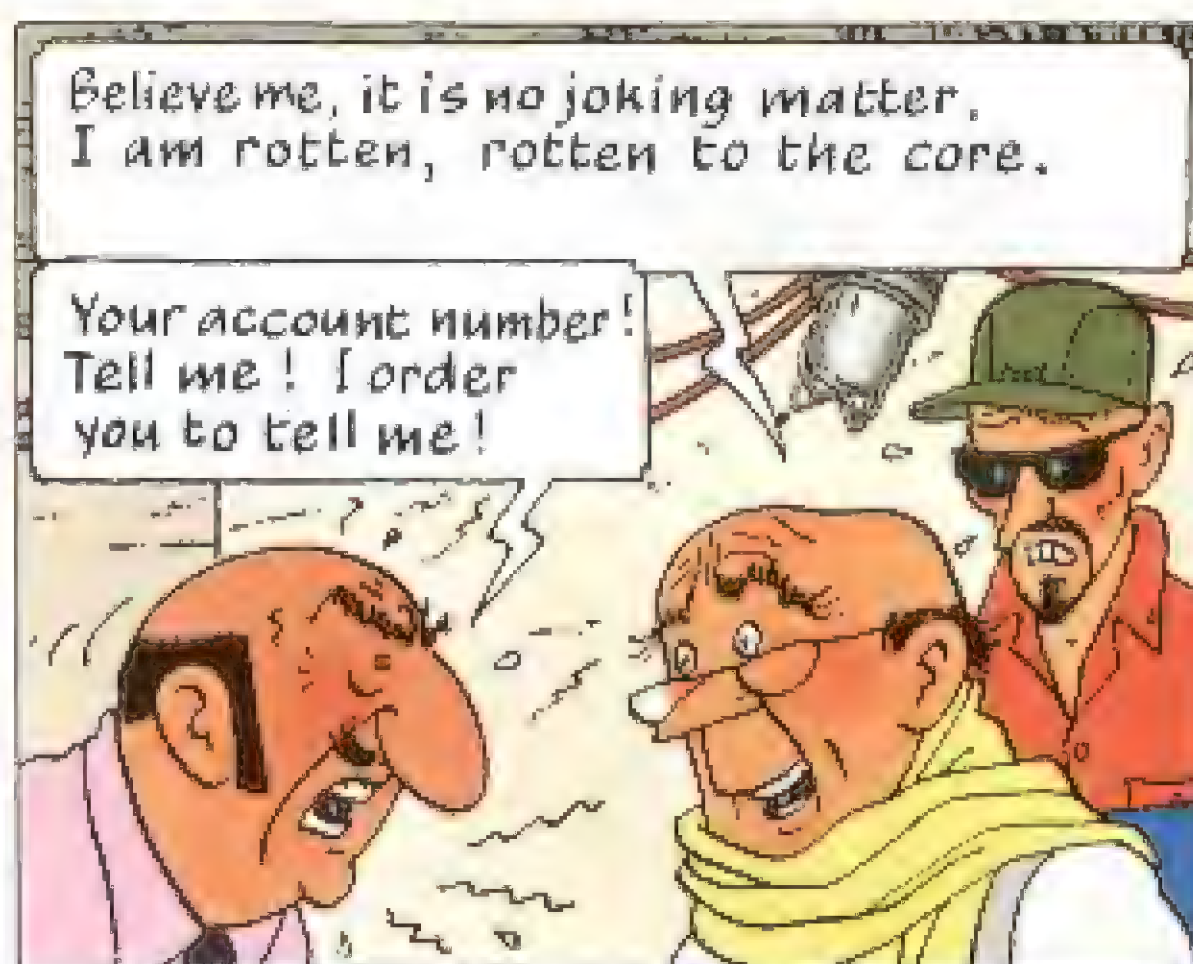
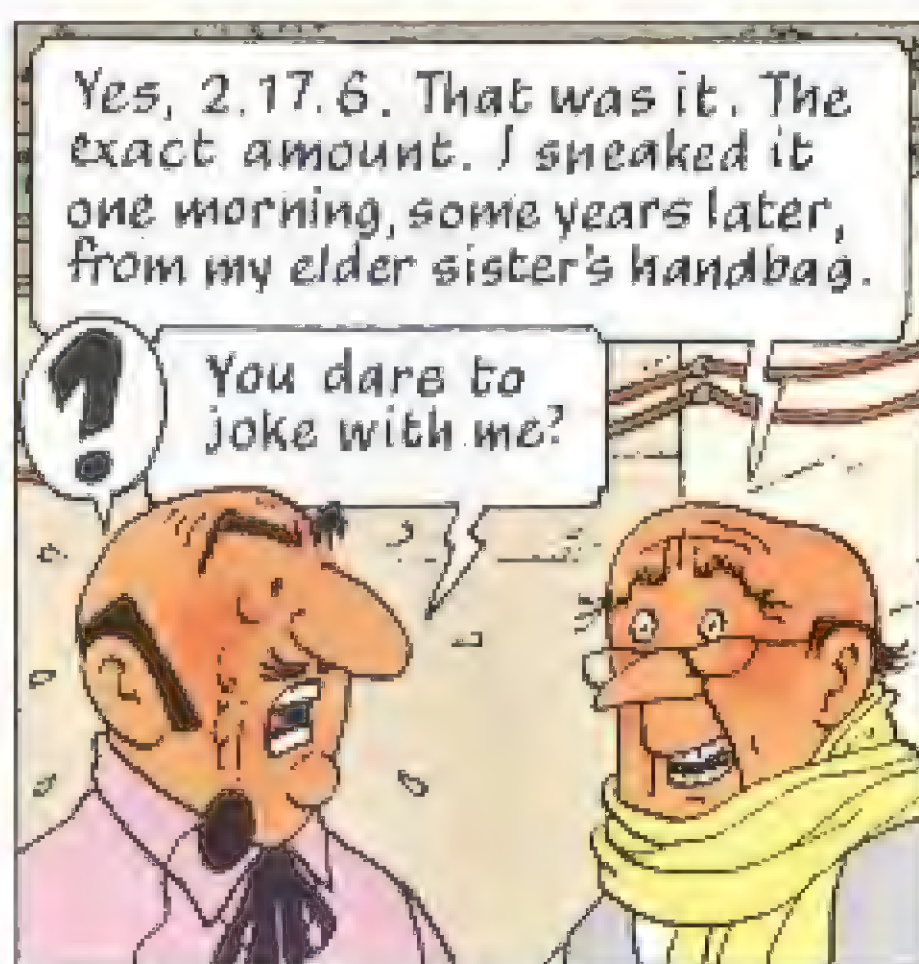
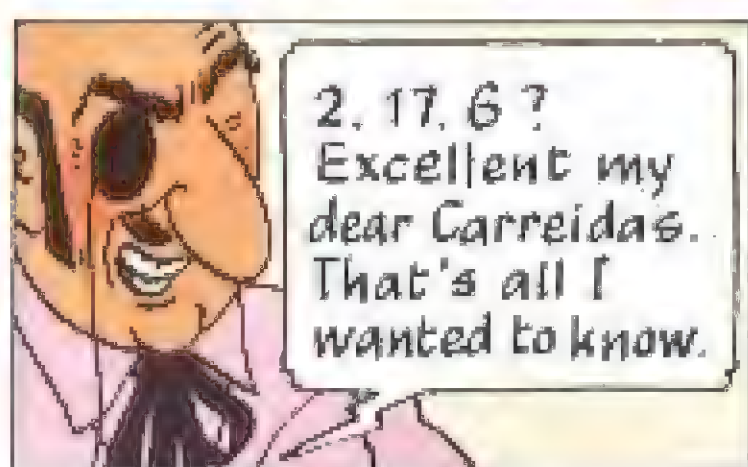
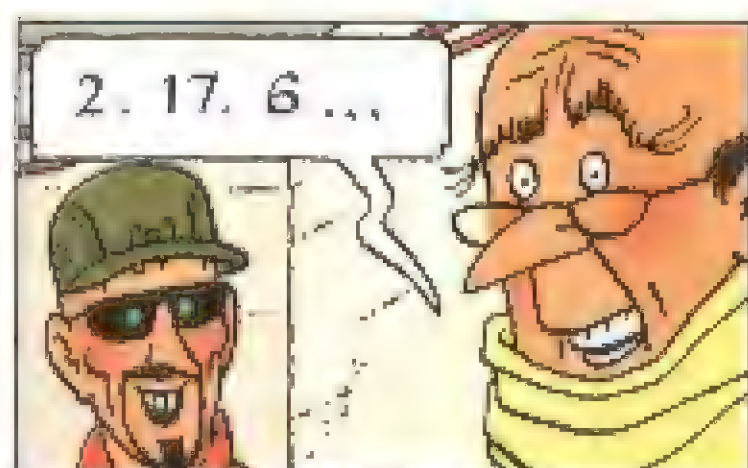
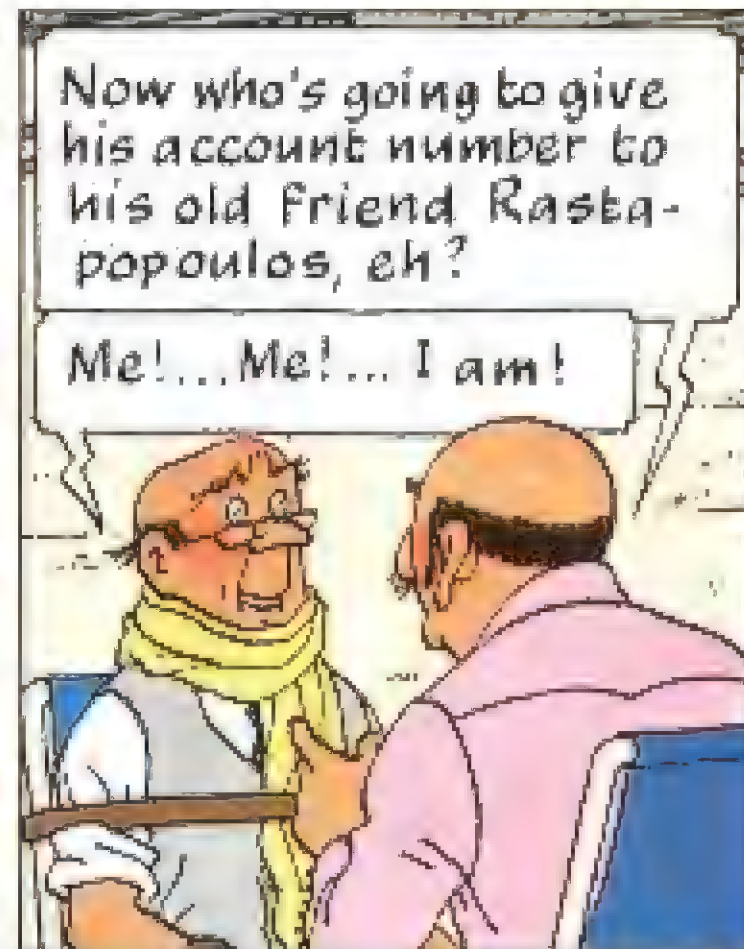


He'll talk, Mister Rastapopoulos,
he'll talk all right.

I hope so for your
sake, doctor!

Never! ...
And anyway,
I want my
hat!



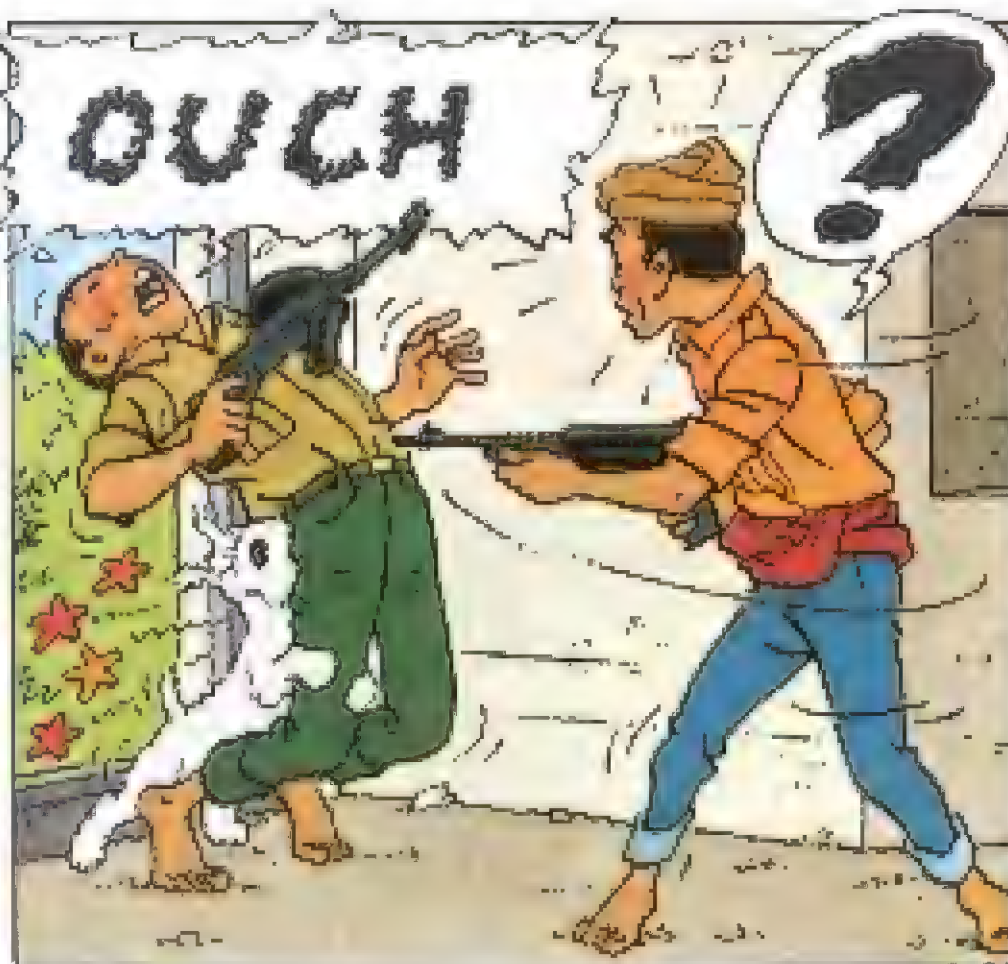






Which man 'e go cry?... You tell!

He's there...
He understood.



OUCH

?



YEOW

Now for it!
One, two, three!



WHAM

WHAM!...
Well done!

Fine left
hook!



WHAM

And again!
Bravo!

Fine right
uppercut for
other one!



First, let's take that hat
off poor Calculus.

A neat job,
eh, boys?



Ma professore, it was
not uno joke.

I don't deny it.
It was just a
stupid joke,
that's all.

Now we must try to rescue
poor Mr. Carreidas.

Poor?... Him?... Risk
our lives for that cheat?



How'd we find him, anyway,
miserable old Midas?

By using
his hat.

Using his
hat?



Yes. Where is
it?... Ah, on
the floor.



Get the scent, Snowy.

Sniff, sniff...
That reminds me
of someone ...



Find him, Snowy!

Seek him
out!



I... er... it will work this time, Mister Rastapopoulos,
I've doubled the dose... I... I shall succeed ...

I strongly advise
you to, doctor!

ZZZZ

ZZZZ

ZZZZ



You were wearing this hat, Captain. That's why Snowy made a mistake.



Anyway, thanks to Snowy at least we're free, and can look for Mr. Carreidas.

I know, but rescuing him is another matter.



I've got a suggestion. The Captain and I go in search of Carreidas. You, Skut, take the Professor, Gino and the prisoners, and hide somewhere near the bunker. Keep out of sight, and wait till we come back. Is that all right?



Is good plan, Tintin. I prefer to go with you and Captain. But I stay with other friends and prisoners.

Thanks, Skut. Now, let's go.



Ready, Professor?

Extraordinary! I've never seen that before.

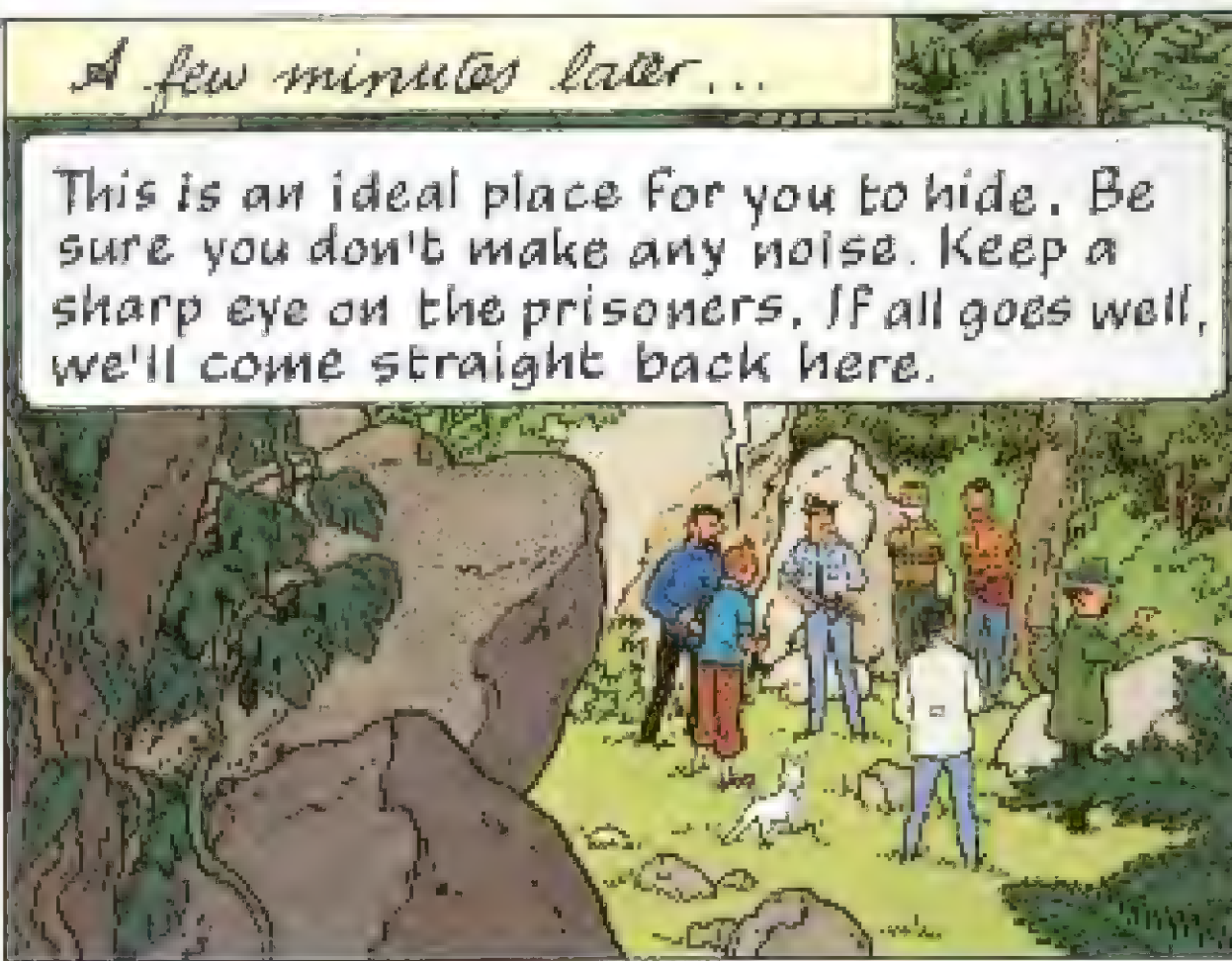


You must hurry: there's no time...

So you've noticed it too? ...I've never seen my pendulum oscillate so fast... Never in my life!



It's incredible... Look! It's absolutely incredible... I've never seen anything like it!



A few minutes later...

This is an ideal place for you to hide. Be sure you don't make any noise. Keep a sharp eye on the prisoners. If all goes well, we'll come straight back here.



Goodbye, Tintin. Goodbye, and good luck!

Good luck to you, Skut.



Why did I ever leave Marlinspike?



Let anyone mention travel to me again and I'll tell him...



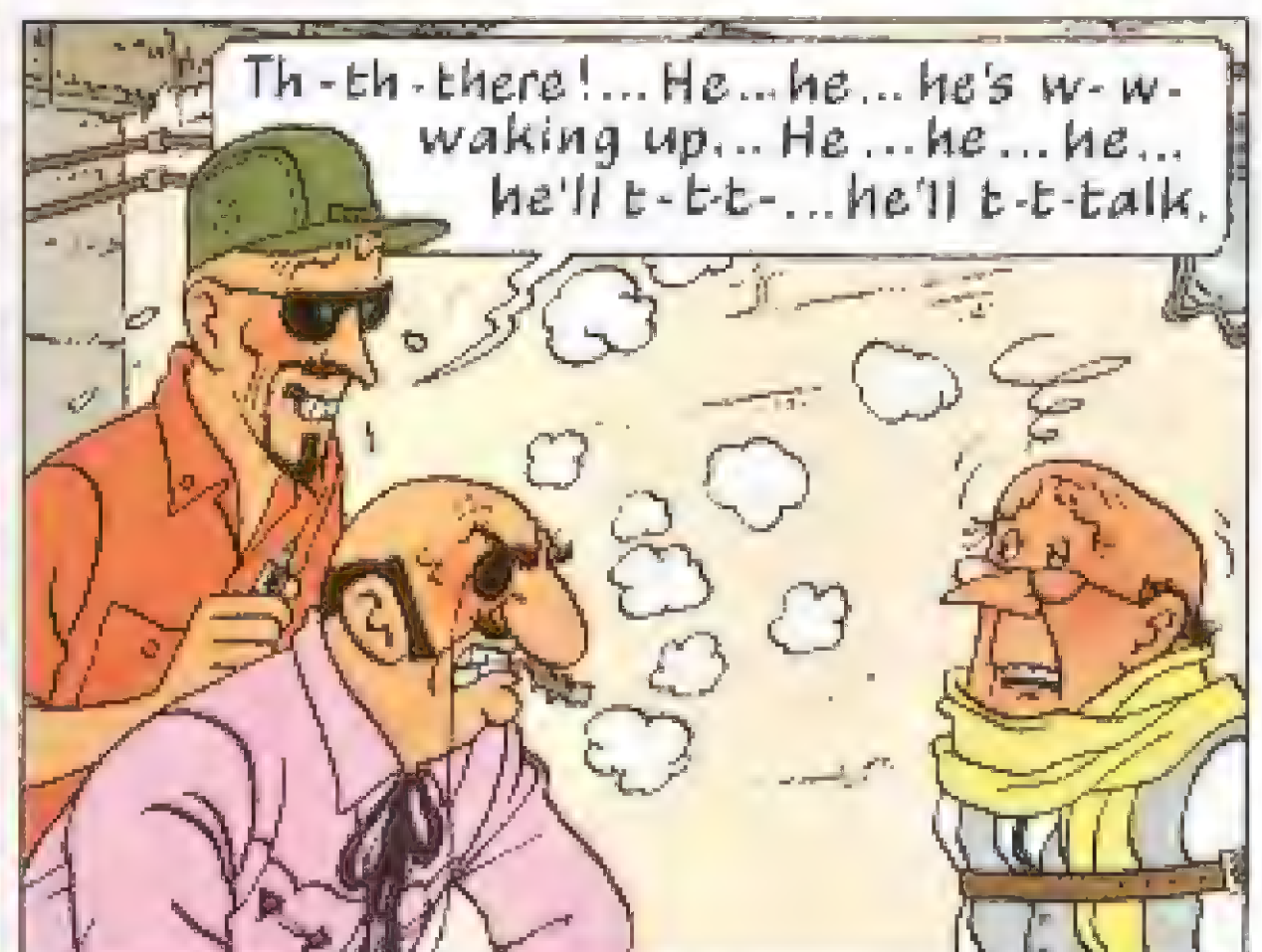
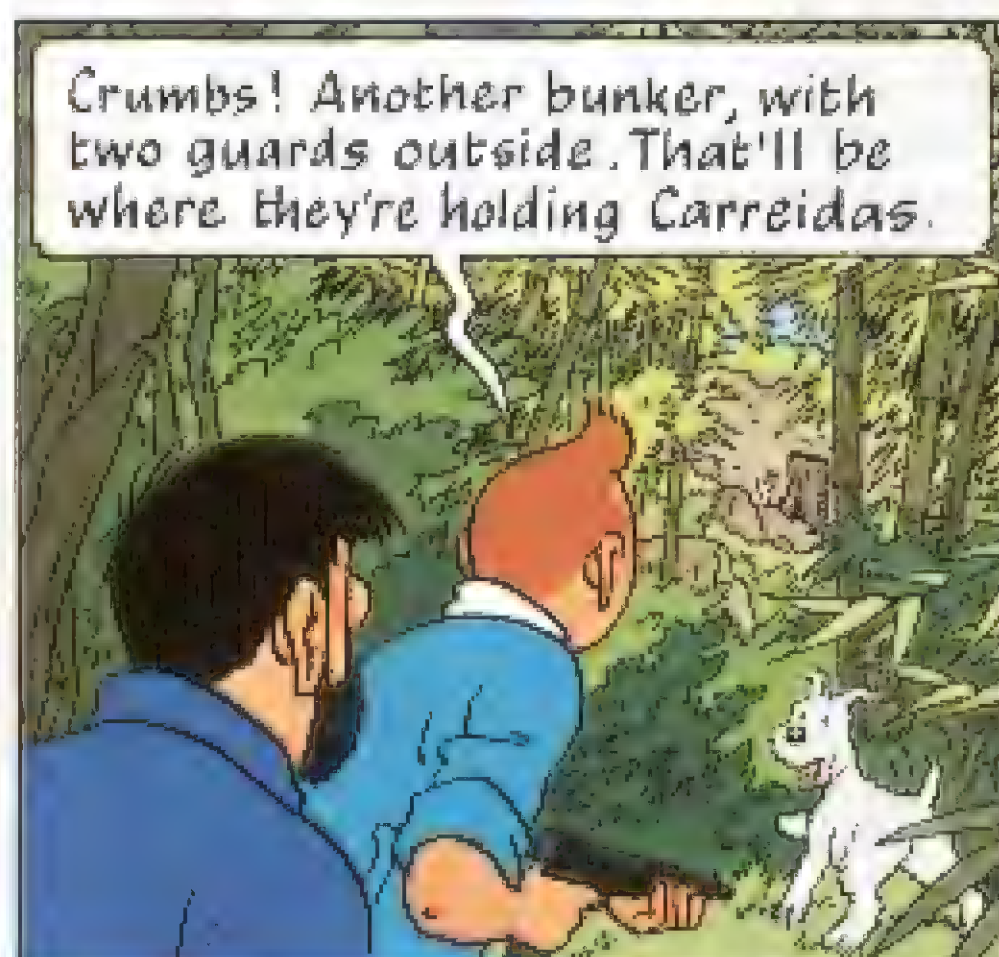
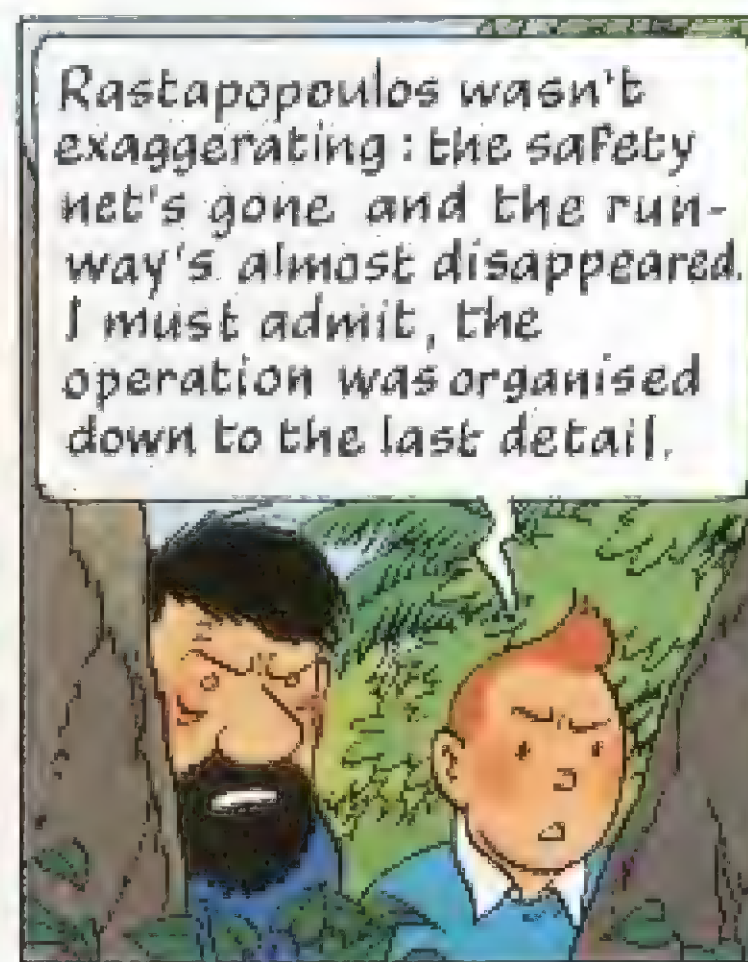
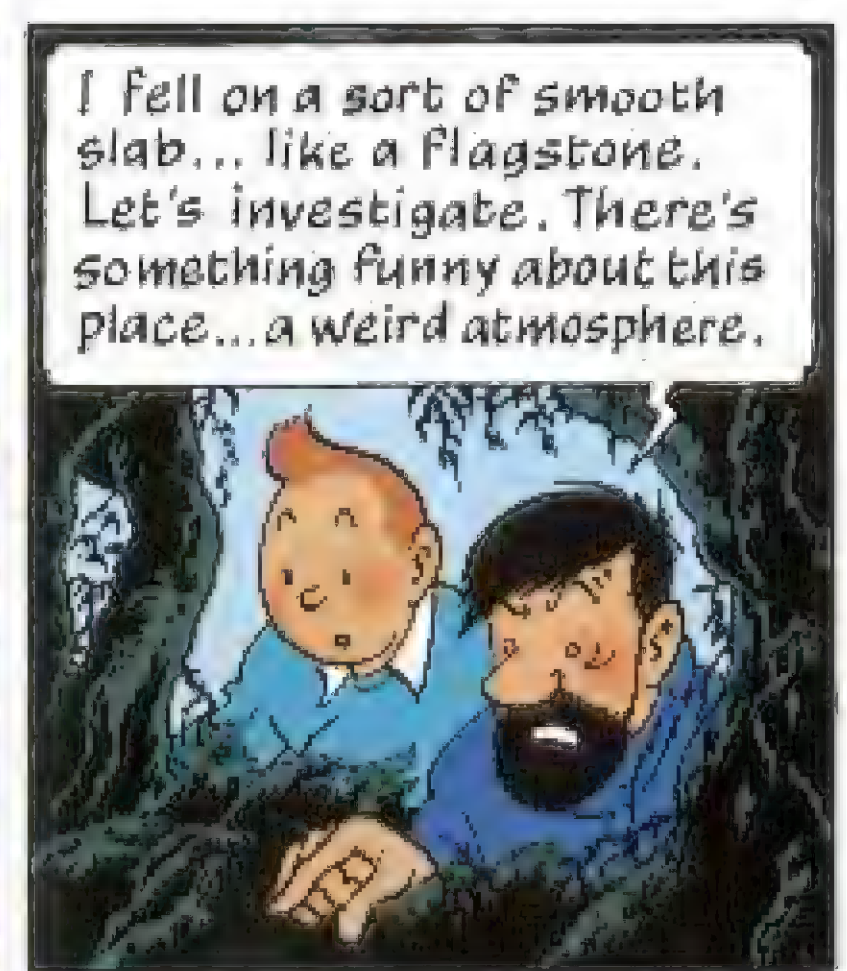
CRCCH



CAPTAIN?...

CAPTAIN?...

WHERE ARE YOU?!





They aren't paying much attention. All the better for us.



Kita di rumah biasa tambah sedikit sambal ulek.

Itu bukan djelek, tentu lebih enak tetapi...



Ssh-h-h-h! ... Or bang-bang... Understand?



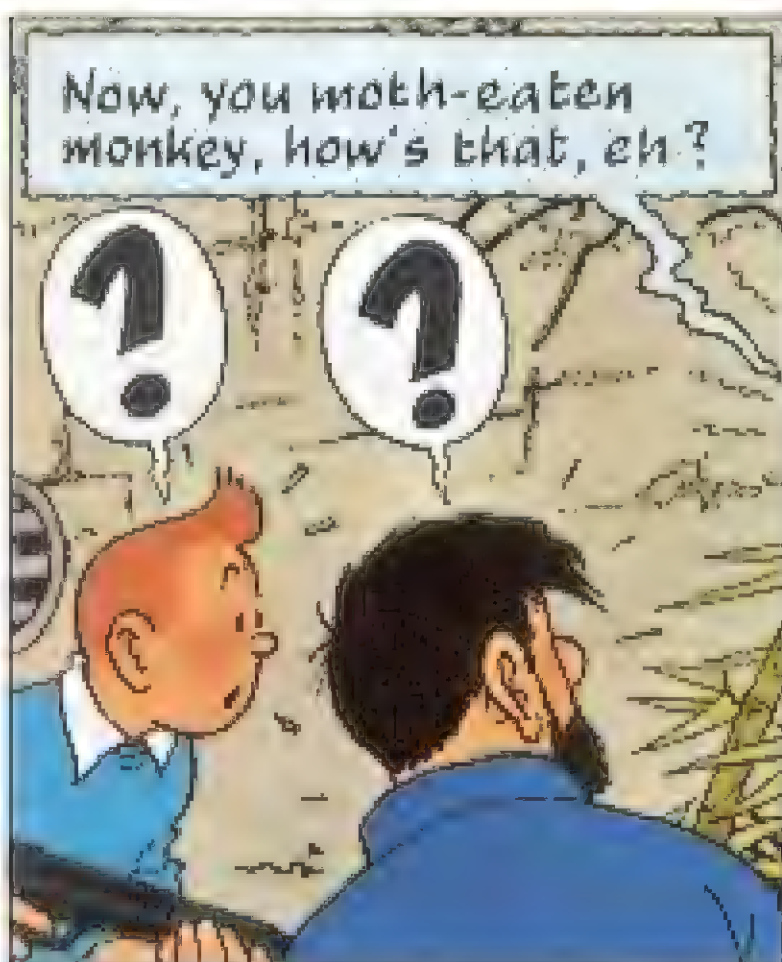
Understand? Quiet, or else...



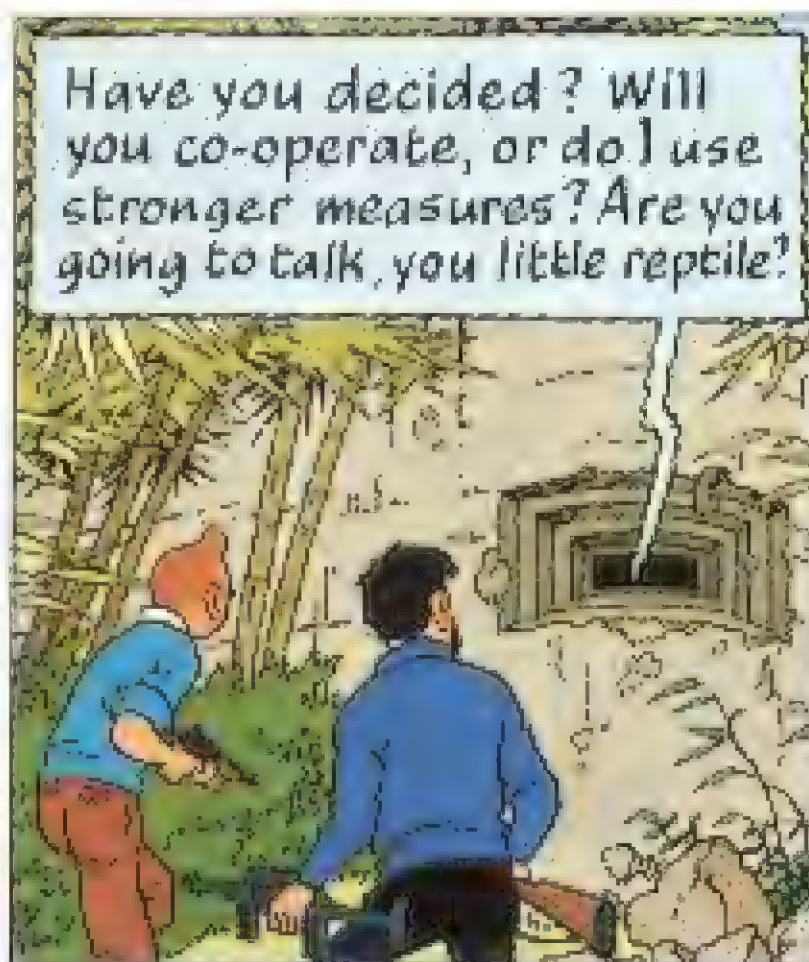
Disarm them first, Captain ... Good... Now, tie them up, quick as you can. Better gag them too. You can use their own shirts.



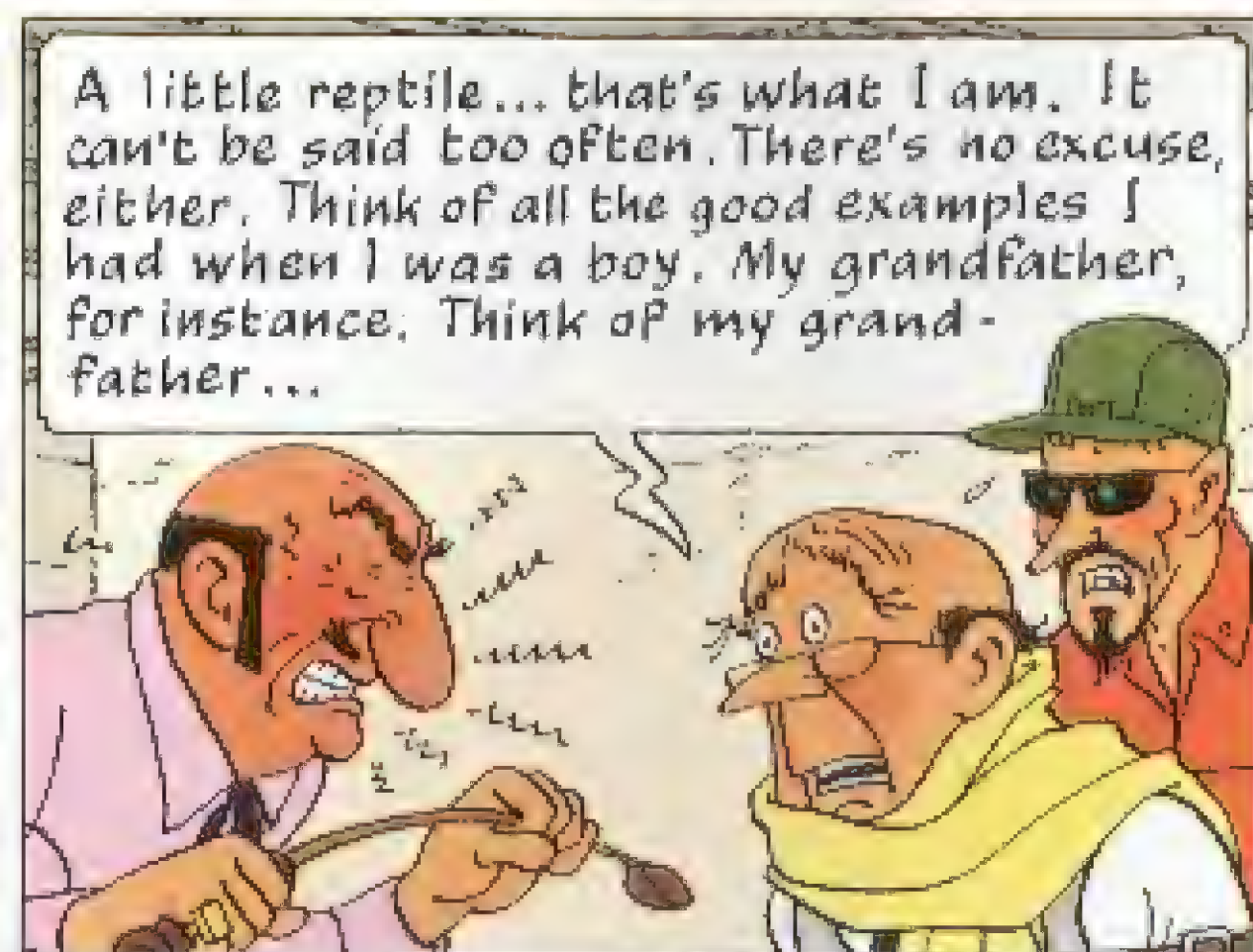
Sorry, old man, but you know how a sailor has a passion for knots!



Now, you moth-eaten monkey, how's that, eh?



Have you decided? Will you co-operate, or do I use stronger measures? Are you going to talk, you little reptile?



A little reptile... that's what I am. It can't be said too often. There's no excuse, either. Think of all the good examples I had when I was a boy. My grandfather, for instance. Think of my grandfather...



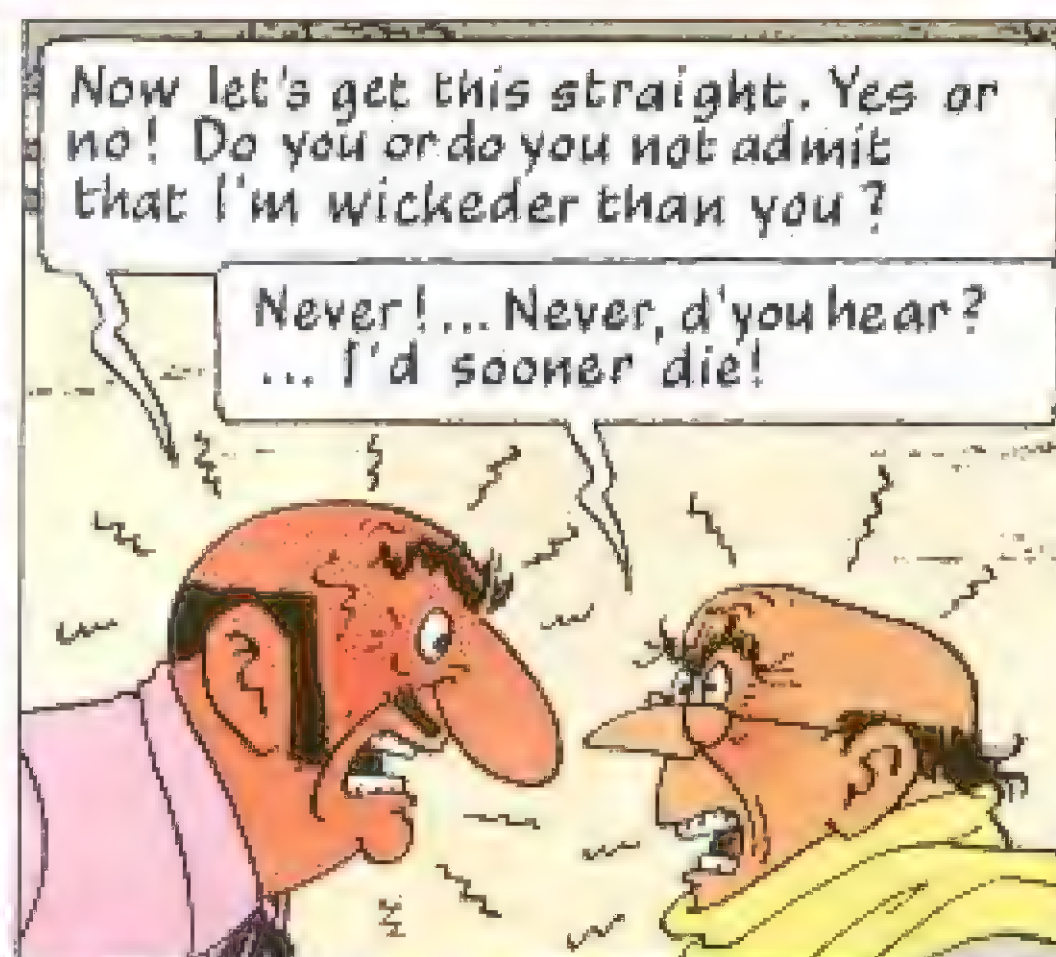
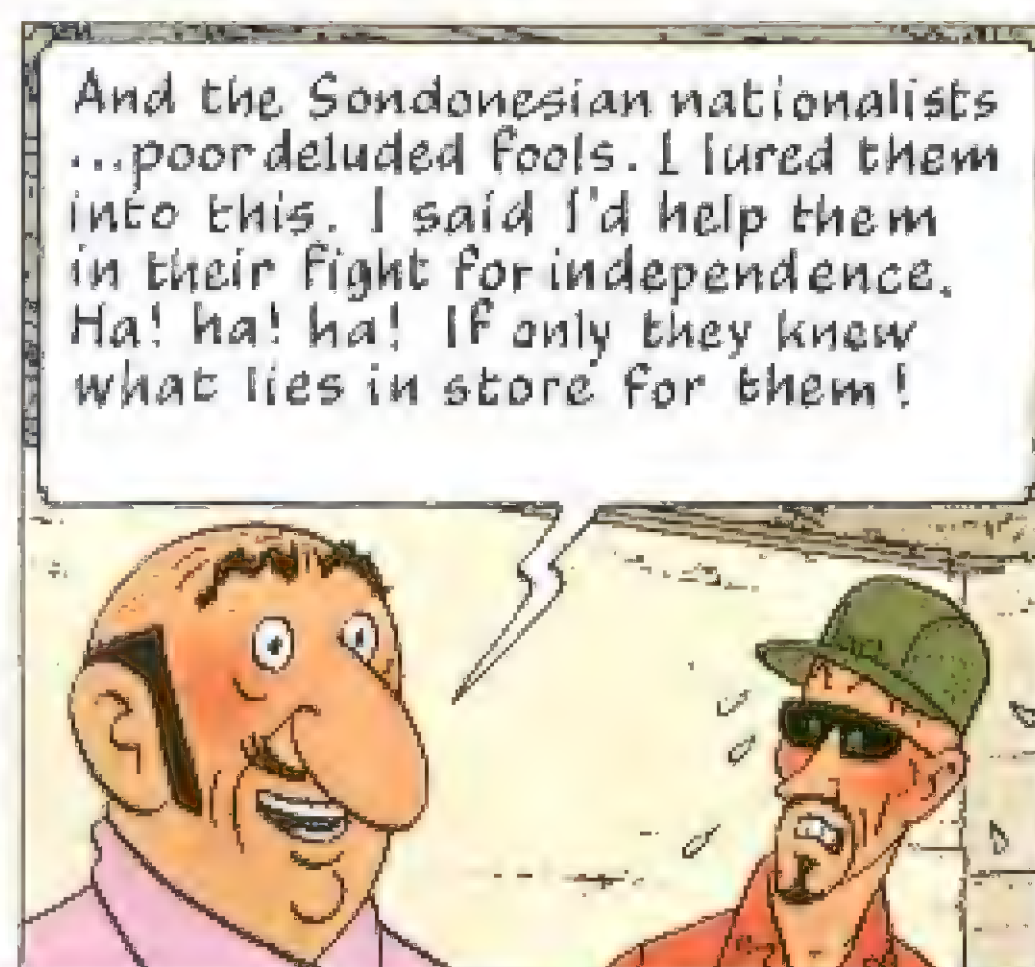
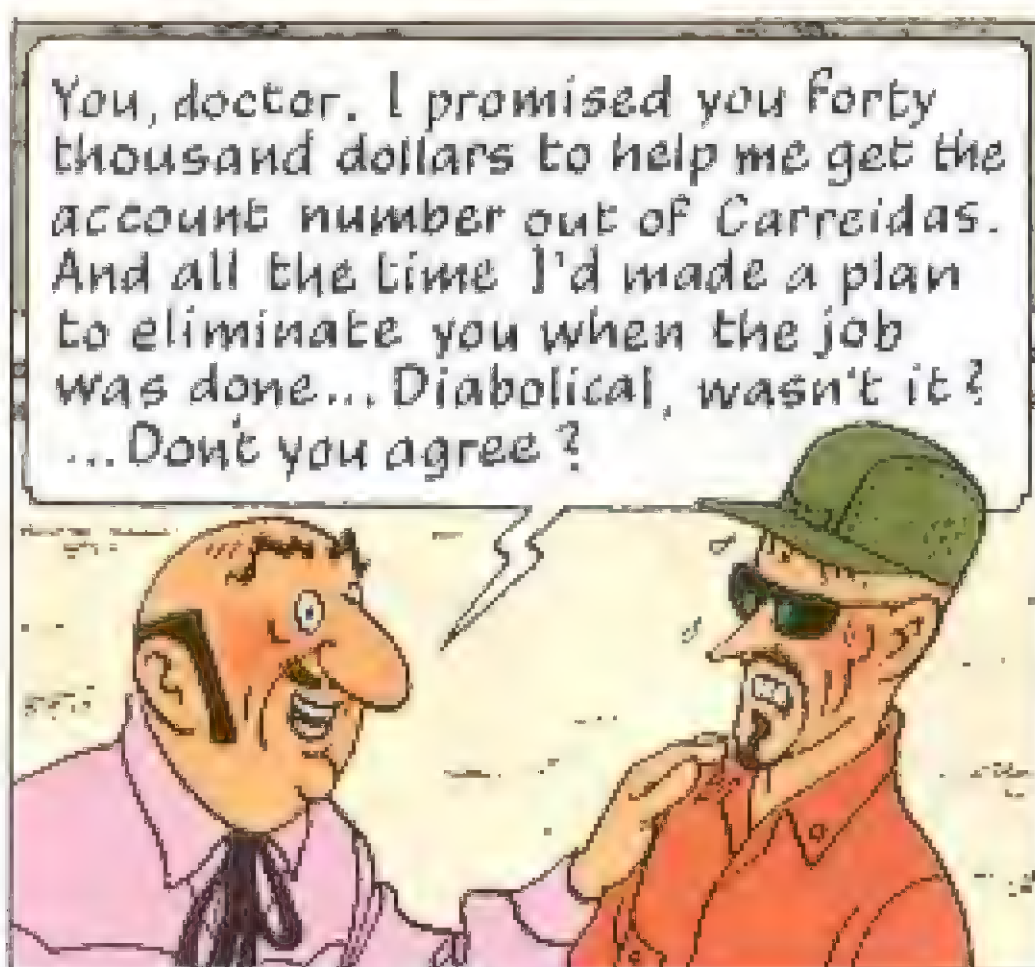
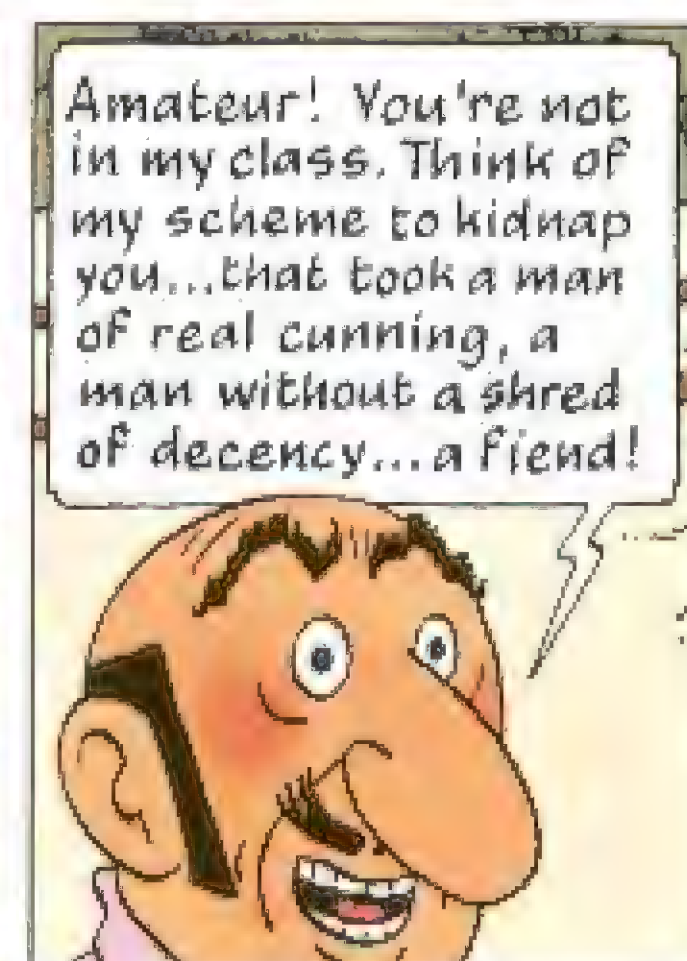
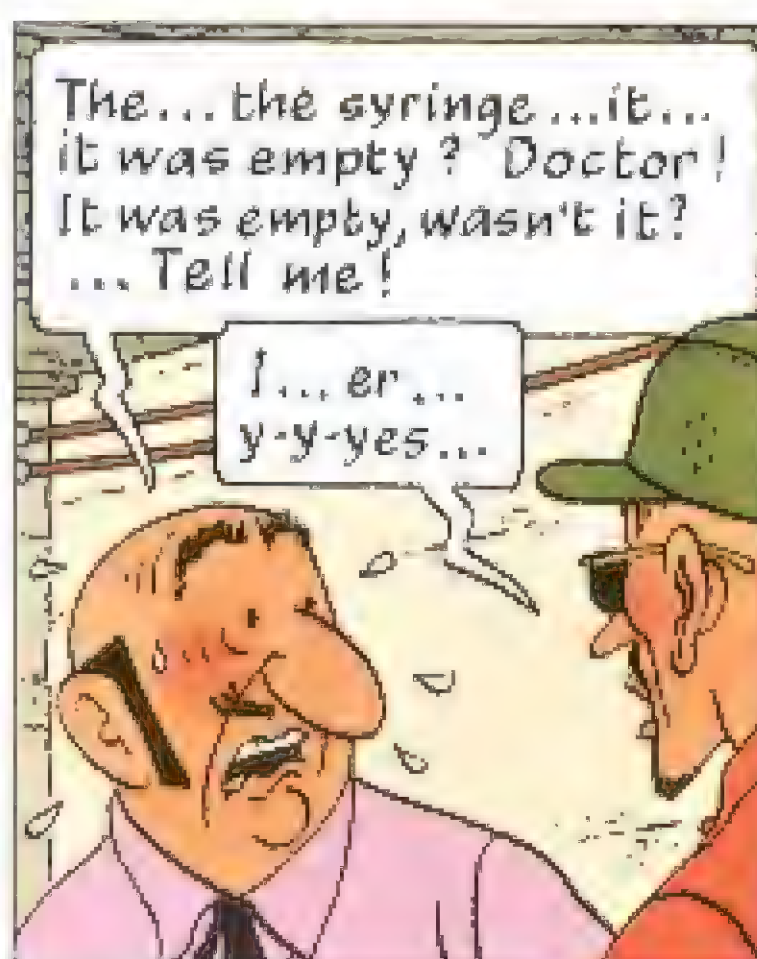
... my maternal grandfather... just a humble confectioner, a maker of Turkish delight in Erzerum. A simple, honest man. "Laszlo", he used to say, "Laszlo, remember: an ill-gotten camel gathers no gain..."

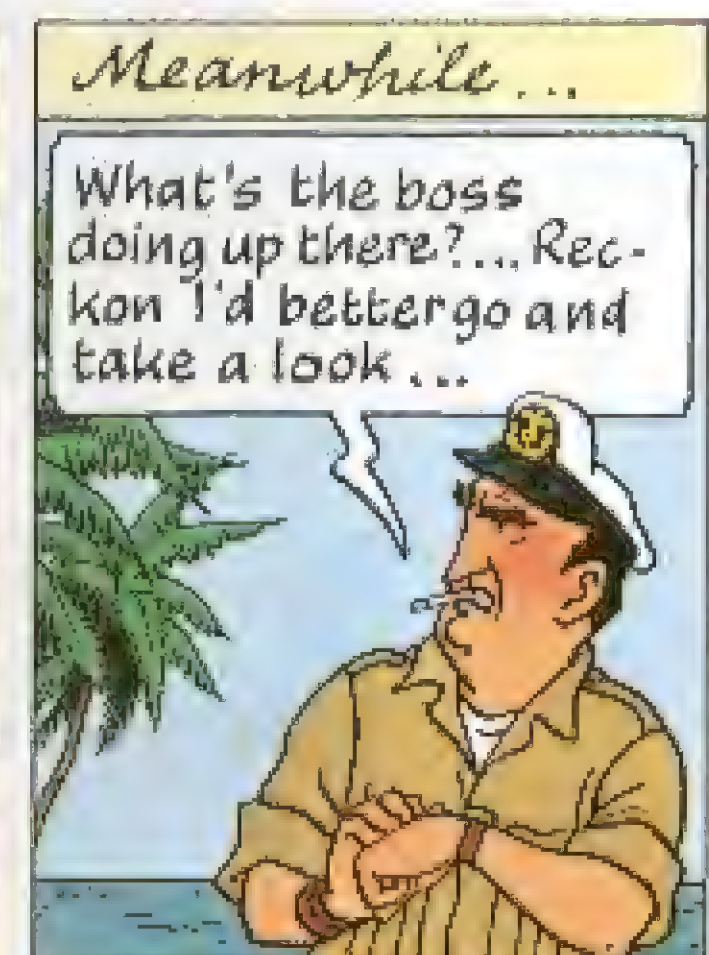
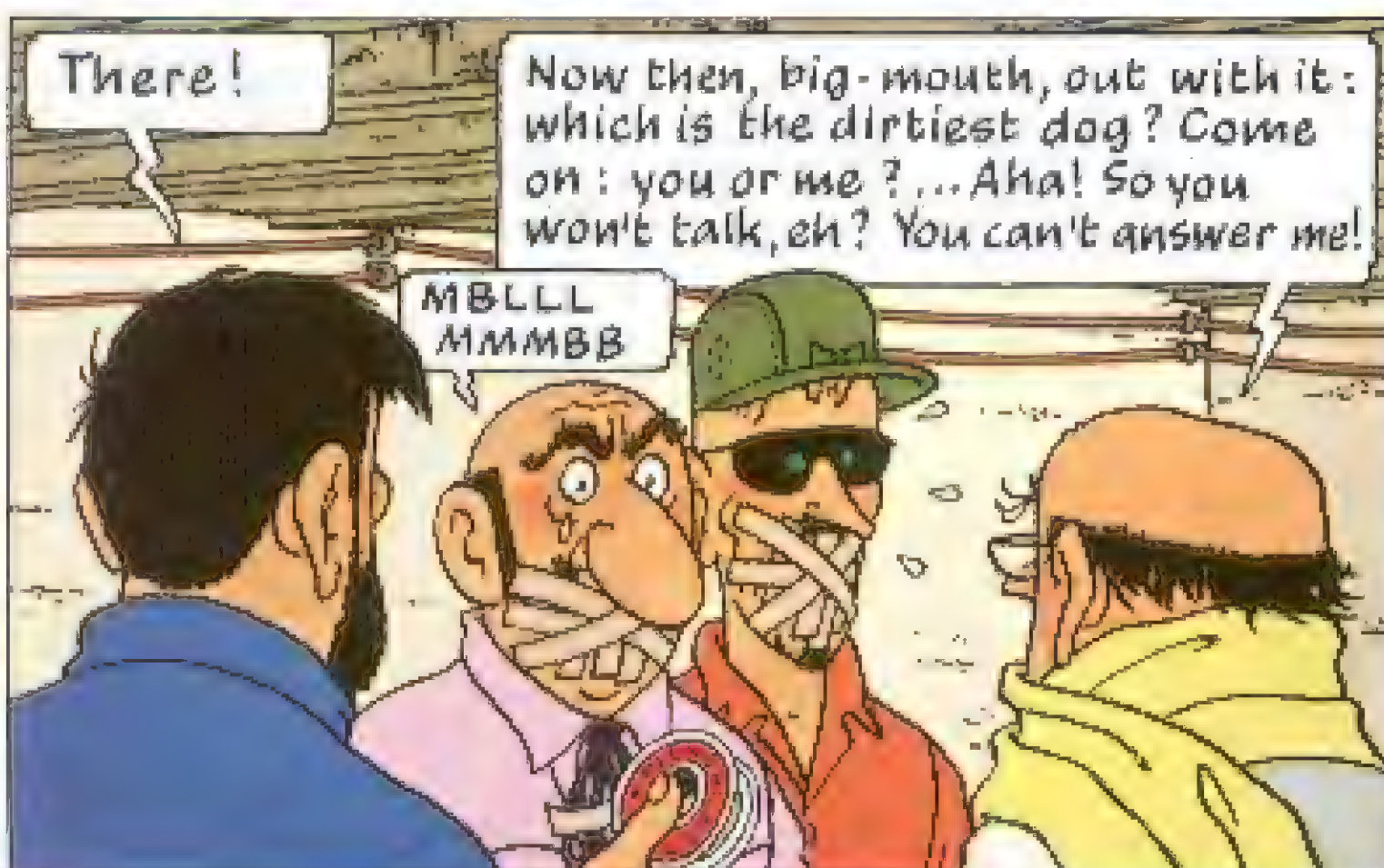
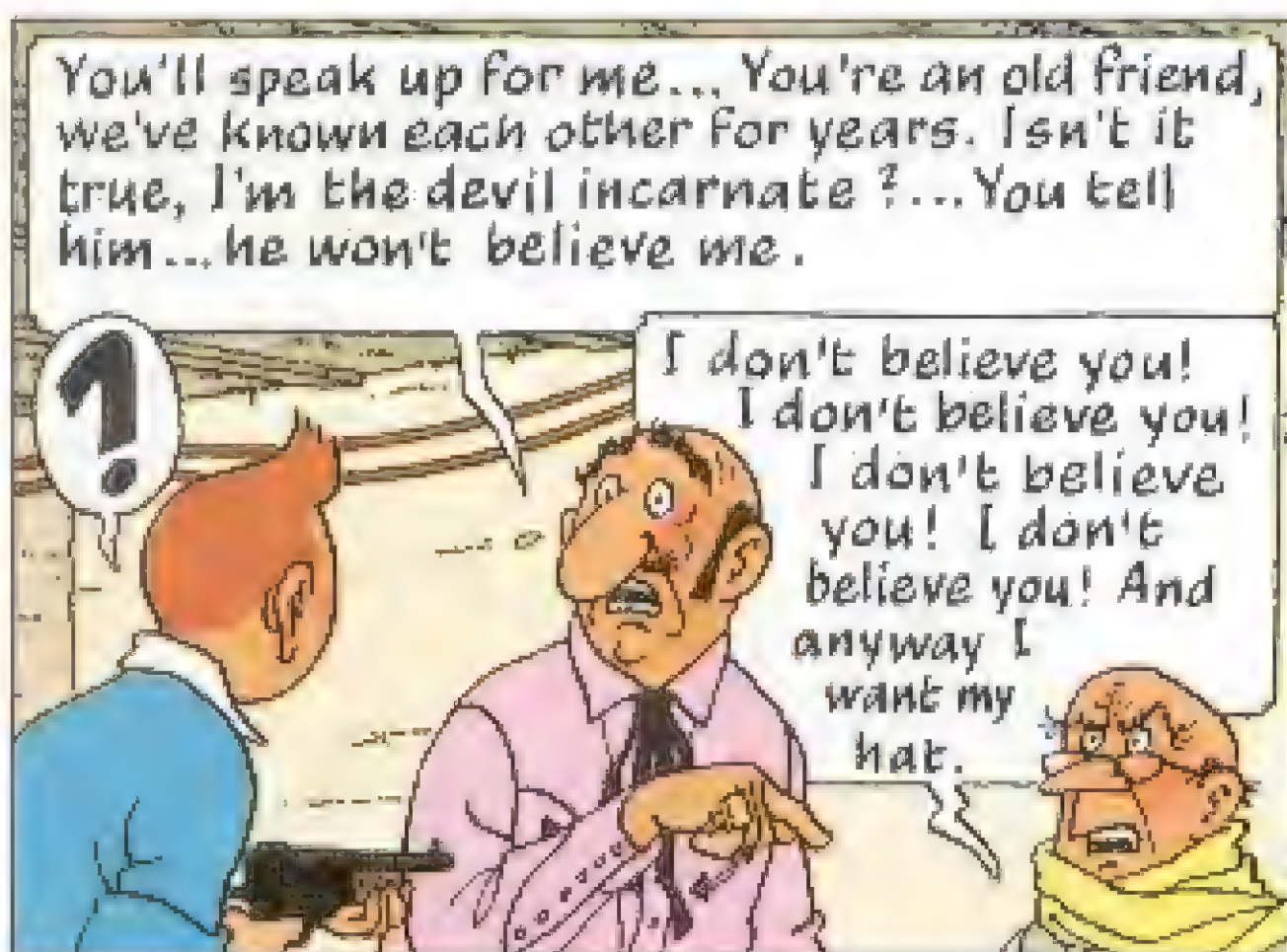
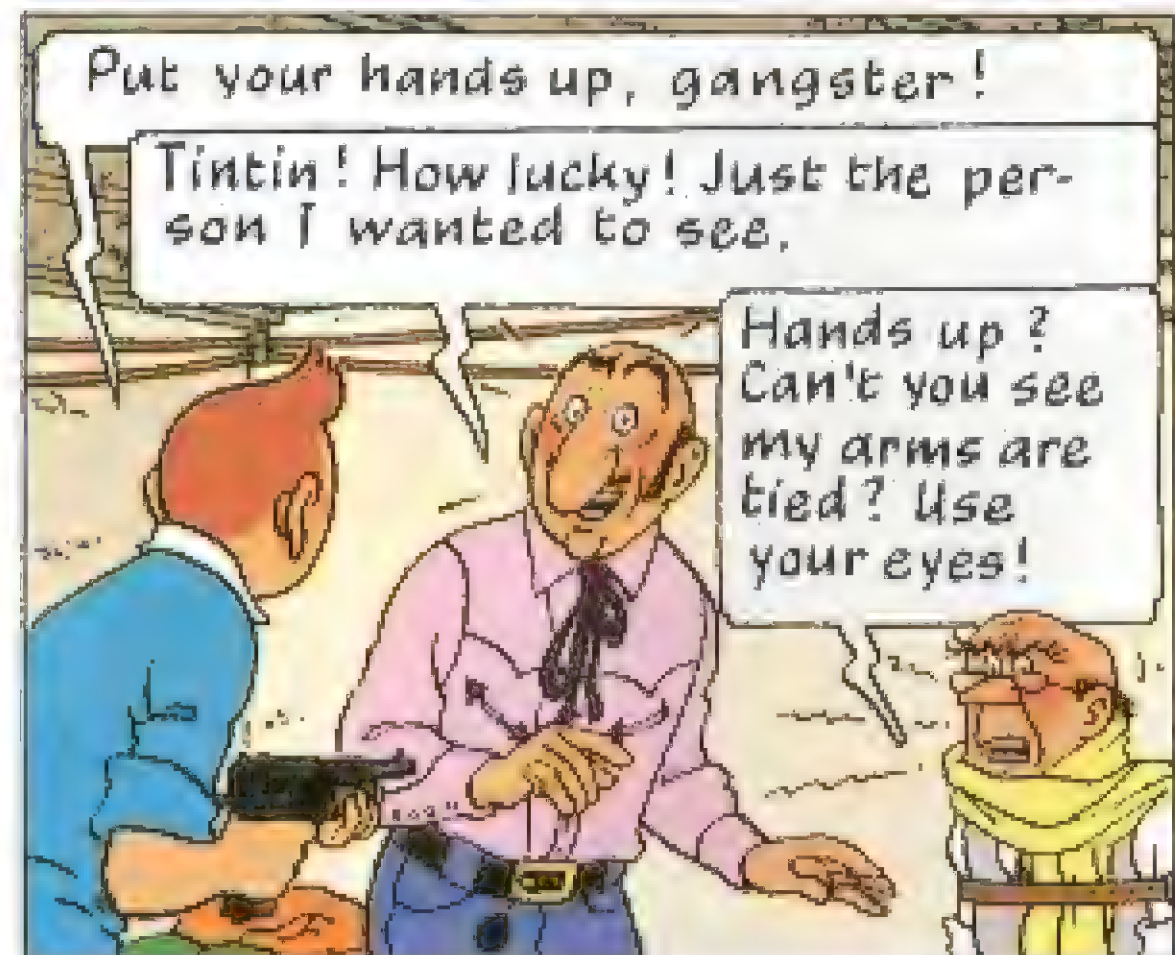
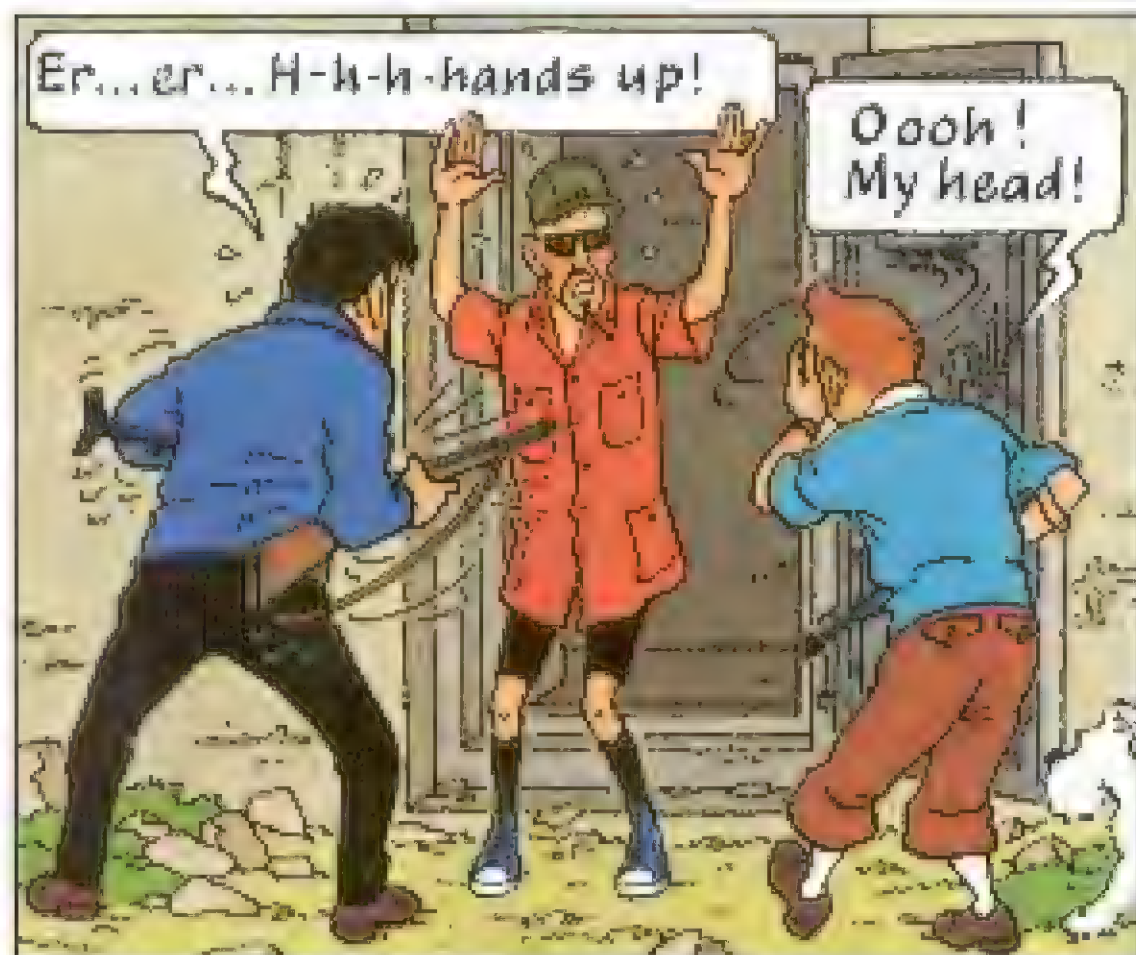


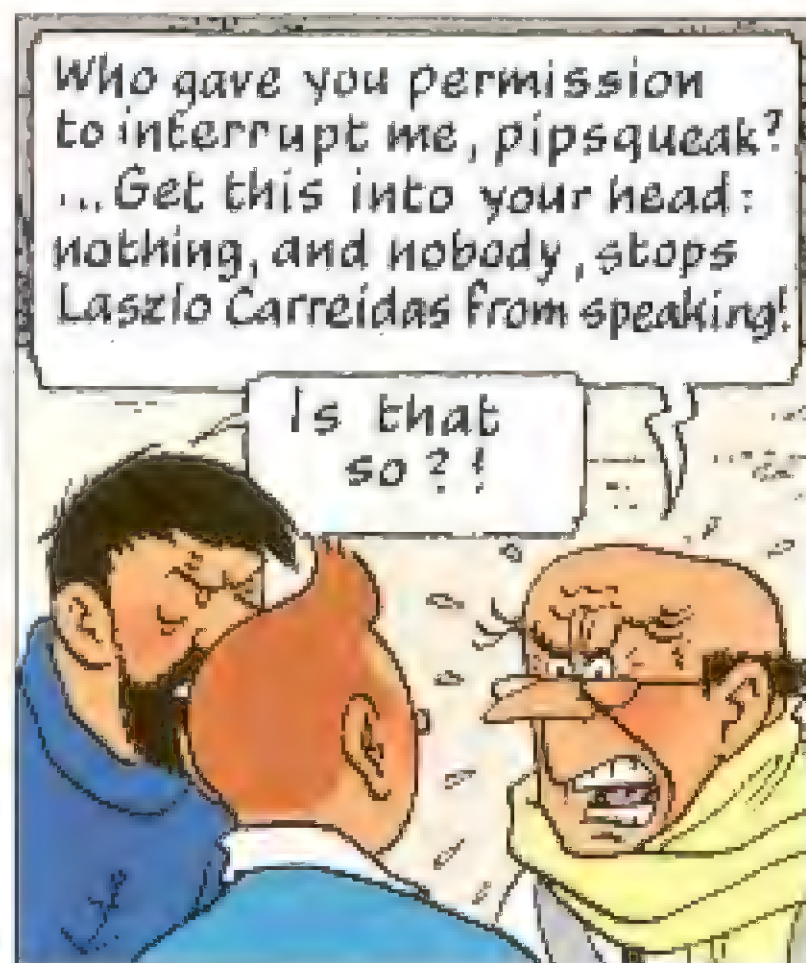
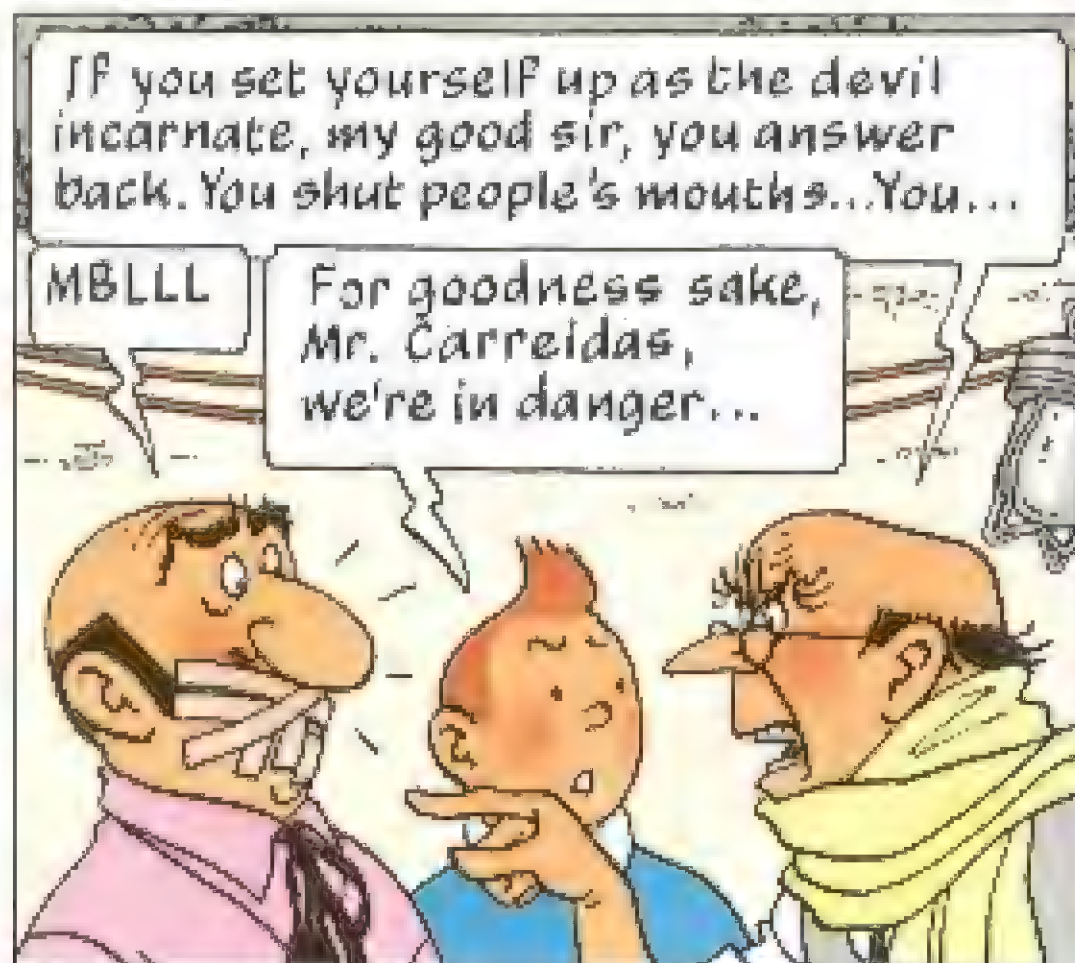
It's all your fault, charlatan! You'll pay for this!

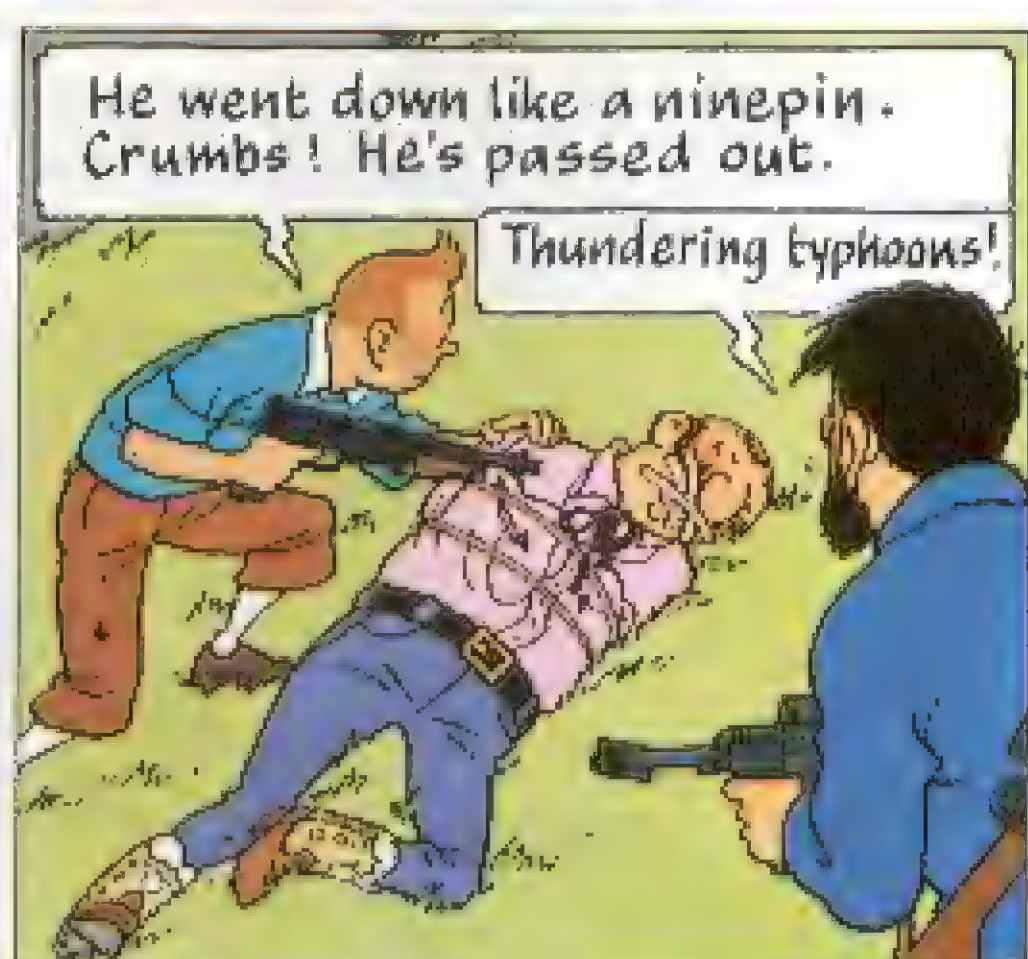


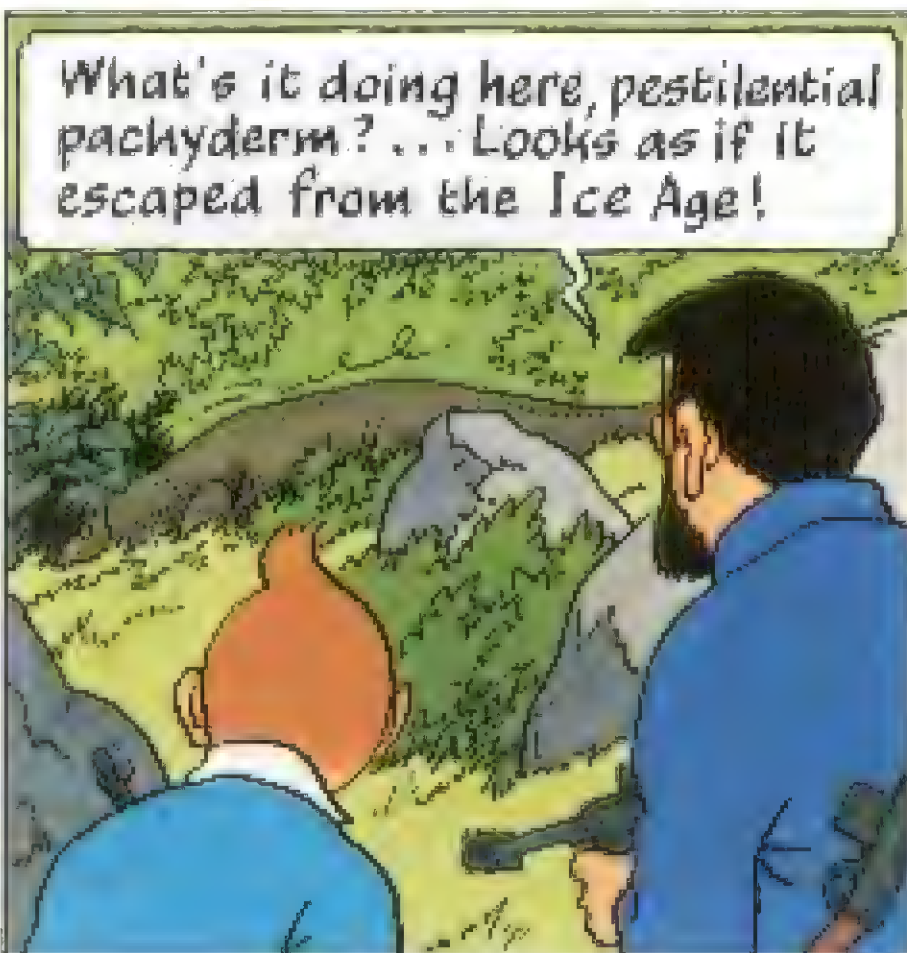
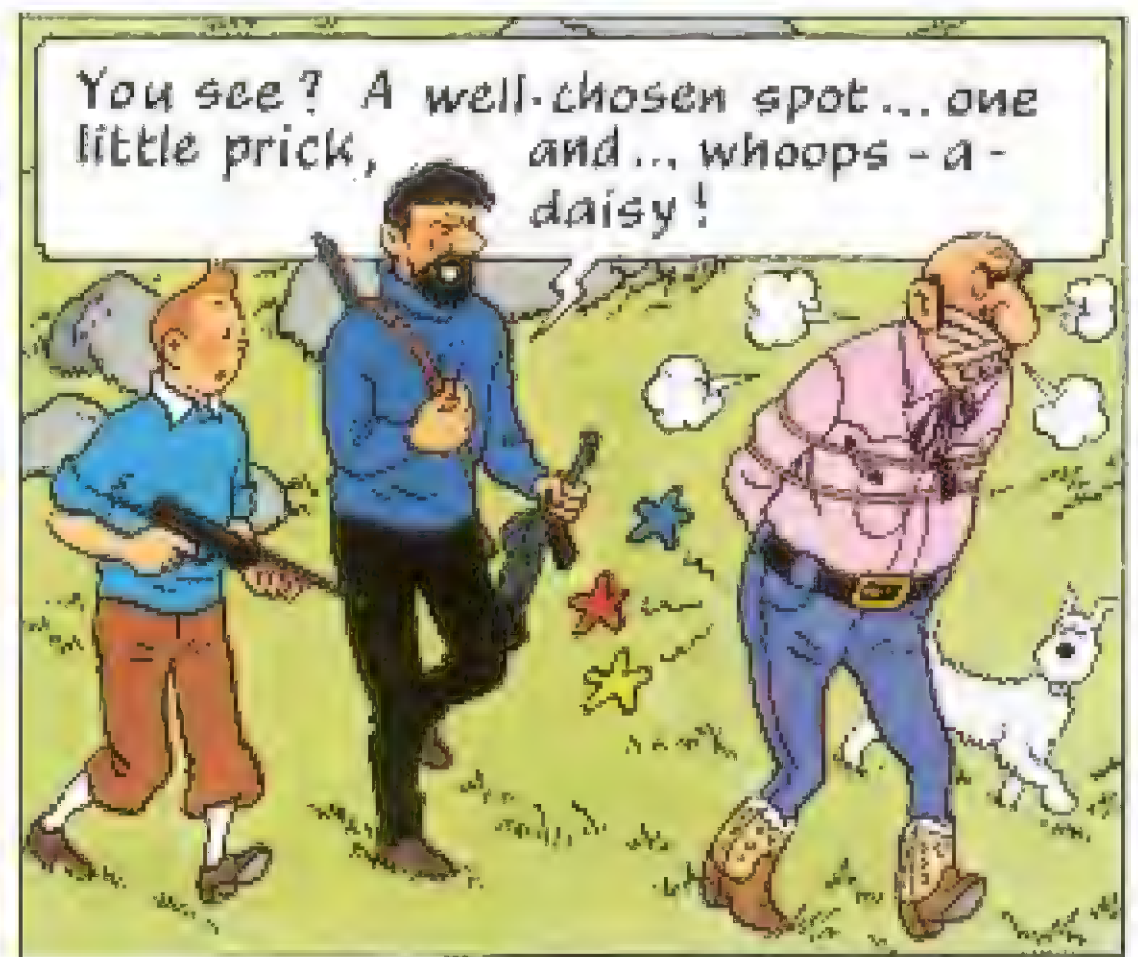
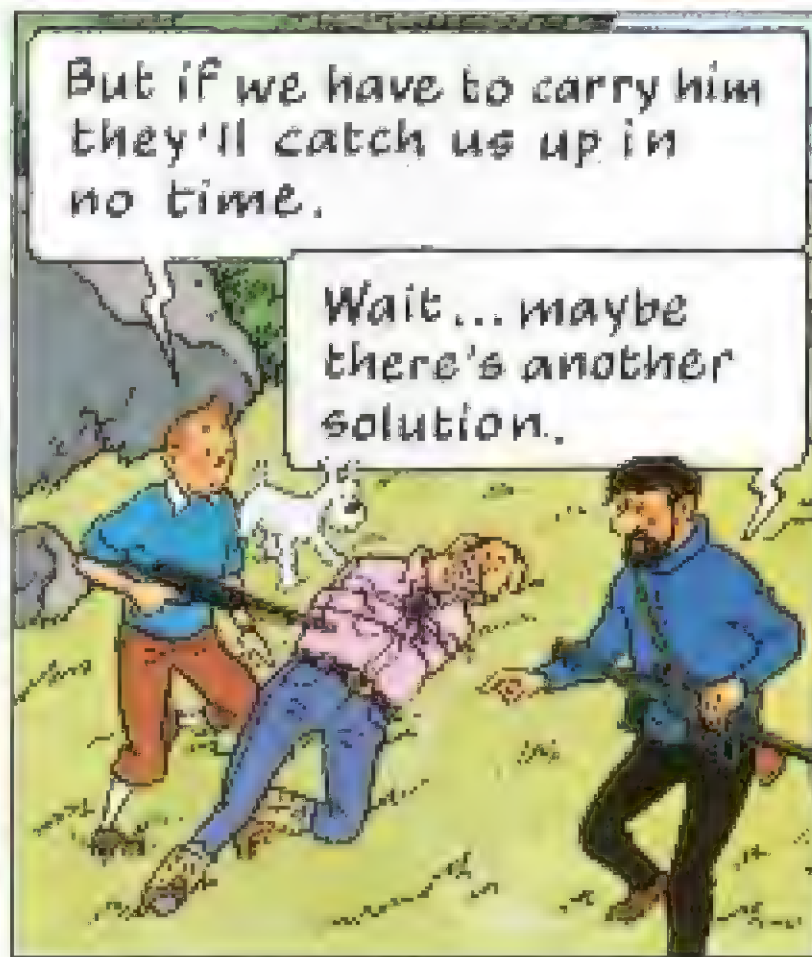
YEOW

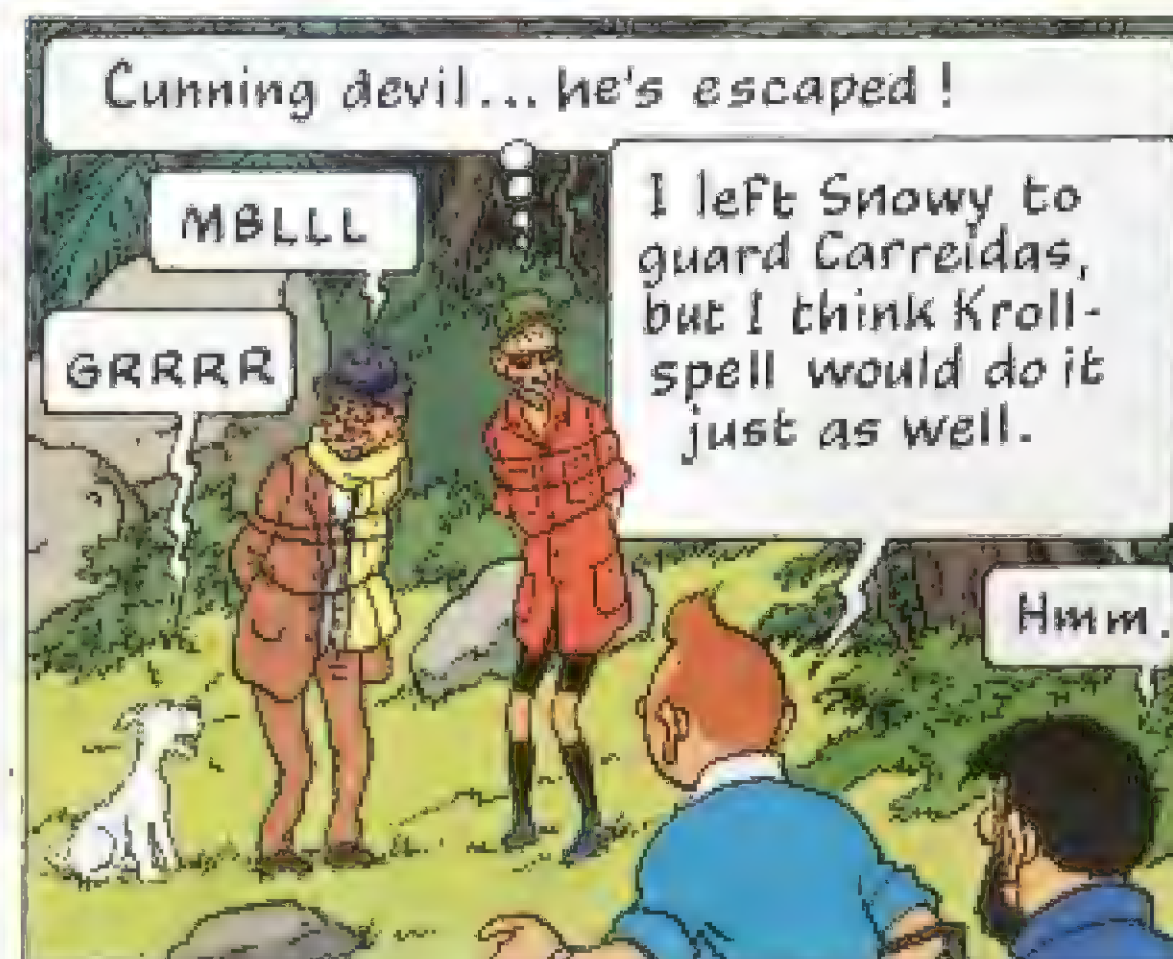
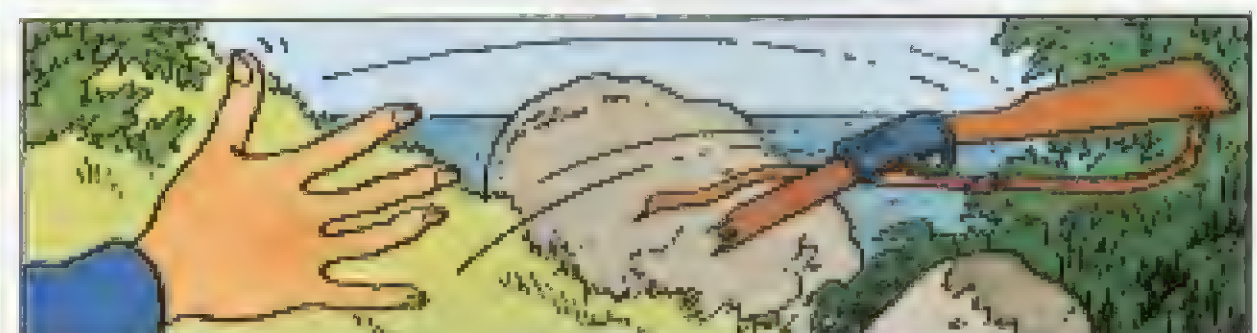
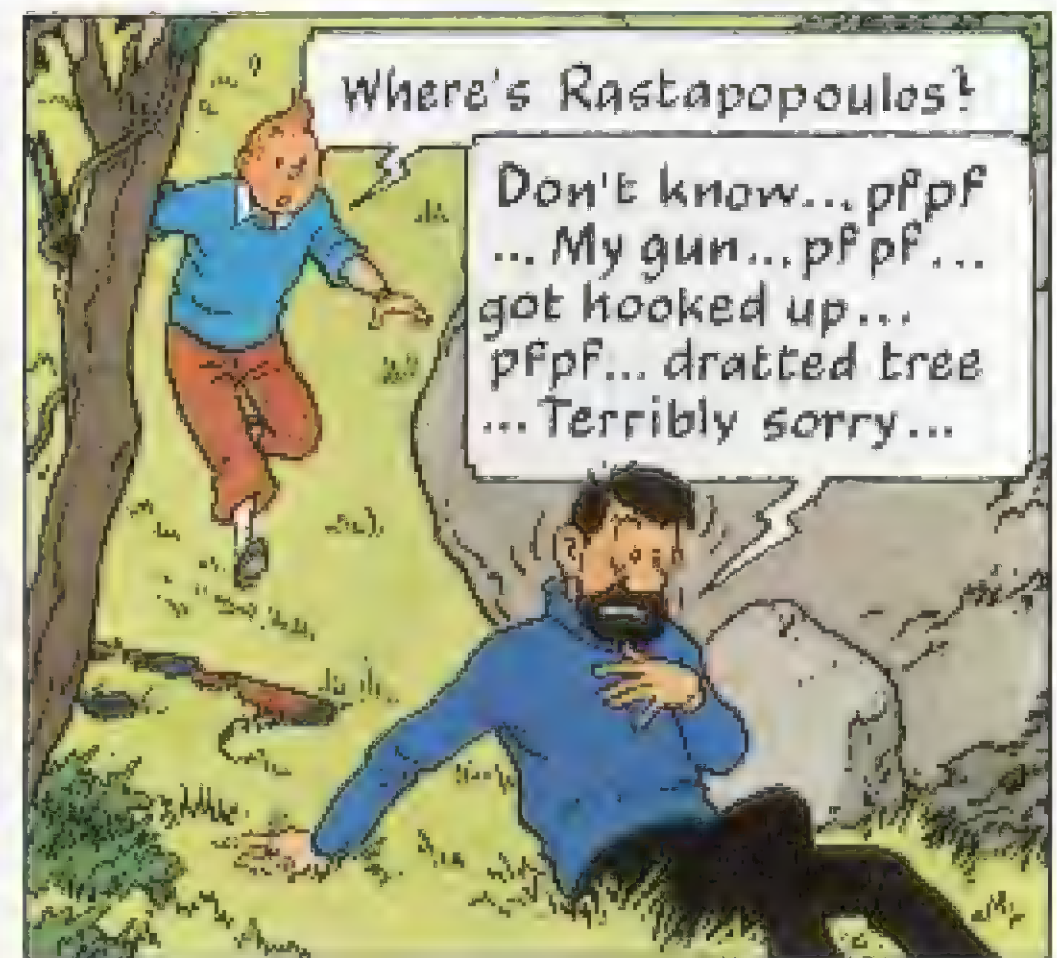
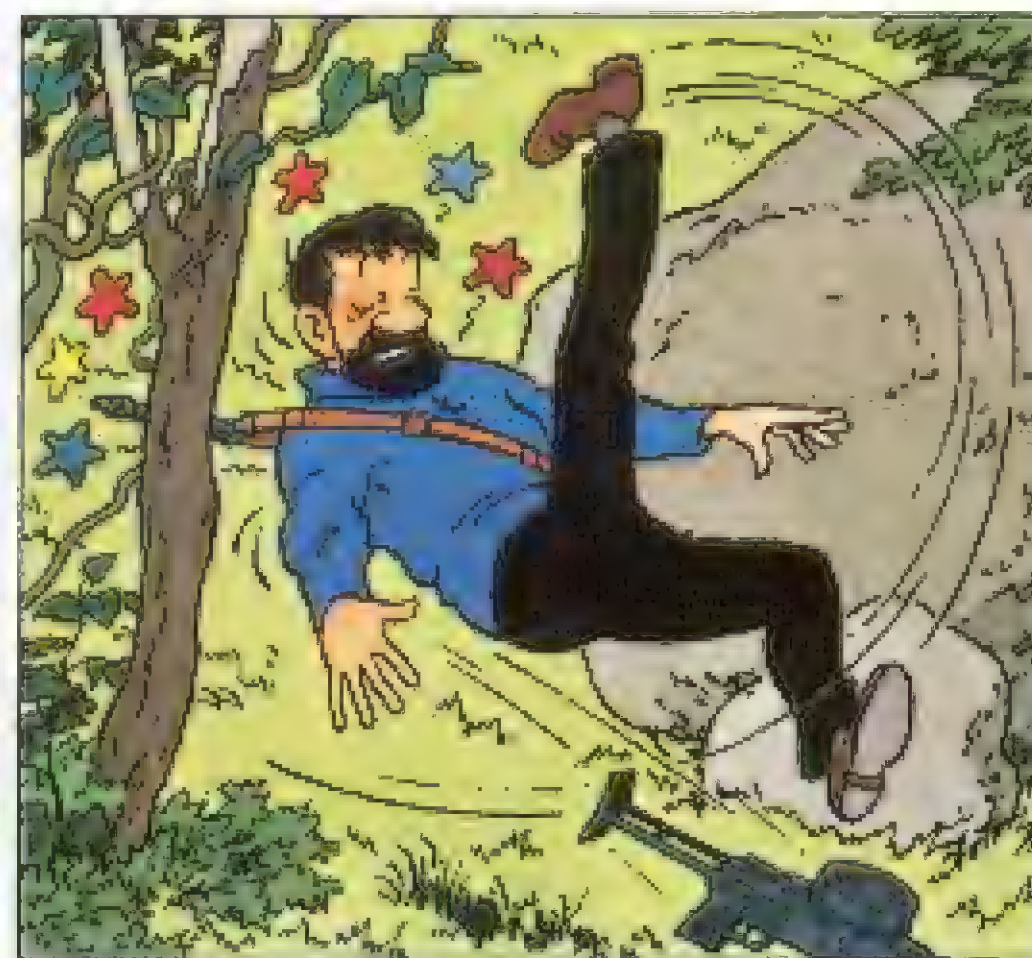


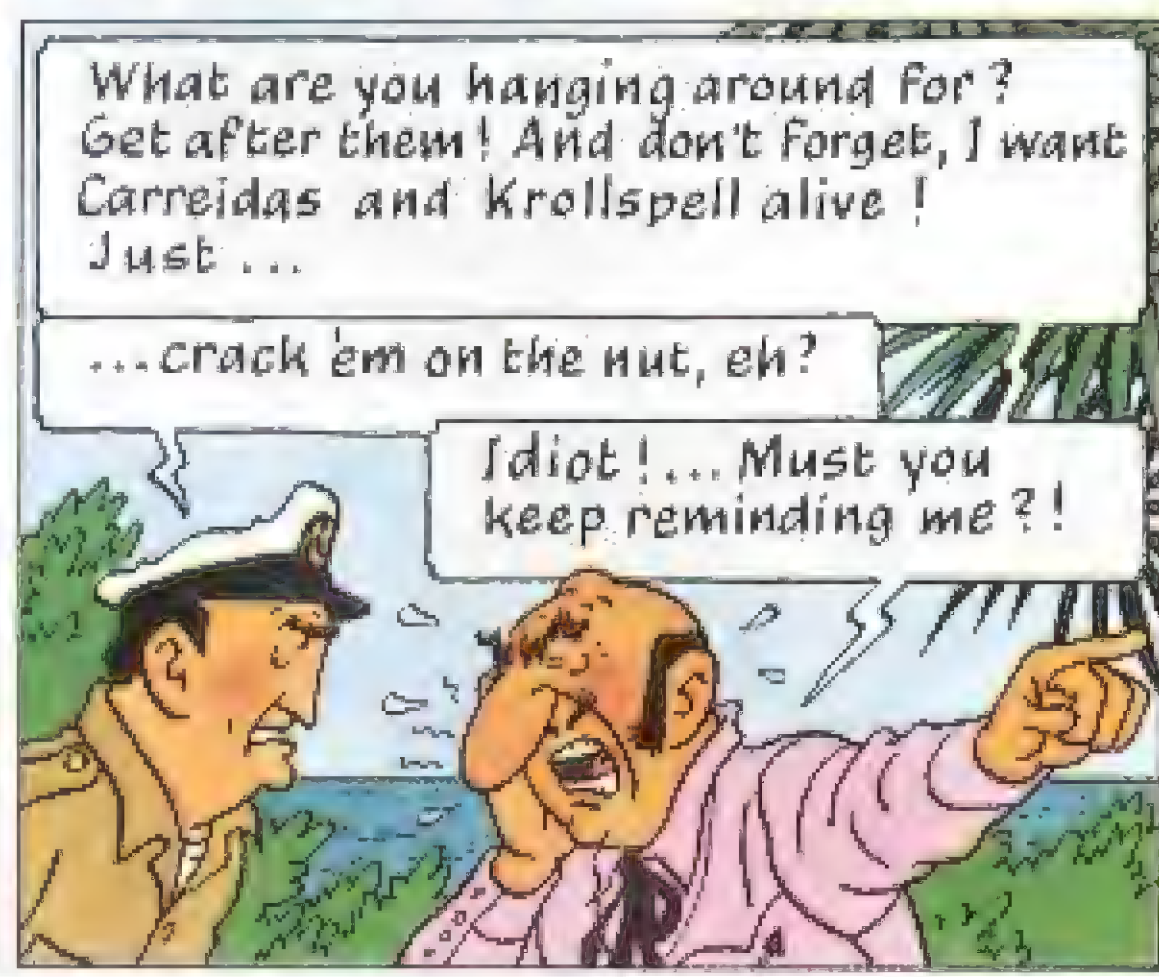














There! ... Careful! ... Don't make any noise... They mustn't...



Wooah! wooah! wooah! wooah!



There they are! I can see them ... You press on with the others, Captain.

But I ...

Go, Captain! I won't take any chances.

Wooah! Wooah!



BANG
BANG



WHIUUW

WHIUUW



O.K. My turn now! ... A burst on the left ...

RATATATAT



And another on the right.

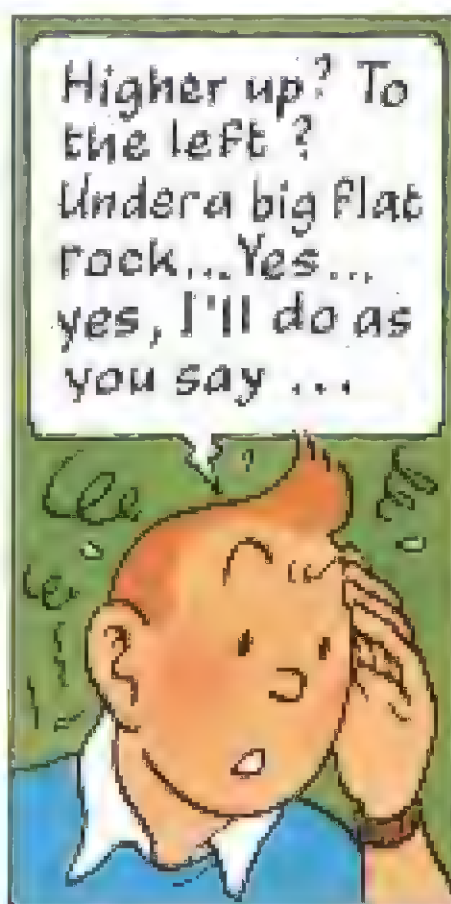
RATATATAT



Now beat it fast while they think I'm still there...



W-what's the m-matter... I feel... I feel as if someone's speaking right inside my head...

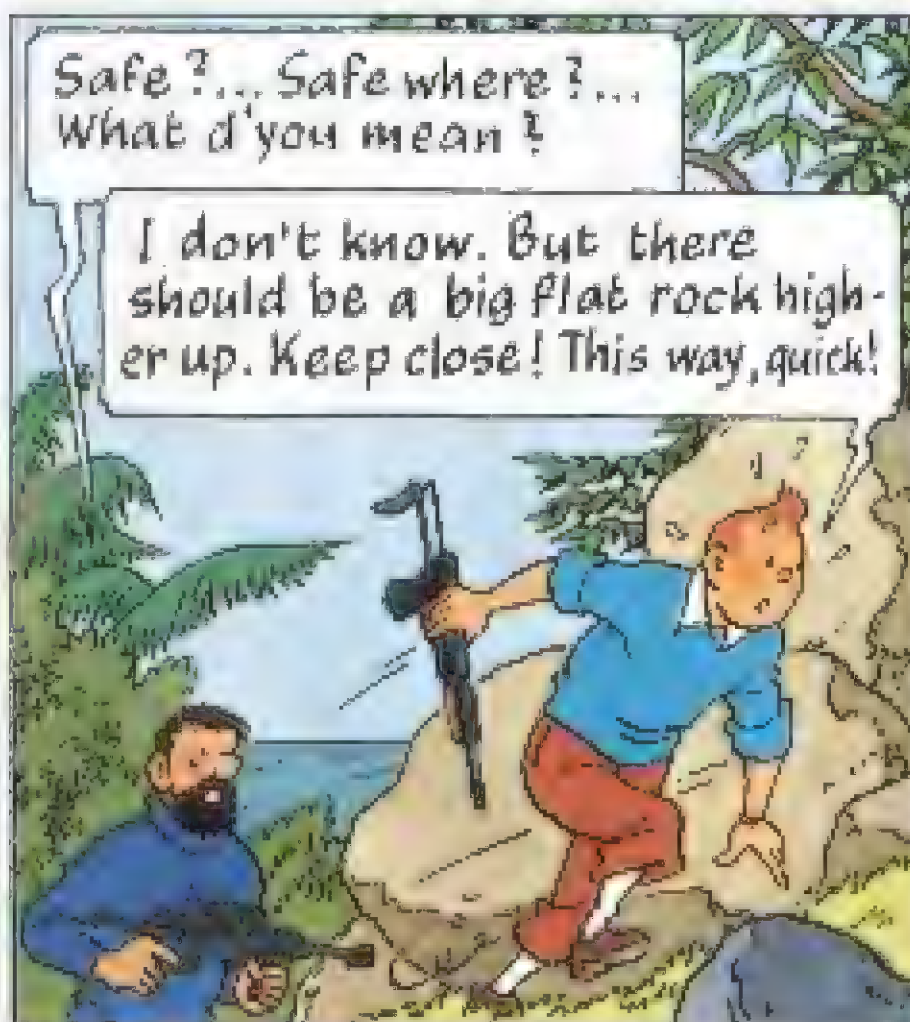


Higher up? To the left? Under a big flat rock... Yes... yes, I'll do as you say ...



Now it's my turn to cover you ...

No, come with me! I know where we shall be safe!



Safe?... Safe where?... What d'you mean?

I don't know. But there should be a big flat rock higher up. Keep close! This way, quick!



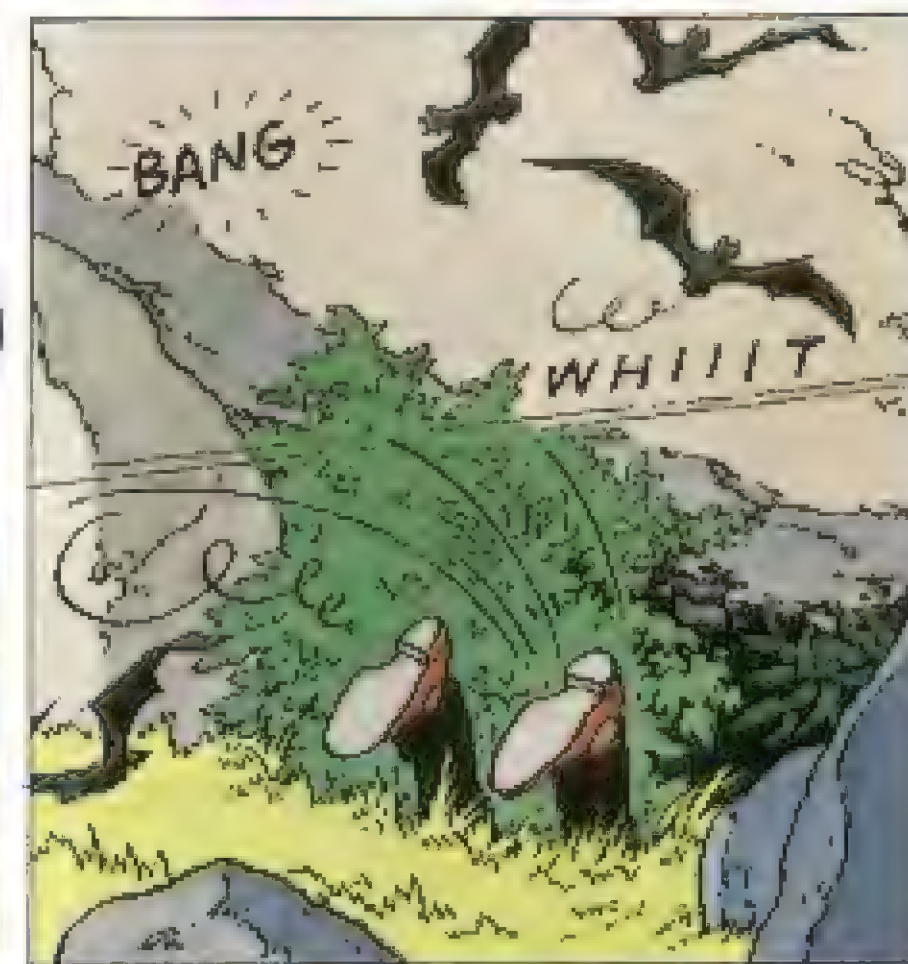
A big flat rock? How on earth can you know that?

Come on! Quick! Hurry!



There! ... That's it... Now, behind those bushes ...







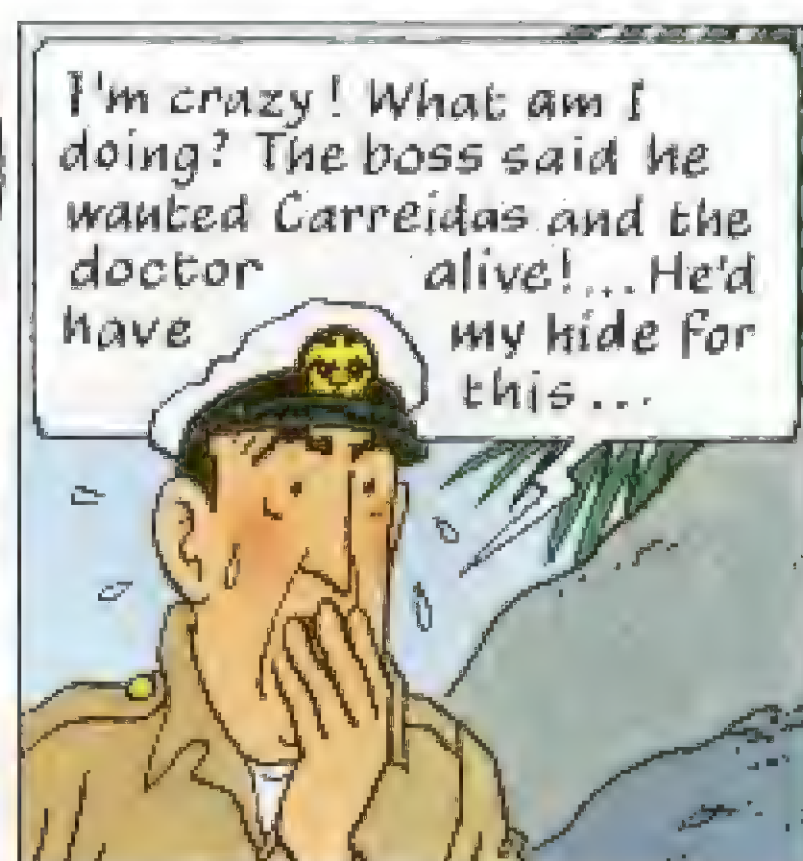
Wait while I take the pin out ...



... and here she comes ... One ... two ...



... thr ...



I'm crazy! What am I doing? The boss said he wanted Carreidas and the doctor alive! ... He'd have my hide for this ...



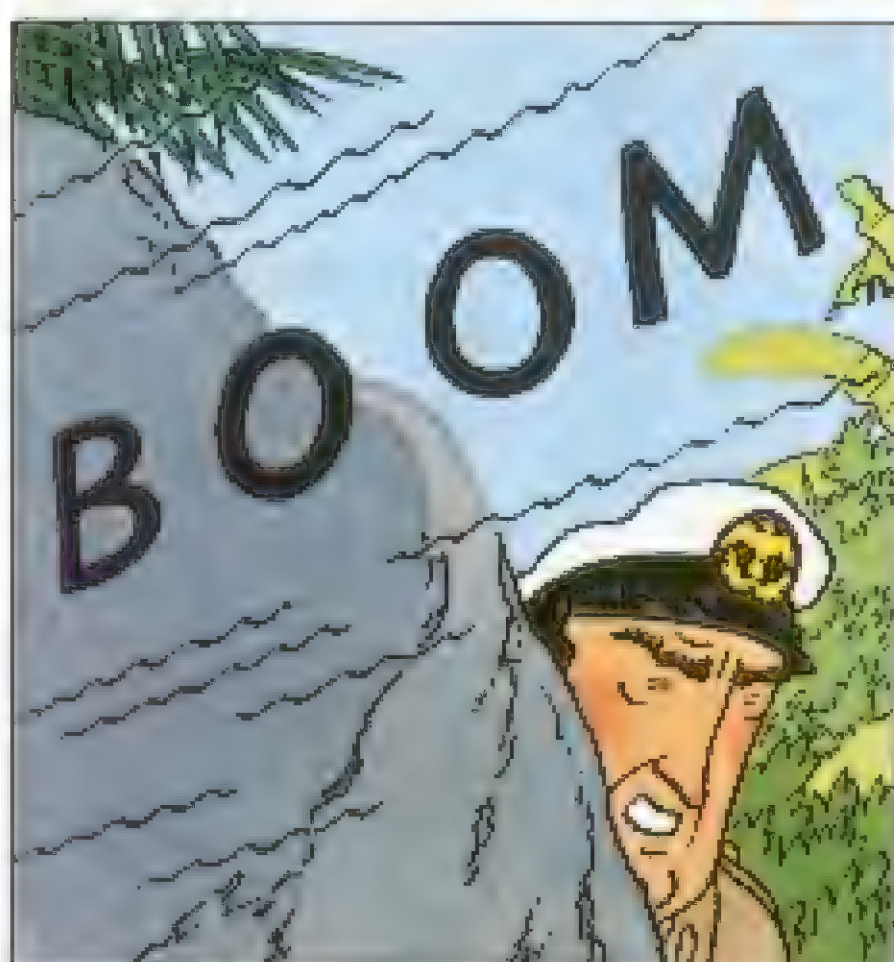
B-but w-what shall I do with th-this ...



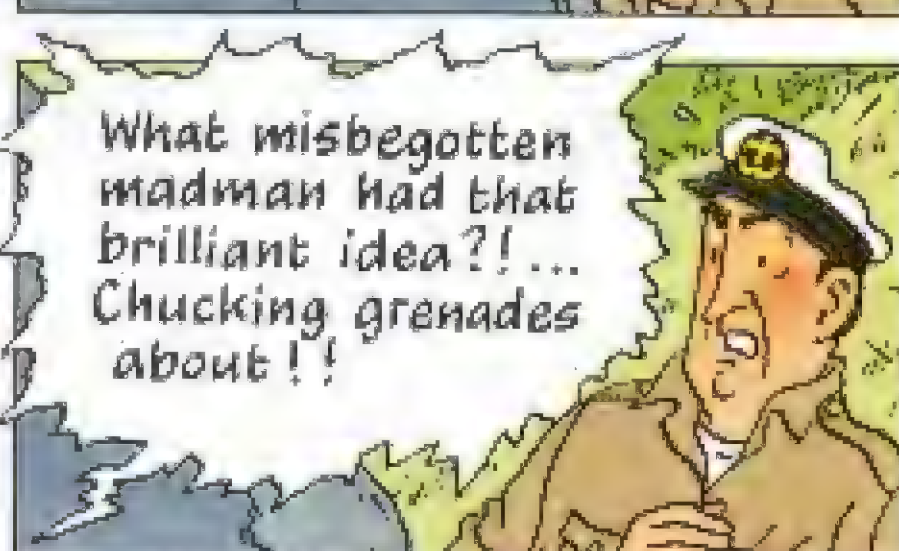
Hey! Take cover, you lot! I'm going to throw this grenade as far as I can.



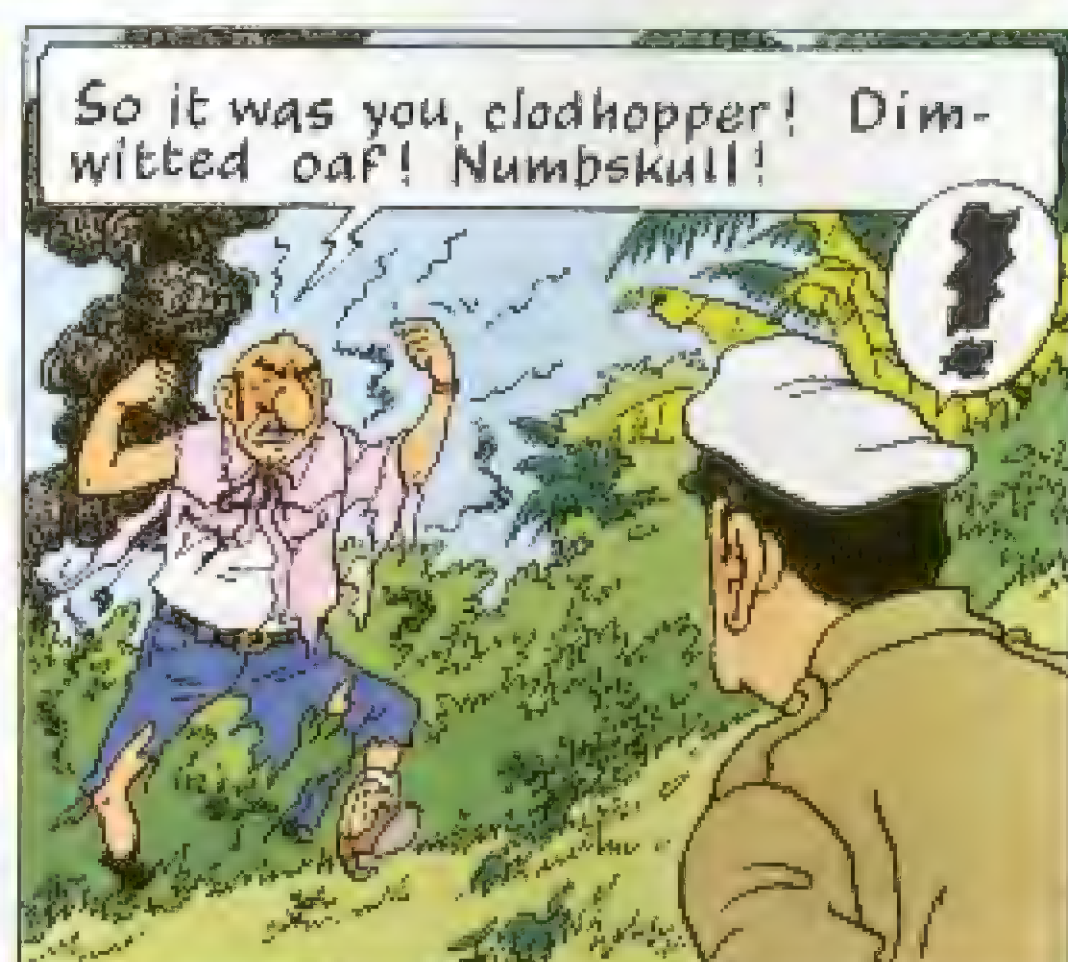
Whew! That really had me sweating!



There, that's got me out of trouble ...



What misbegotten madman had that brilliant idea?! ... Chucking grenades about!!



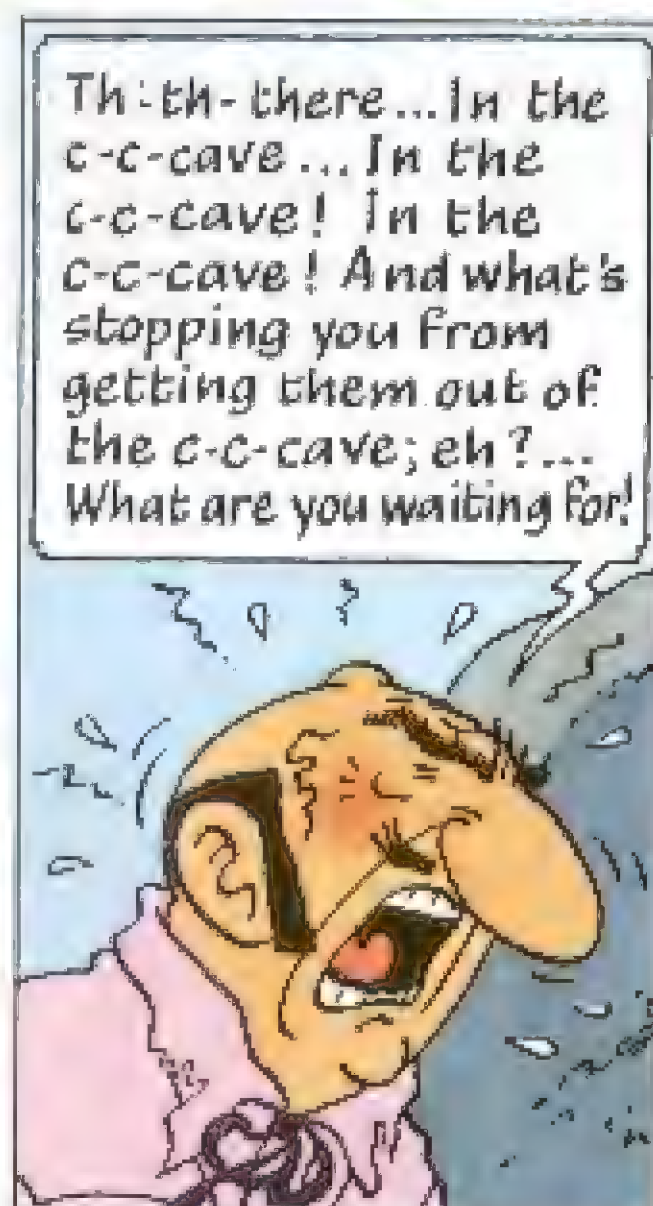
So it was you, clodhopper! Dim-witted oaf! Numbskull!



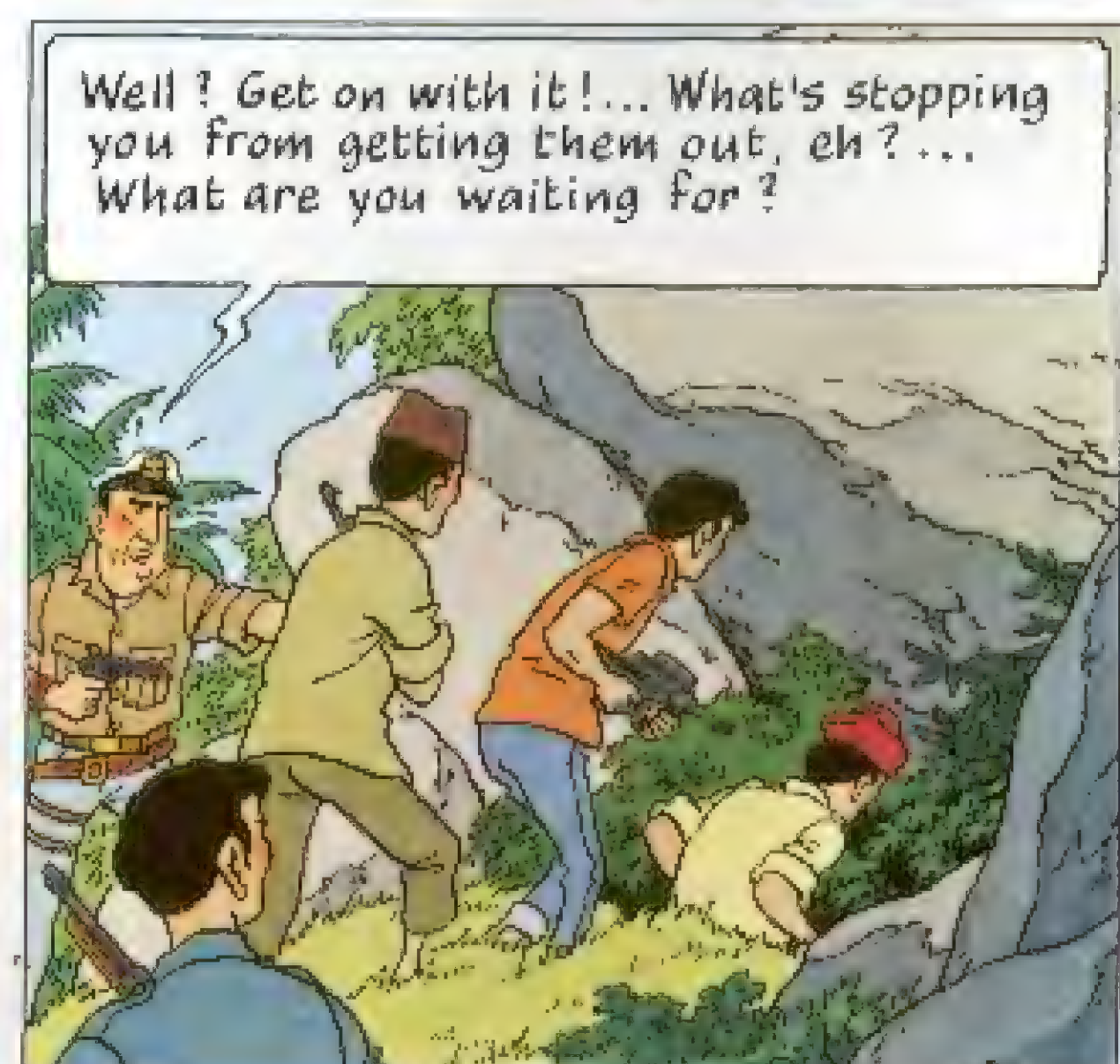
Village idiot! What about our prisoners, eh? Where are they?



Th-th-there ... In the c-c-cave ...



Th-th-there ... In the c-c-cave ... In the c-c-cave! In the c-c-cave! And what's stopping you from getting them out of the c-c-cave; eh? ... What are you waiting for!



Well? Get on with it! ... What's stopping you from getting them out, eh? ... What are you waiting for?



Stop!... Brenti!... Brenti la!

Now what? Keep moving, can't you!



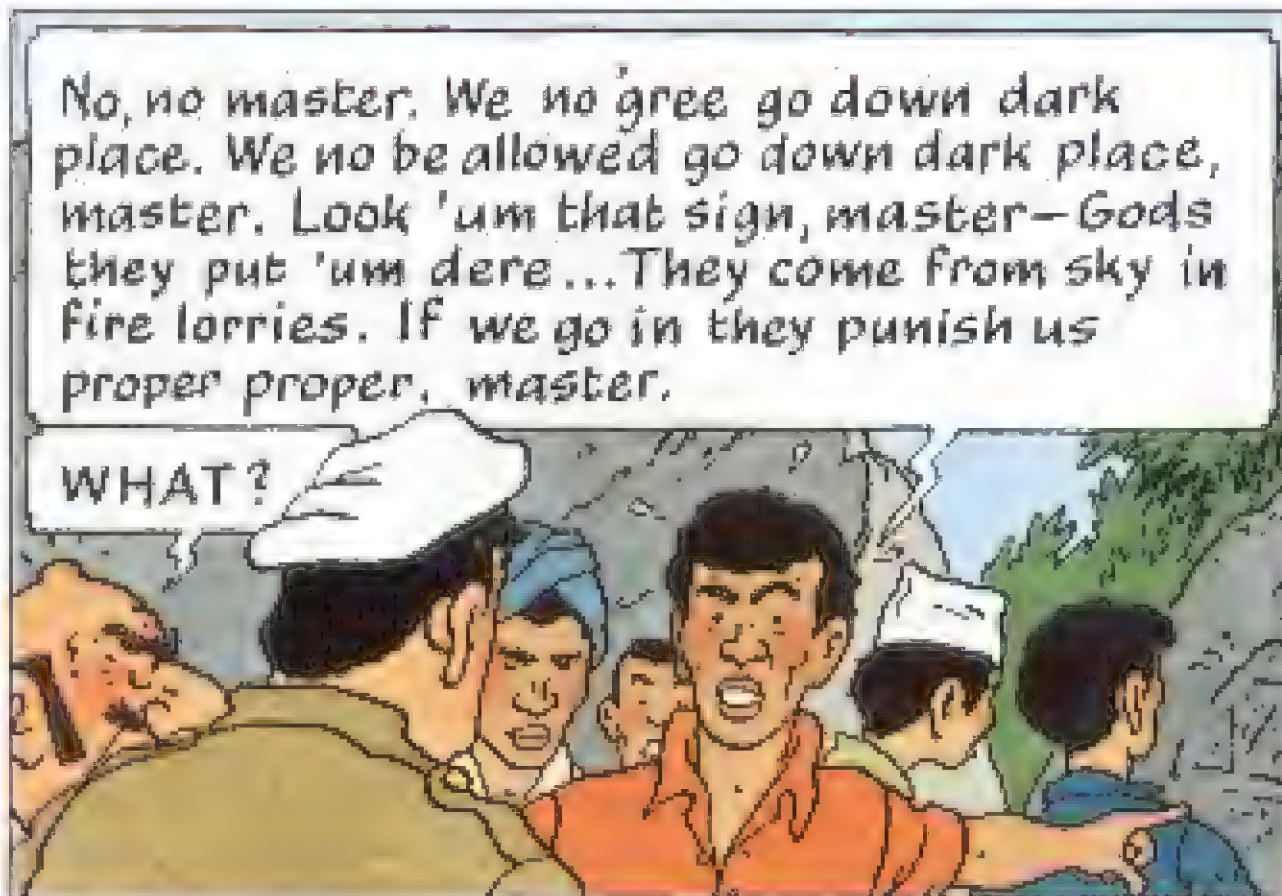
Disana... Diatas batu karang... Lihatlah tanda dawa2 terbang ini diatas kereta2 berapi.

Saja.

Itu betul.



Well, what is it? What's the matter? Are the brave soldiers of the revolution afraid to tackle a drunken sailor, an under-sized urchin, and a few bats?!



No, no master. We no 'gree go down dark place. We no be allowed go down dark place, master. Look 'um that sign, master—Gods they put 'um dere... They come from sky in fire lorries. If we go in they punish us proper proper, master.

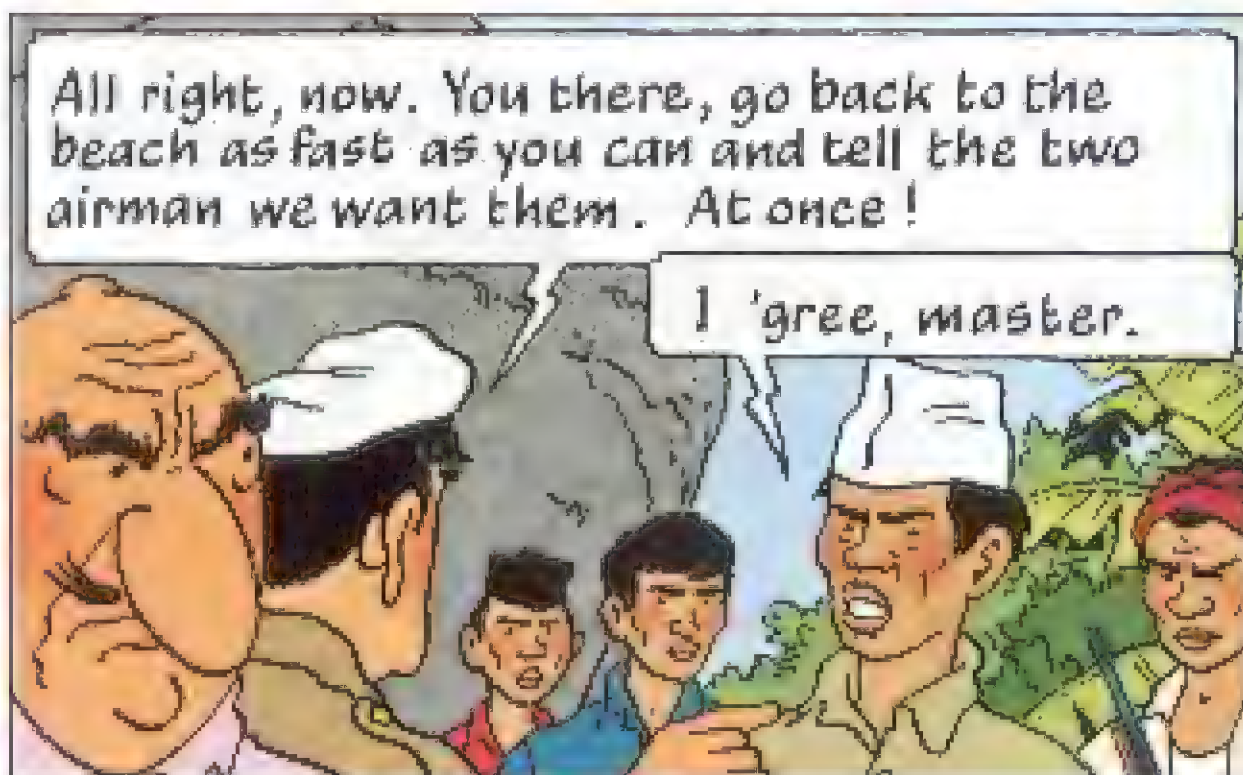
WHAT?



What are you babbling about?... What's this nonsense... Are you disobeying my orders? You'll pay dearly for your cowardice, you dogs!

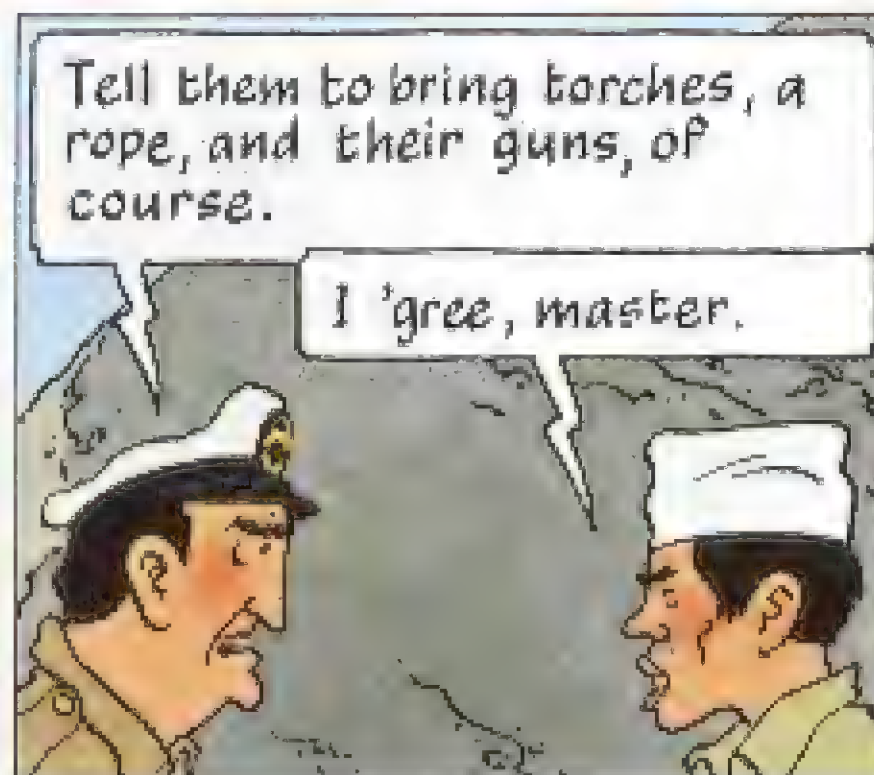


No, boss!... We must keep calm. We need them... And remember how frightened they were last night when we saw that strange light in the sky... Let me handle this.



All right, now. You there, go back to the beach as fast as you can and tell the two airman we want them. At once!

I 'gree, master.



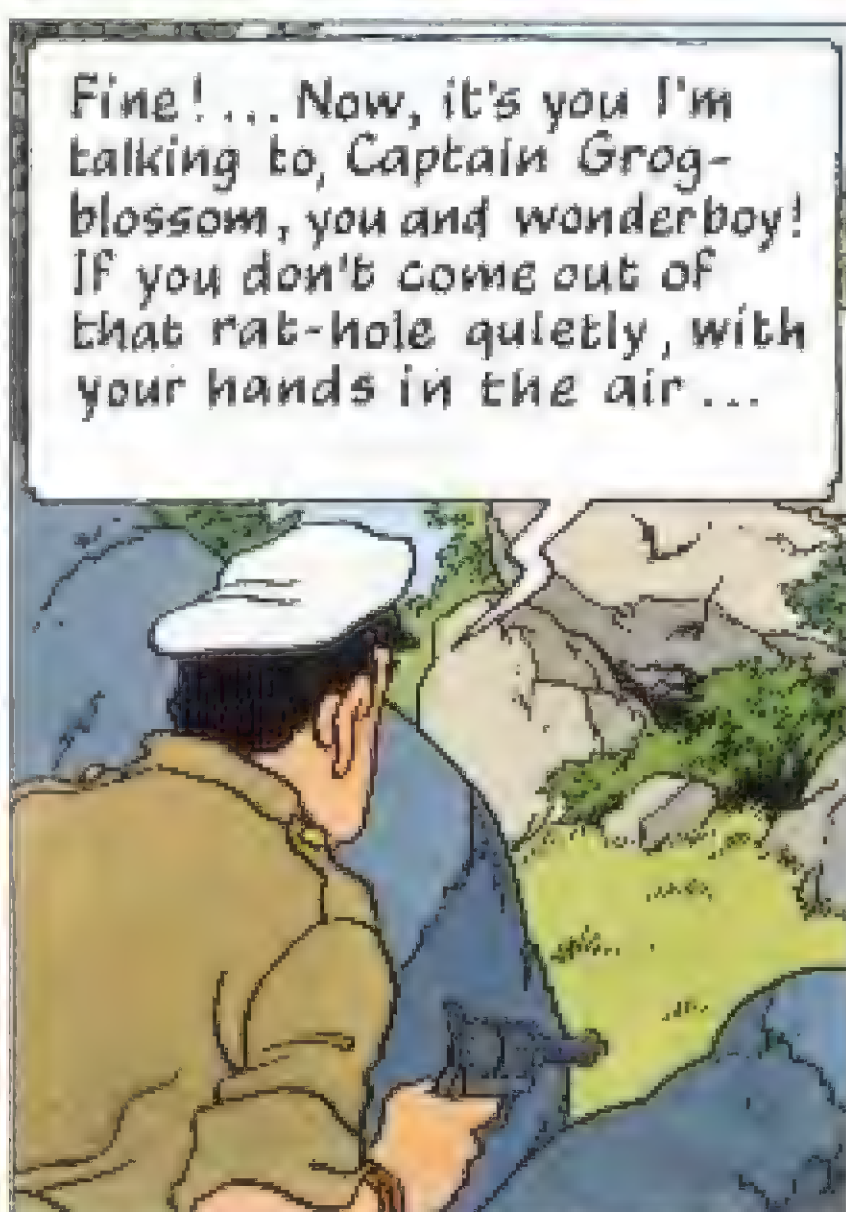
Tell them to bring torches, a rope, and their guns, of course.

I 'gree, master.



They're to be here before nightfall!

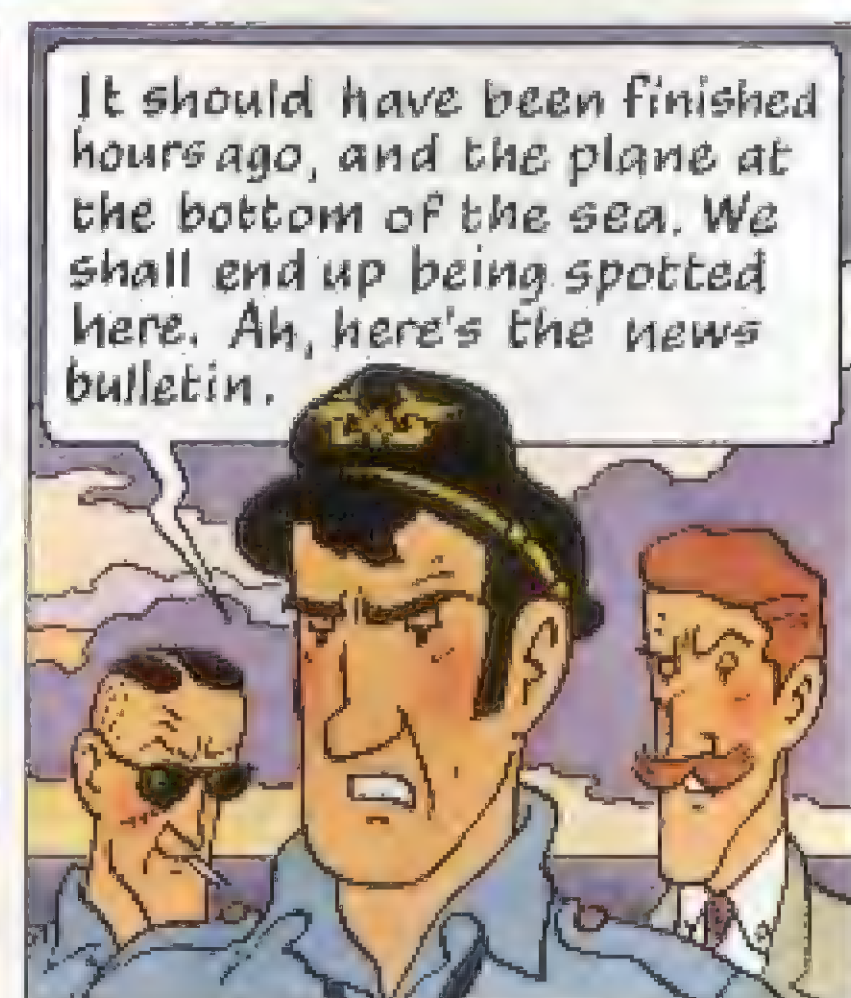
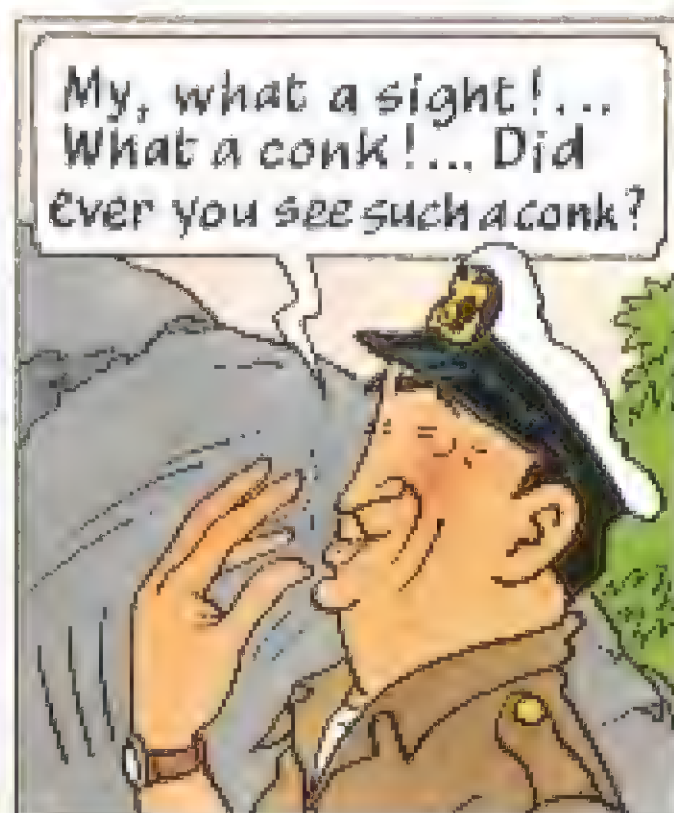
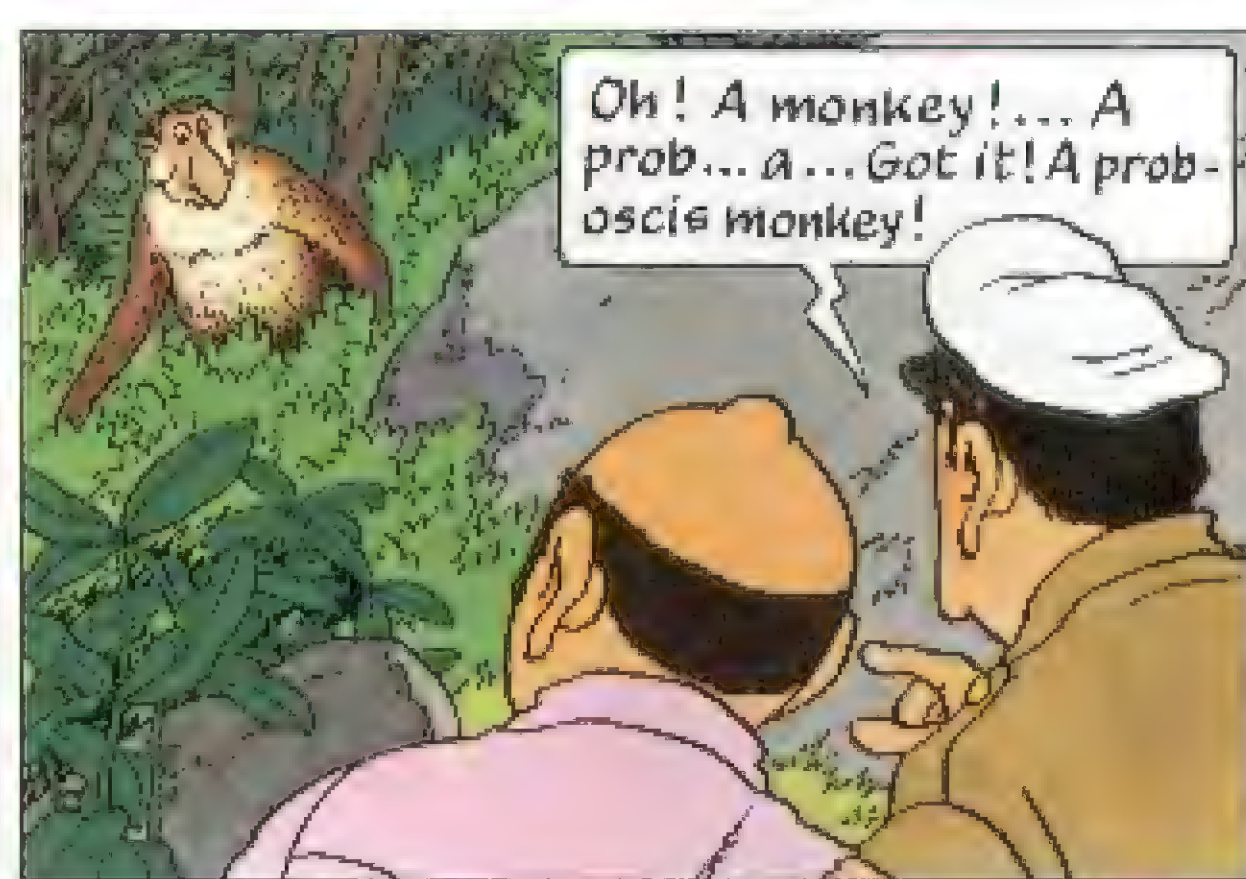
I do, master.



Fine!... Now, it's you I'm talking to, Captain Grog-blossom, you and wonderboy! If you don't come out of that rat-hole quietly, with your hands in the air...



... you'll be carried out feet first!

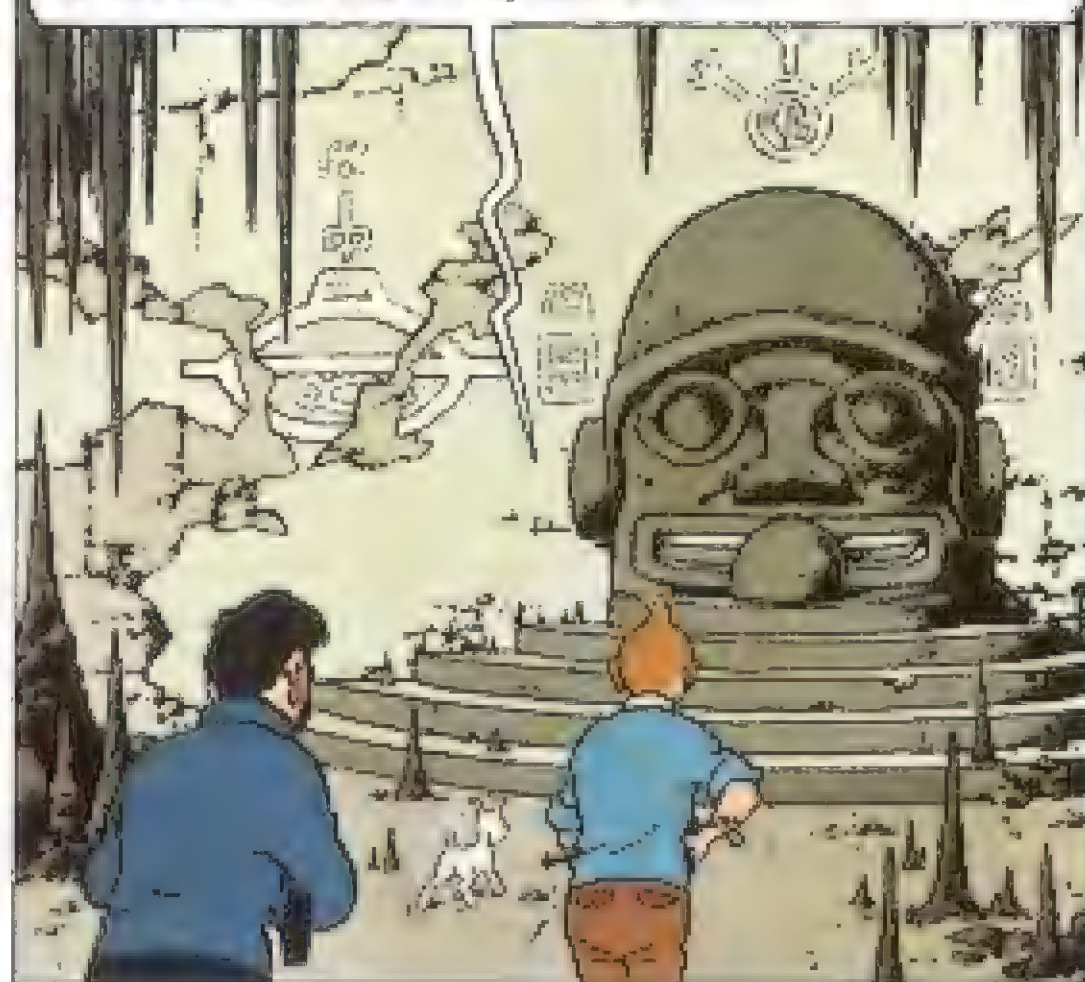


And another thing: how is it we can see our way down here? By rights it should be black as the inside of a cow.

I know. It's queer. It reminds me of that strange light in the Temple of the Sun.



But I think we've nearly reached our destination... Yes, there's the statue I was told about...

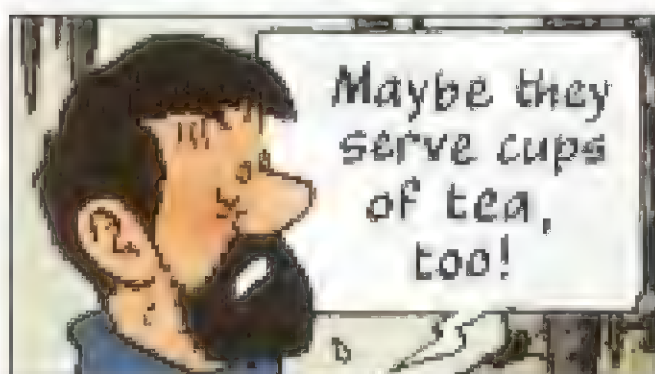


His lordship's "voices" have described the statue to his lordship, of course. Perhaps they've also been gracious enough to explain why it's so hellishly hot down here! Like a Turkish bath!

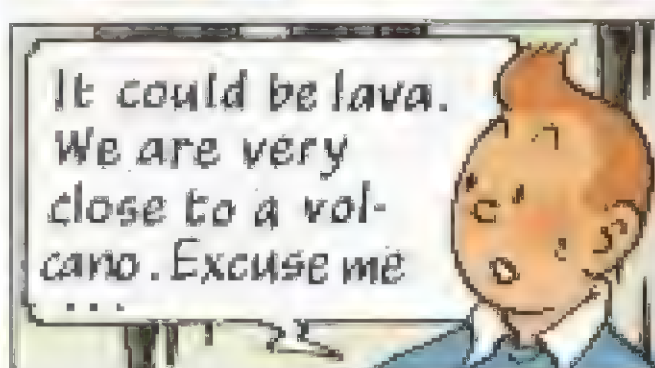
I don't know. Perhaps there's a spring of boiling water nearby...



Maybe they serve cups of tea, too!



It could be lava. We are very close to a volcano. Excuse me...



The eye... Press hard on the eye... The right one?... I see...

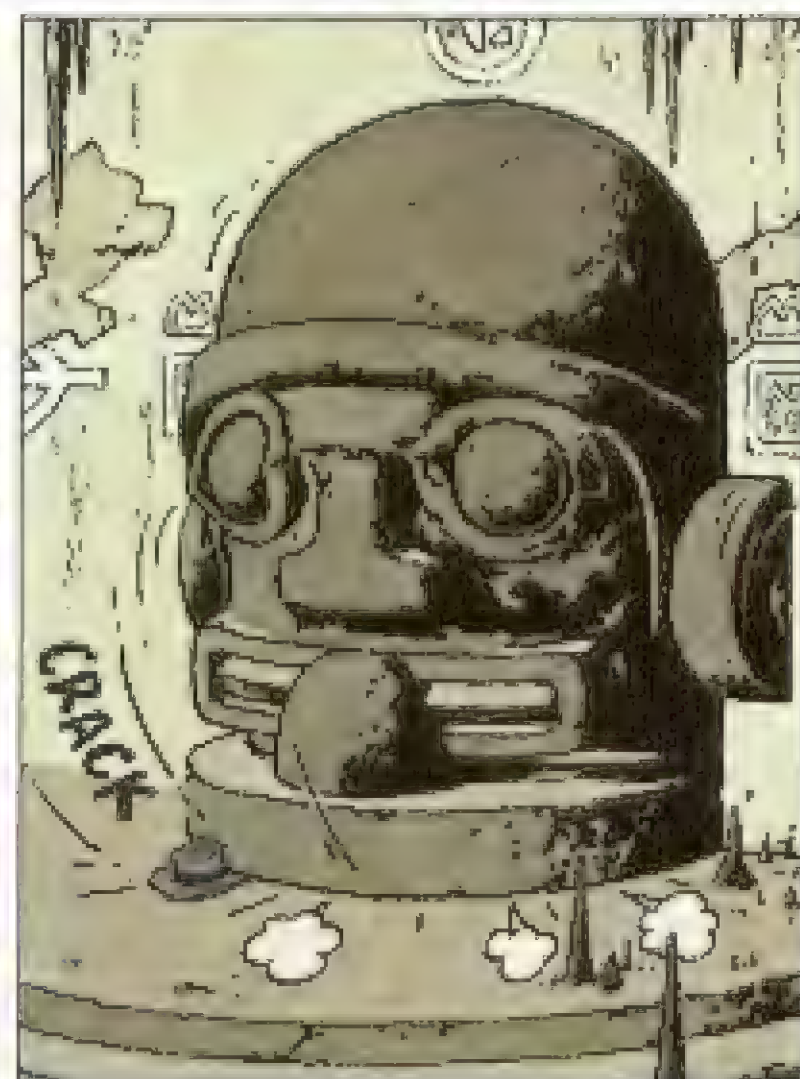


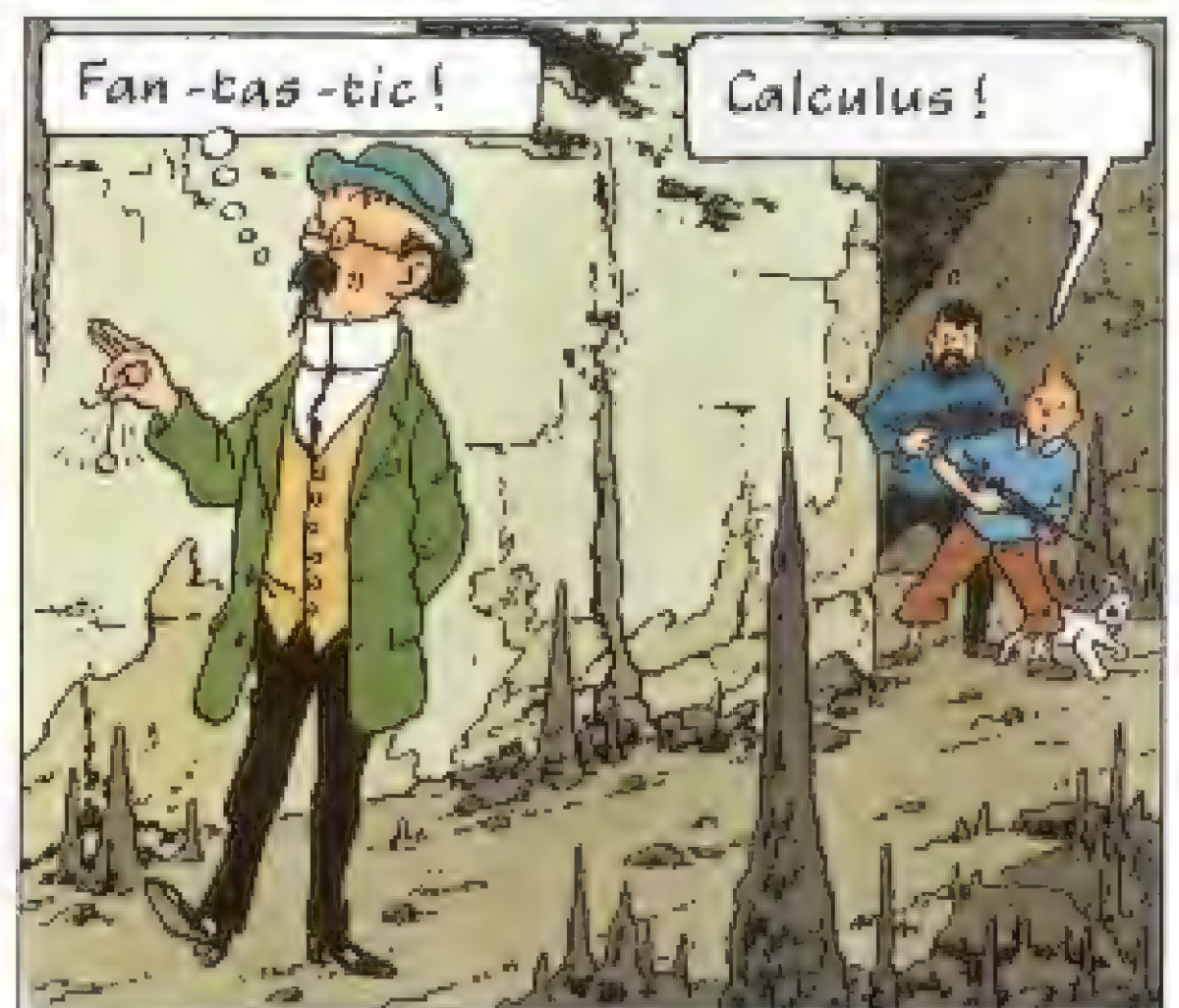
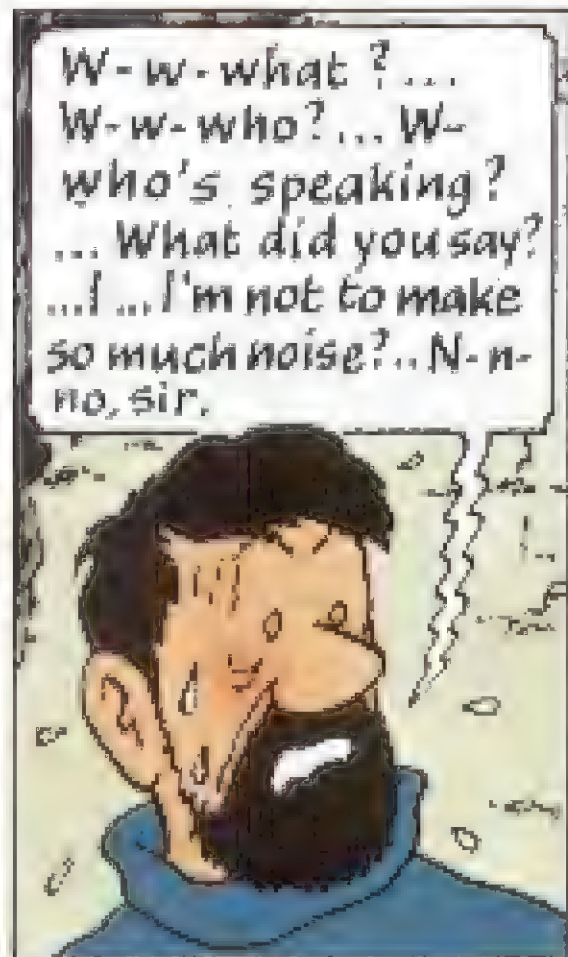
A secret passage! ...It's unbelievable! ...Pressing on the eye released a catch... We must go on.

In there? But...



I'll come last, Captain. You go, then I can lower the statue into place.





Good evenink, gentlemen. Happy meetink you here.



Name is Mik Kanrokitoff. Have been guidink you.

The famous Kanrokitoff, of the magazine 'Space-Week'?

Guidink?



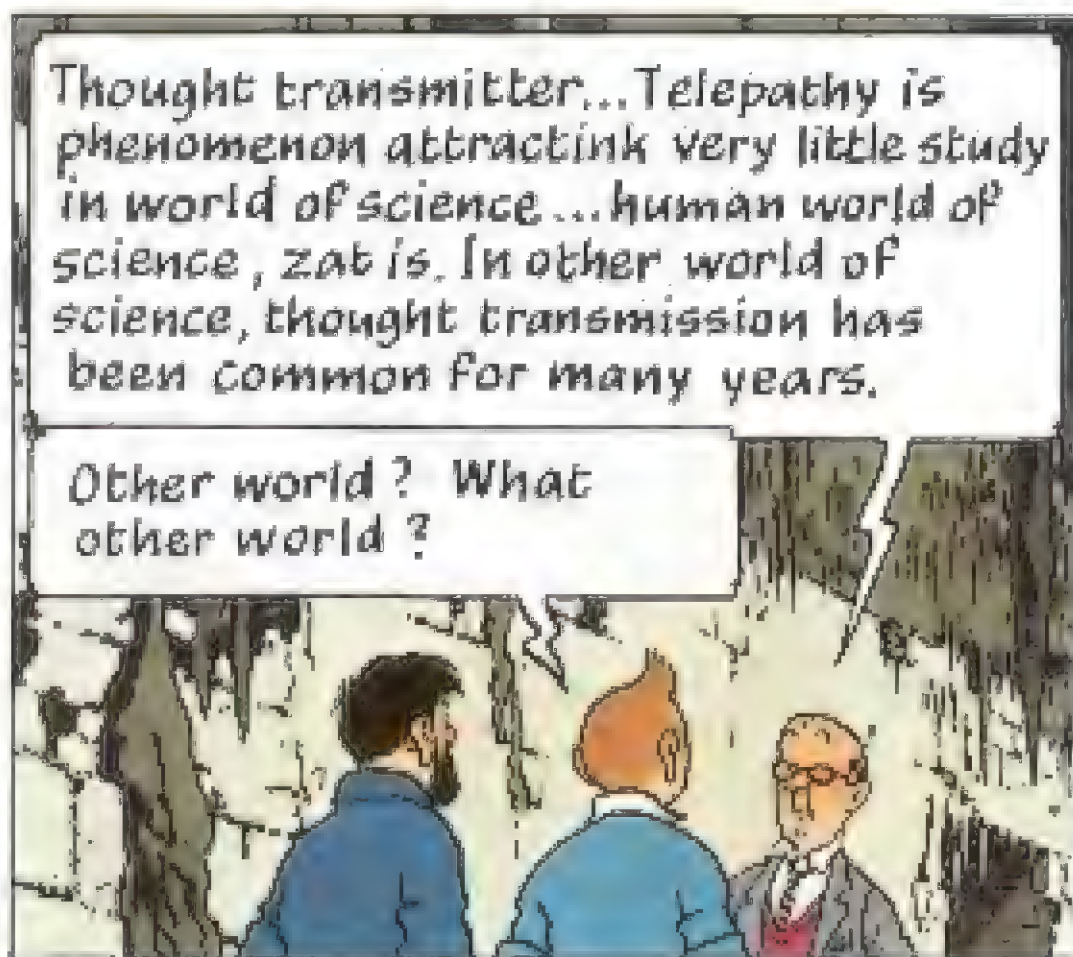
Certainly. You see tiny instrument with mini-aerial?

Yes, what's that little whisker for?



Thought transmitter... Telepathy is phenomenon attractink very little study in world of science... human world of science, zat is. In other world of science, thought transmission has been common for many years.

Other world? What other world?



What other world?... Extra-terrestrial world, so to say.

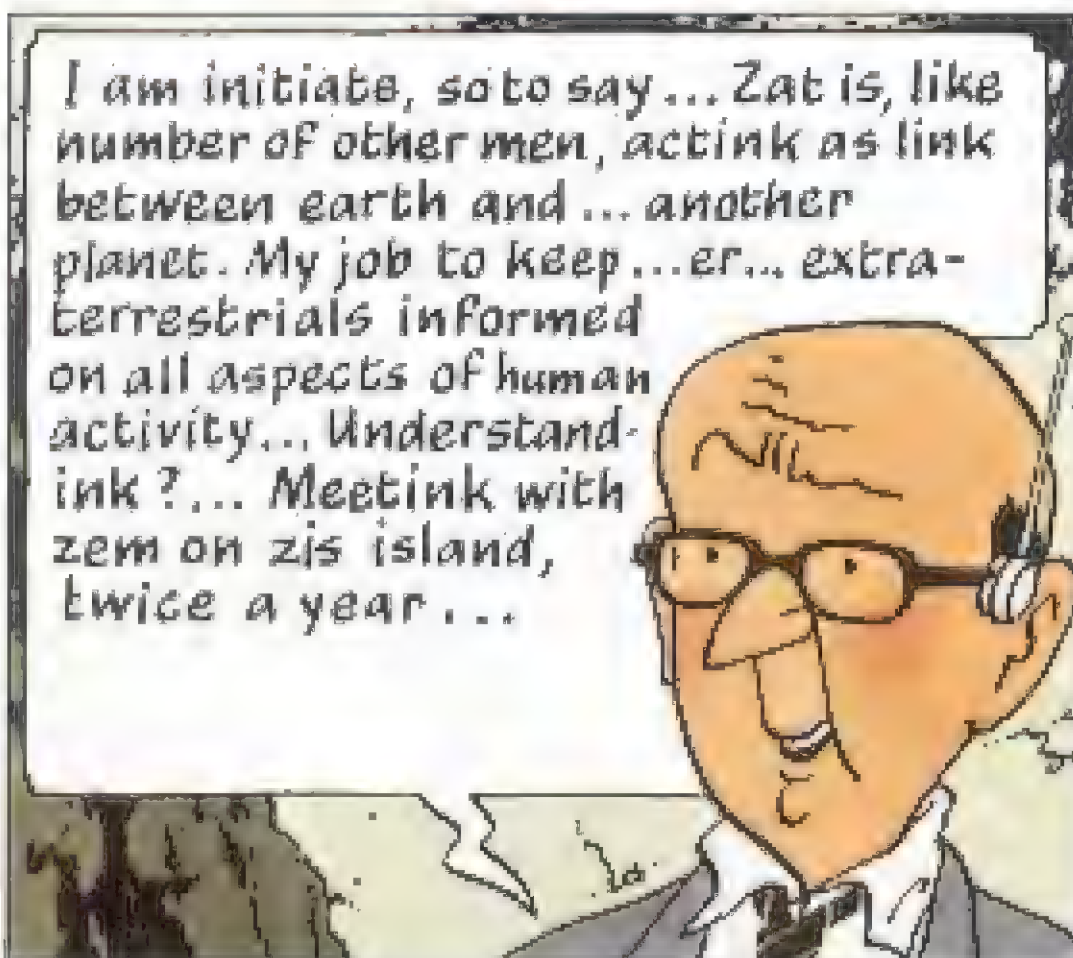


You aren't trying to make us believe that you...

Me?... Niet!... Ordinary human beink like you.



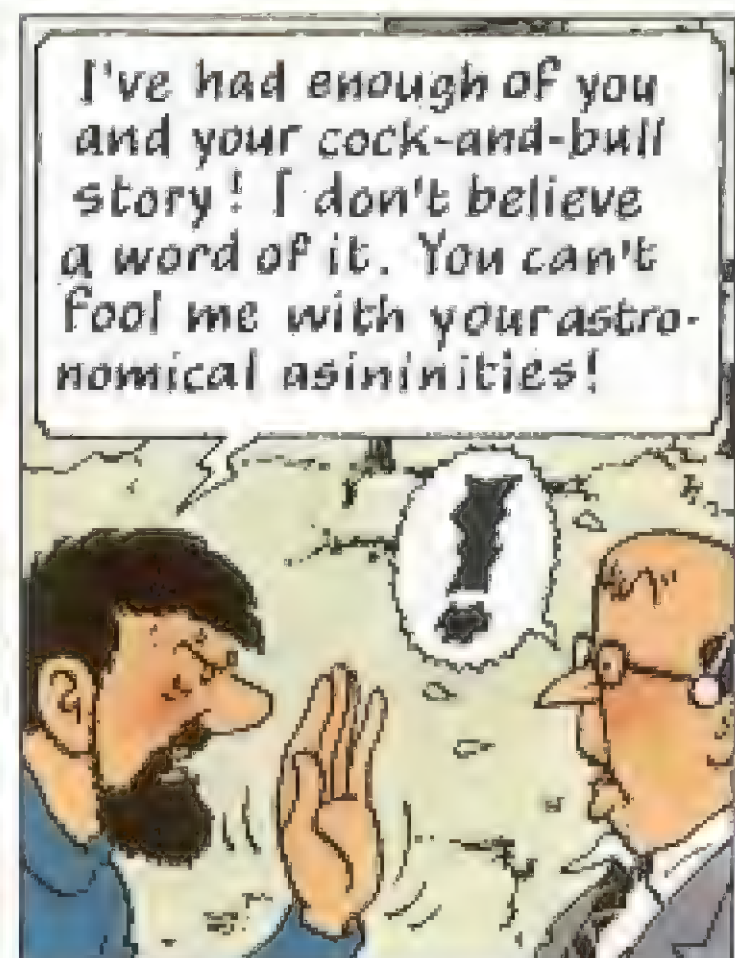
I am initiate, so to say... Zat is, like number of other men, actink as link between earth and... another planet. My job to keep... er... extra-terrestrials informed on all aspects of human activity... Understandink?... Meetink with zem on zis island, twice a year...



...in zis ancient temple forgotten by men, but not by... er... others, who have been comink here for thousands of years... You saw statue? Astronaut, yes?



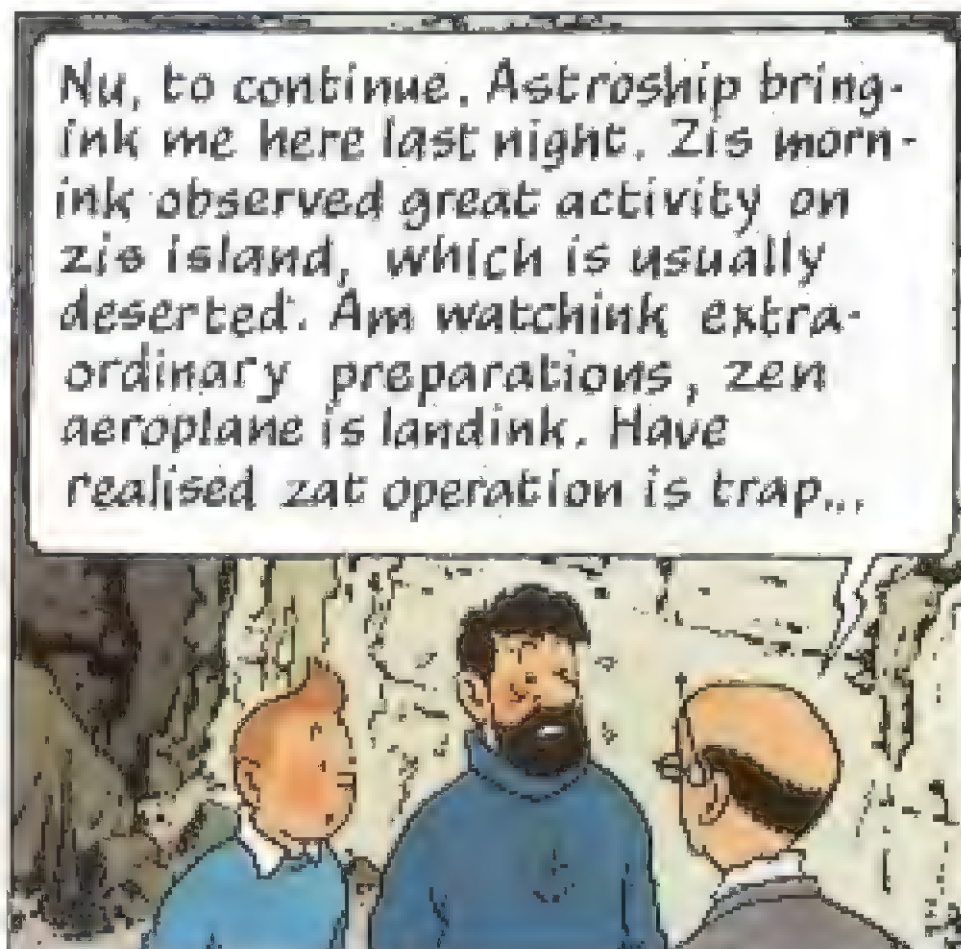
I've had enough of you and your cock-and-bull story! I don't believe a word of it. You can't fool me with your astronomical asininites!



I... Yes, sir... No, sir... I won't speak again... I beg your pardon?... No, I won't interrupt...



Nu, to continue. Astroship bringink me here last night. Zis mornink observed great activity on zis island, which is usually deserted. Am watchink extraordinary preparations, zen aeroplane is landink. Have realised zat operation is trap..



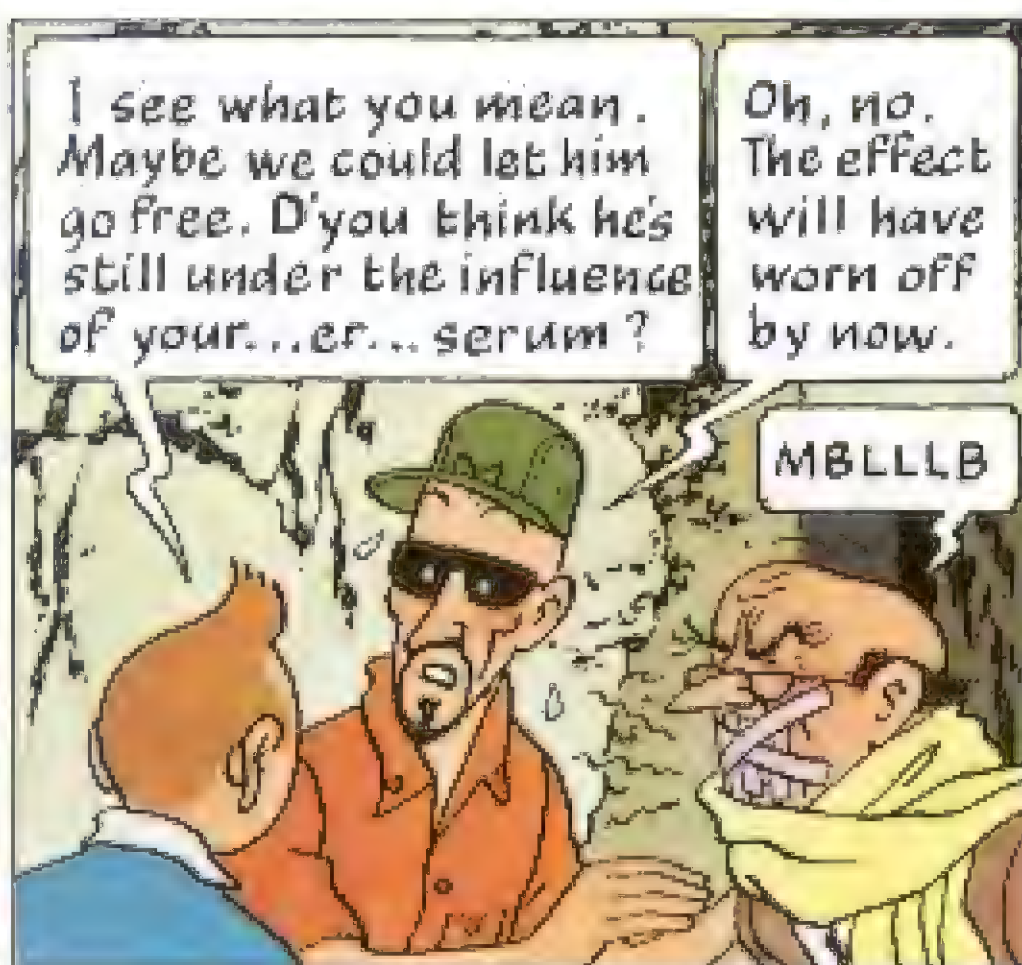
AAAAH





I can't control him... He's gone crazy... and he kicked me on the shin...

MBBBLMM



I see what you mean. Maybe we could let him go free. D'you think he's still under the influence of your...er... serum?

Oh, no. The effect will have worn off by now.

MBLLLB



YEOW!



You'll pay for this. Never have I been so insulted! ... And I want my hat! ... Immediately! ... Where is my hat? ... Give me my hat! I demand my hat!

Why is beink angry?

I'll tell you...



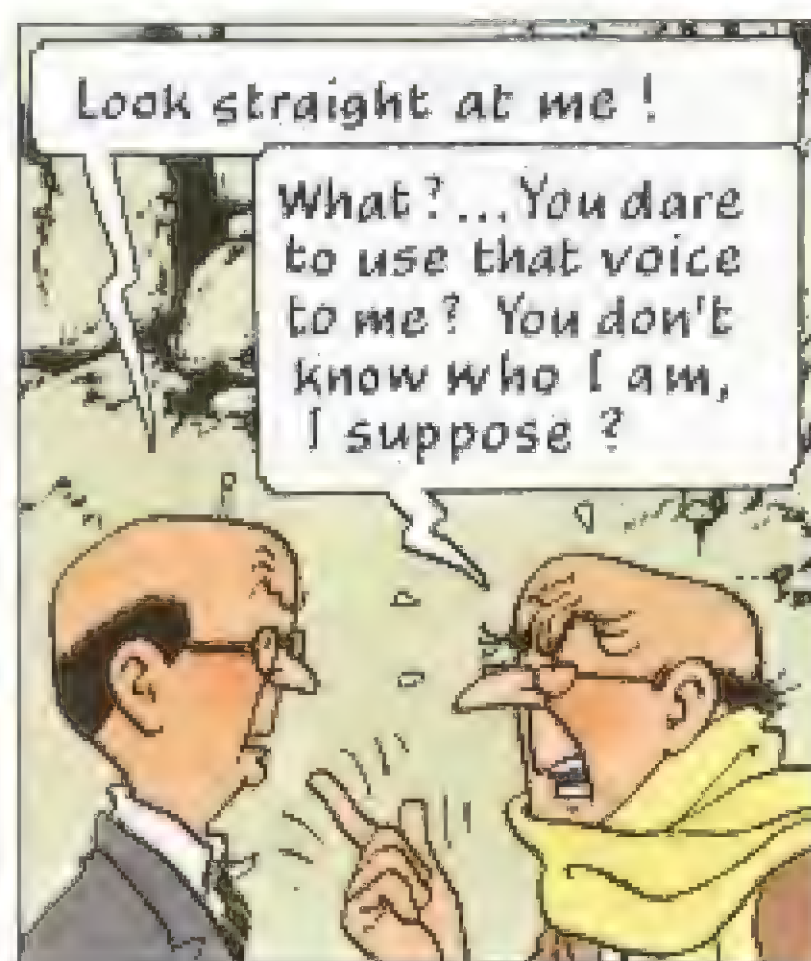
Someone go and look for my hat! ... Now, at once! ... It's a pre-war Bross and Clackwell, I'd have you know! ... It's irreplaceable! ... My hat, I tell you!

But...



... to save him from himself we simply had to tie him up, and use a gag.

Is annoyink me... shall deal.



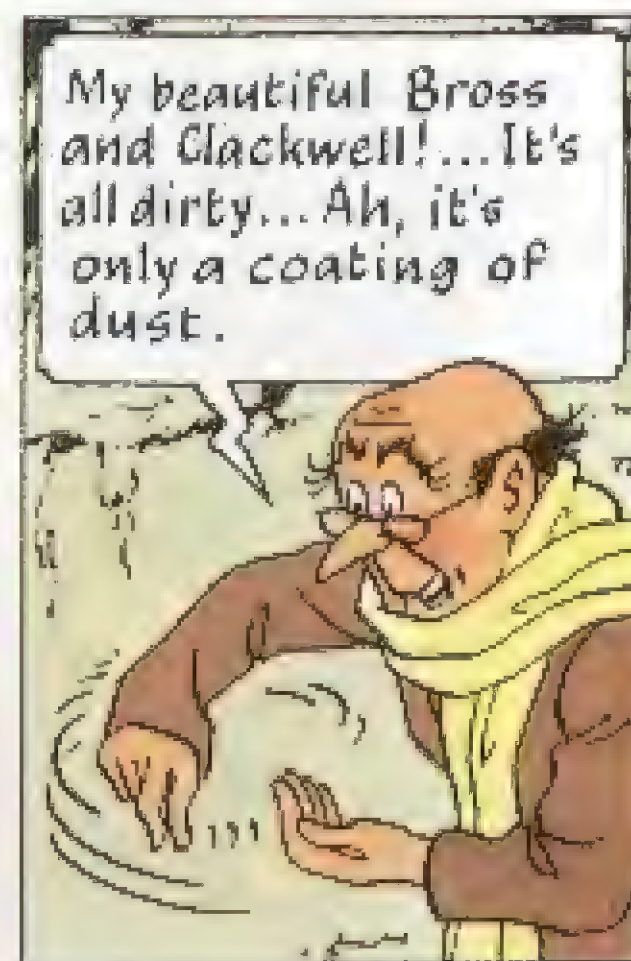
Look straight at me!

What?... You dare to use that voice to me? You don't know who I am, I suppose?



Zere is your hat. Put on and be quiet.

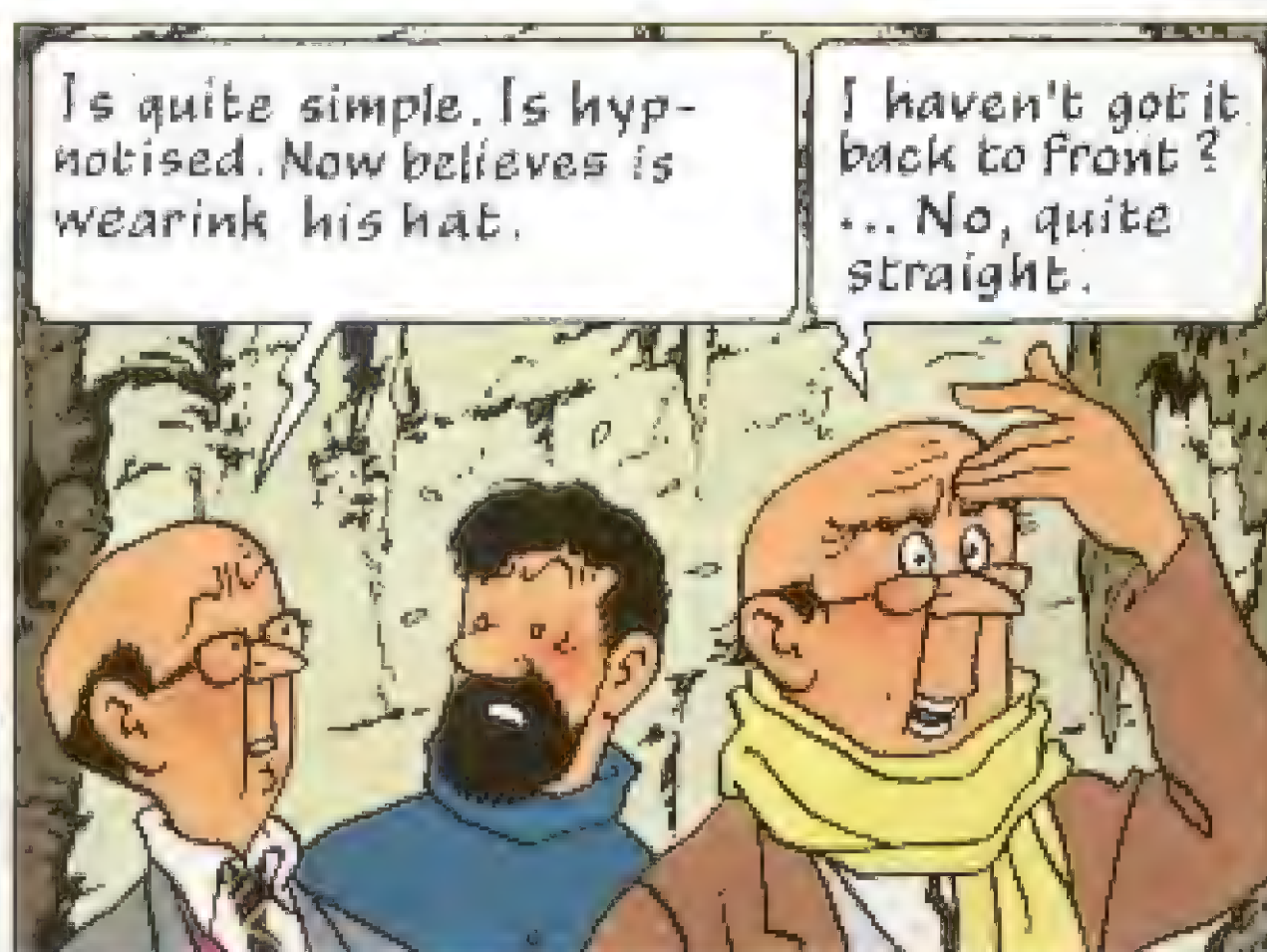
Thank you! Thank you very much!



My beautiful Bross and Clackwell! ... It's all dirty... Ah, it's only a coating of dust.



I'm so pleased to have it back. I always catch cold when my head's uncovered.



Is quite simple. Is hypnotised. Now believes is wearink his hat.

I haven't got it back to front? ... No, quite straight.



Well keep on looking! Diavolo, they can't have vanished into thin air!

So, can continue explainink... Aero-plane comink down near here: terrible landink. Am seeink you taken prisoner and led away to old block-house.

Yes, but we managed to escape...



Is so. But when you are free am seeink you beink followed by other men. I decidink is time for me to intervene. So, am gettink into telepatic communication with you and guidink you to zis temple.

You saved our lives! Without your help, who knows...



TCHOOO



OH?



AH!



Have you lost something?

Can't you see my hat has fallen off?

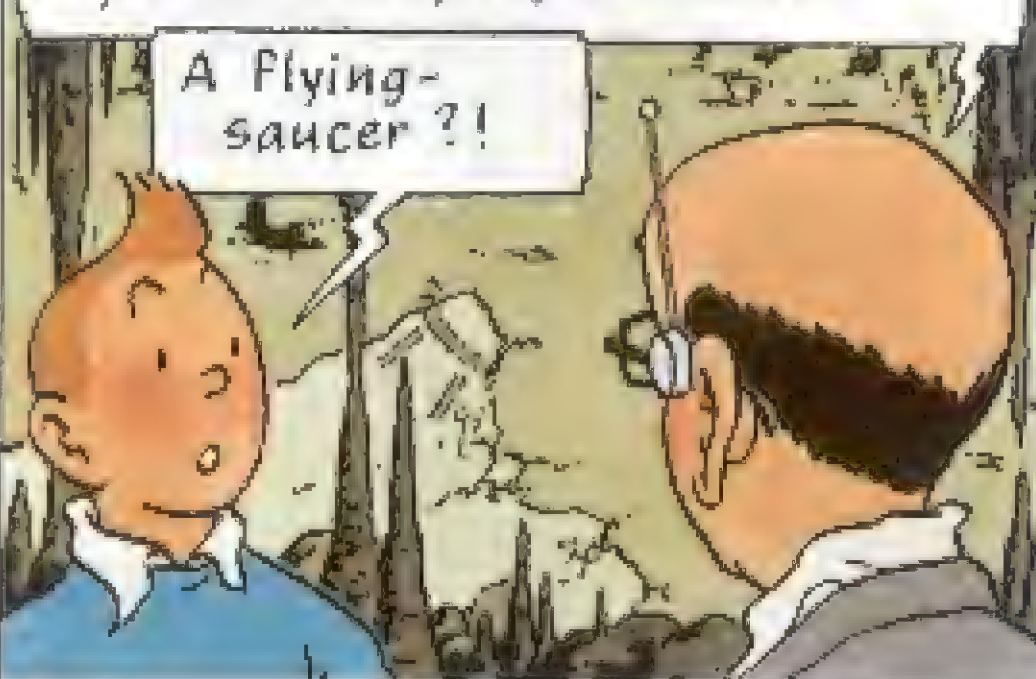


Some people need every single thing spelled out in words of one syllable.



Now extra-terrestrials must be decidink what to do with you. Am expectink astroship very soon... You in your world say Flyink-saucer.

A Flying-saucer?!

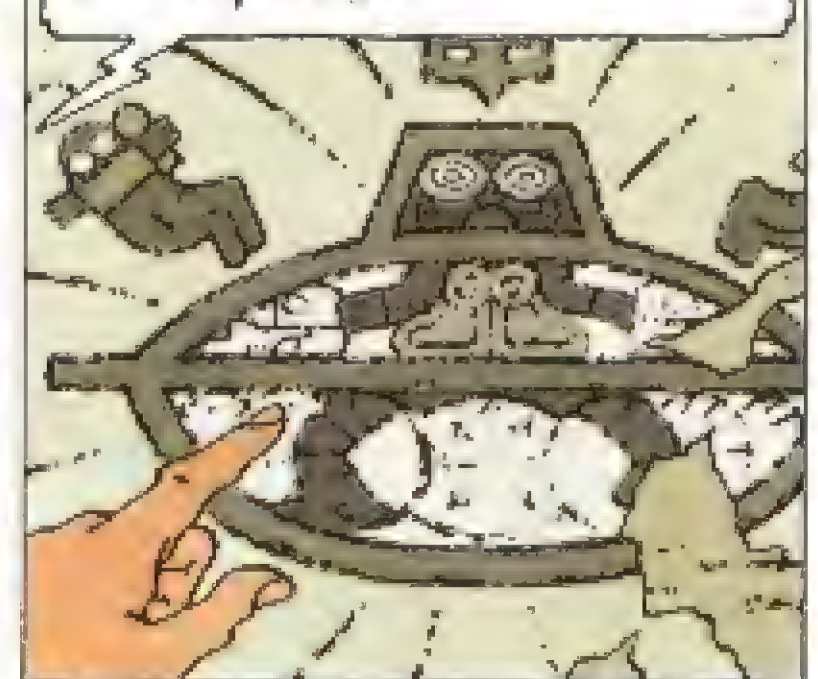


So now we've come to Flying-saucers! You're going too far: we aren't as gullible as that!

You still doubt? So, look over there, to your right.



See there, on wall. Is certainly machine used by people from... er... other planet.

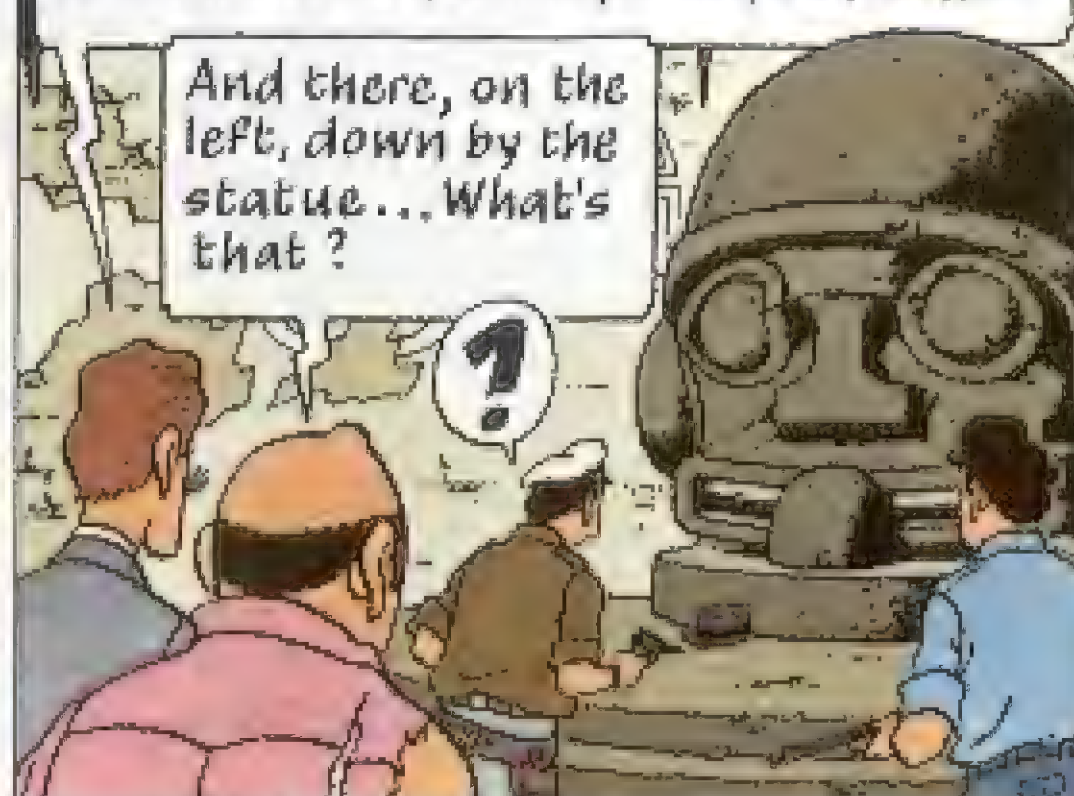


Thousands of years ago, men were build-ink zis temple to worship gods who are comink from sky in fire-chariots. In fact, fire-chariots are astroships, like zat one. And gods... but you have seen statue: what are you thinkink statue is resembink?



It looks... it looks like an astronaut with a helmet, microphone, earphones...

And there, on the left, down by the statue... What's that?



A HAT! IT'S CARREIDAS'S HAT!

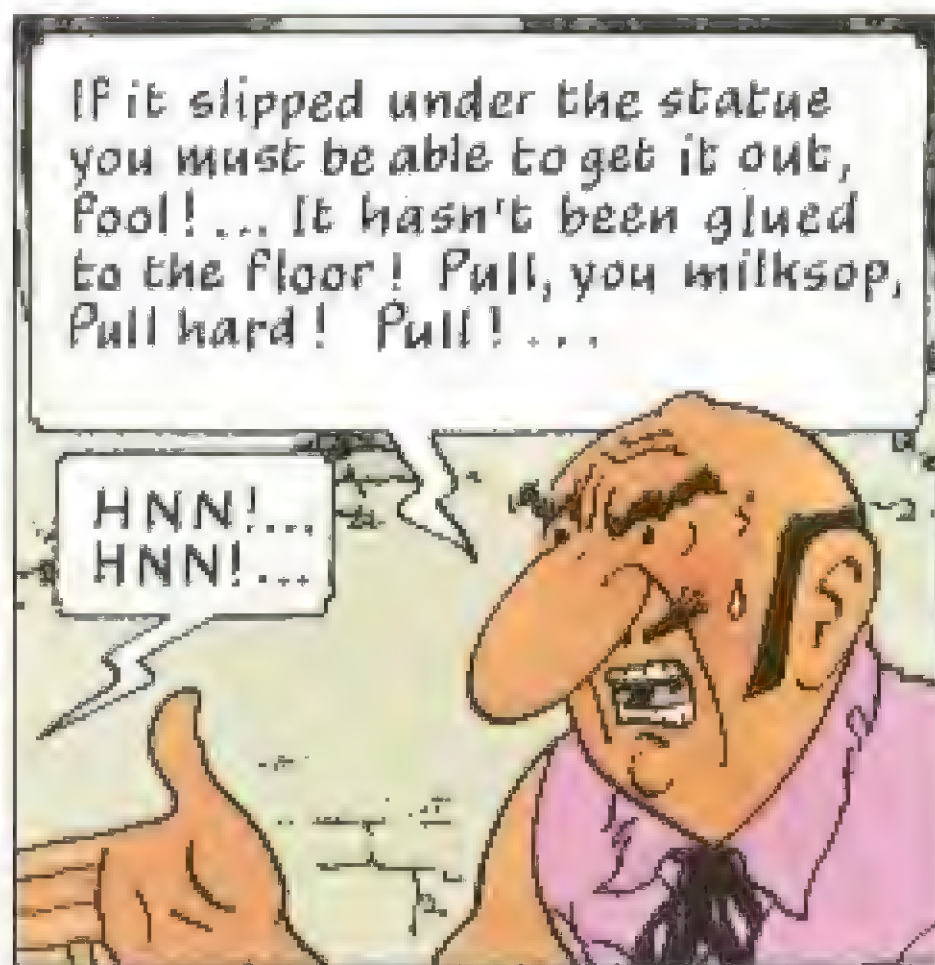




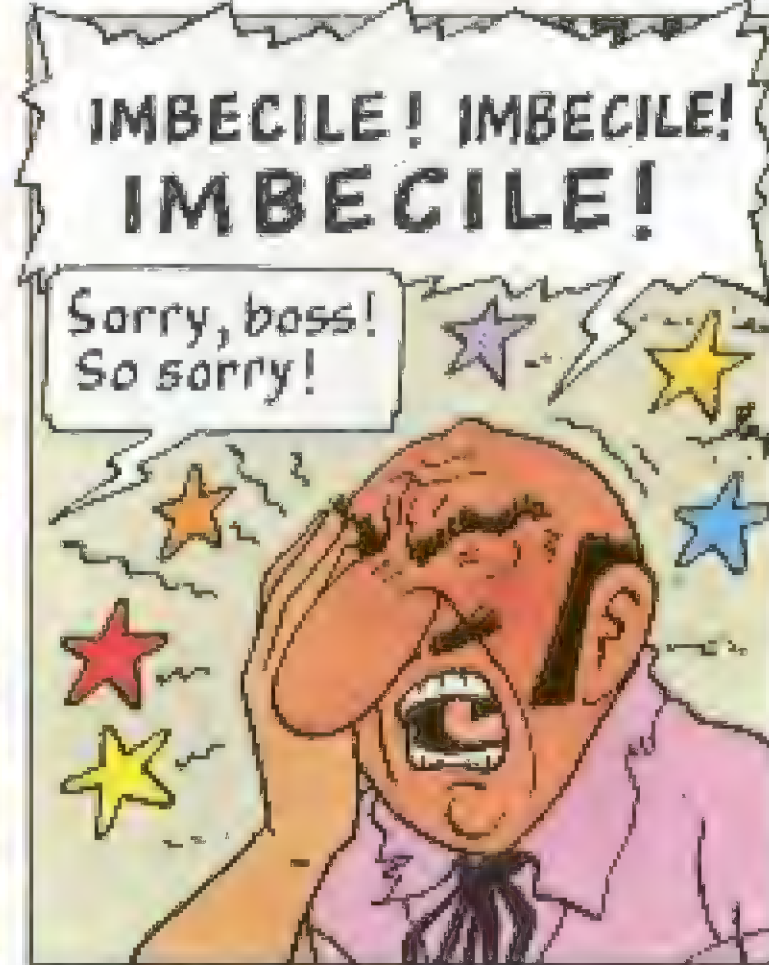
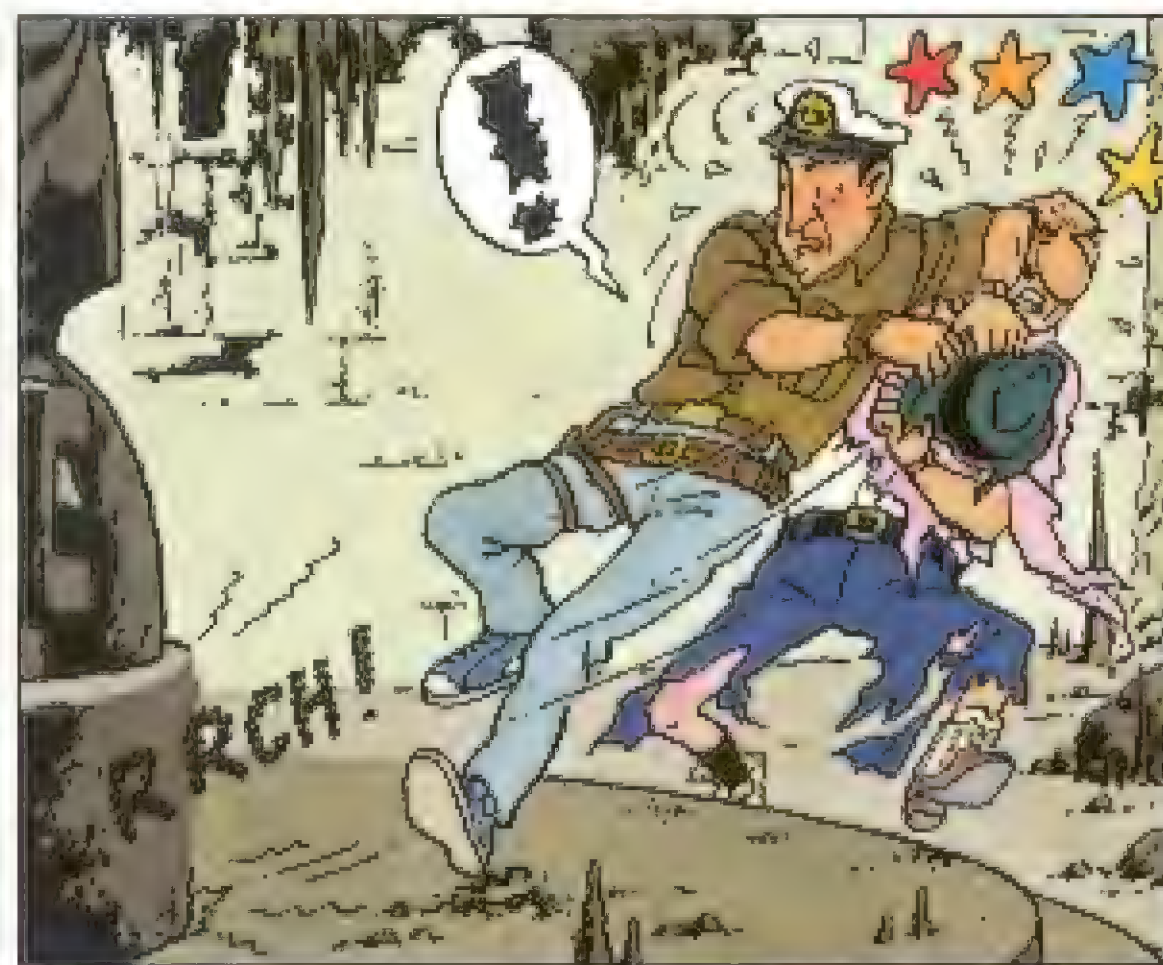
You're sure it's his? See if it has his initials.



Confounded thing, it won't come out... It's jammed under the pedestal.



If it slipped under the statue you must be able to get it out, Pool!... It hasn't been glued to the floor! Pull, you milksop, Pull hard! Pull!...



IMBECILE! IMBECILE! IMBECILE!

Sorry, boss! So sorry!



L.C. : Laszlo Carreidas... It's his all right. Look, boss.

So... you had to rip the brim to pull it free?



That means the statue was standing on it... In which case... Of course, it's obvious: there must be a secret passage... So start looking! All of you!



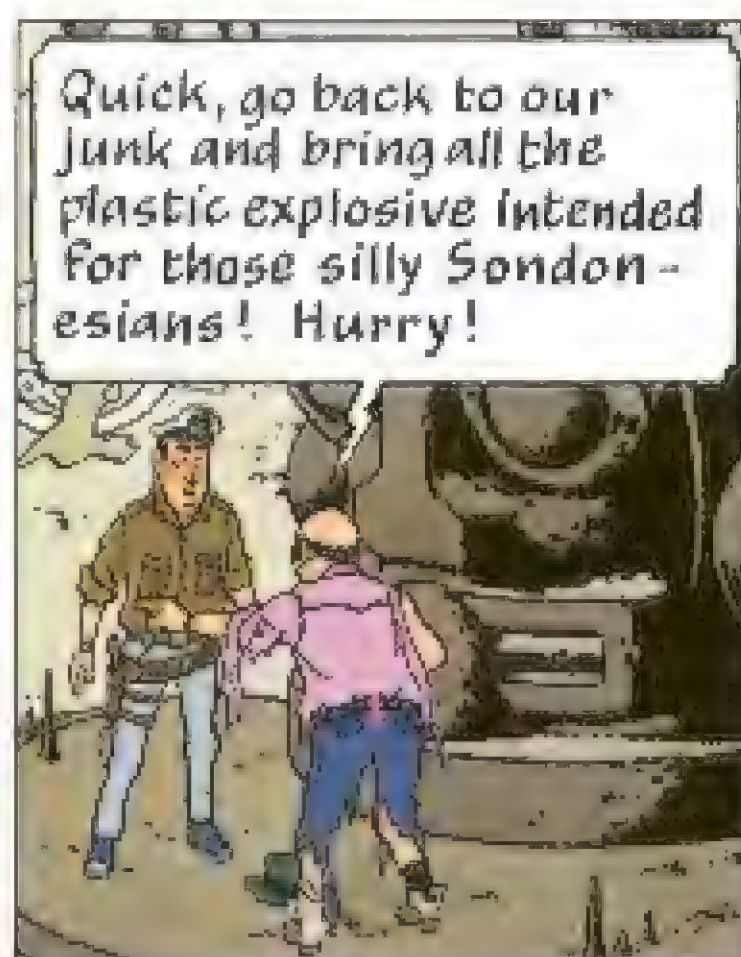
Goon! Goon! The statue must be hinged...



Ten minutes later...

It won't shift, boss... If only we had some dynamite.

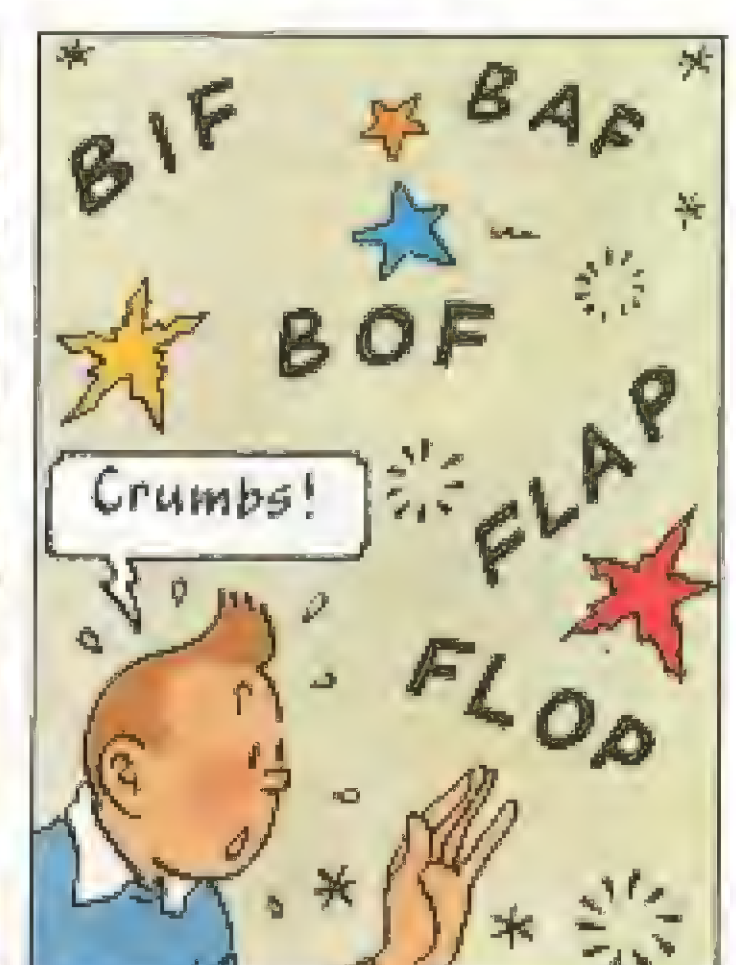
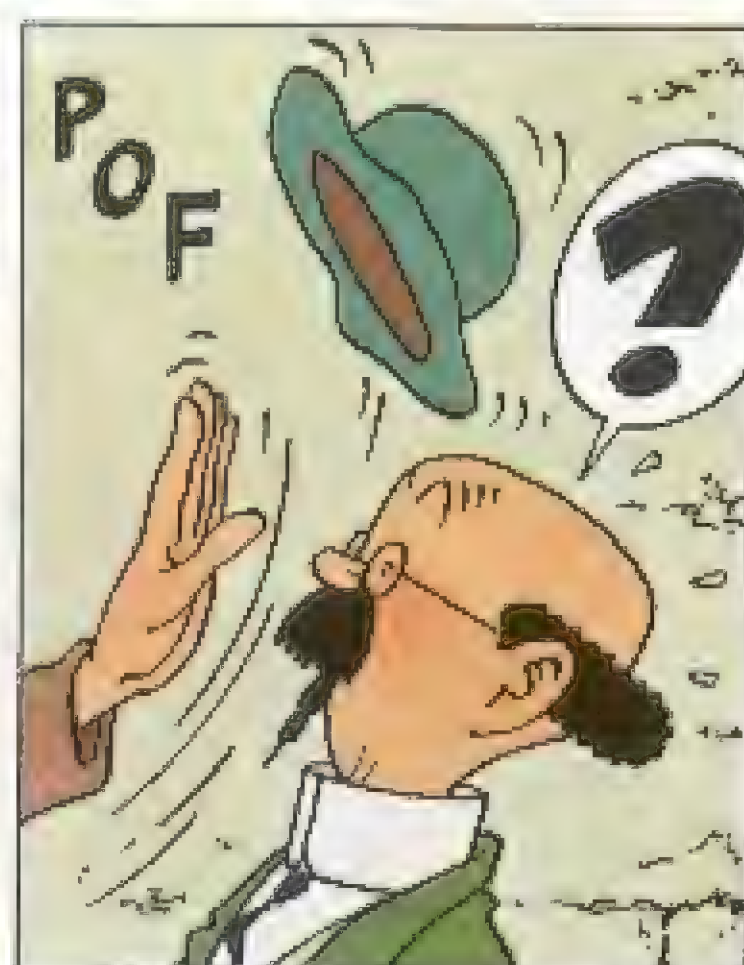
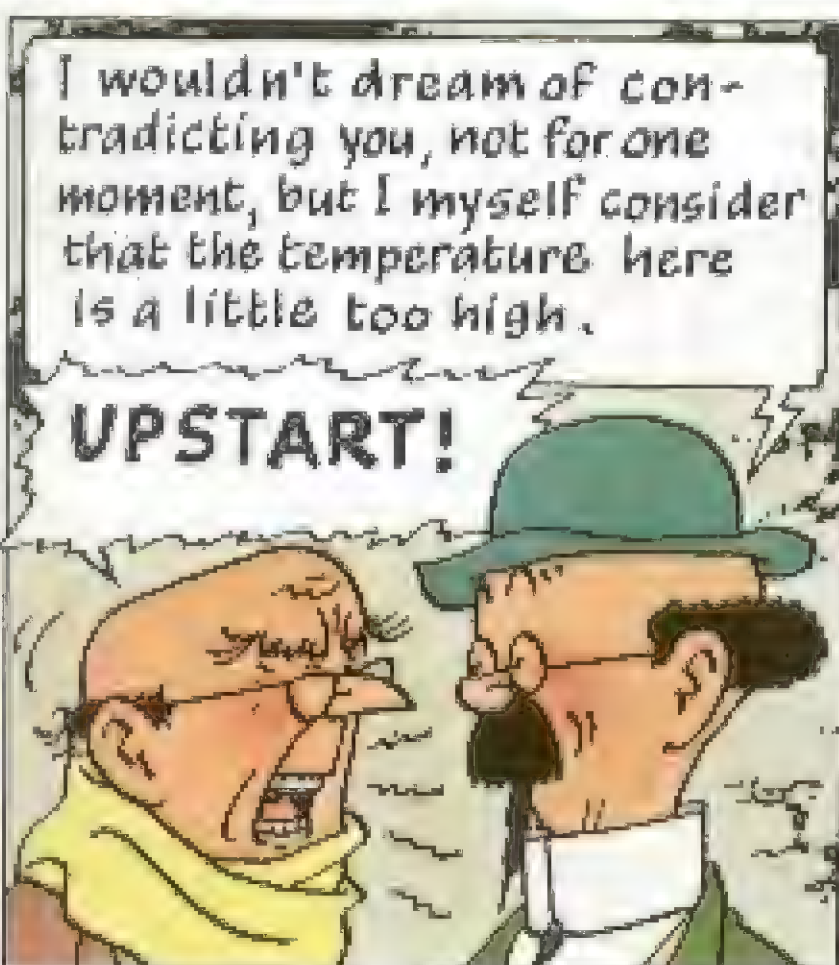
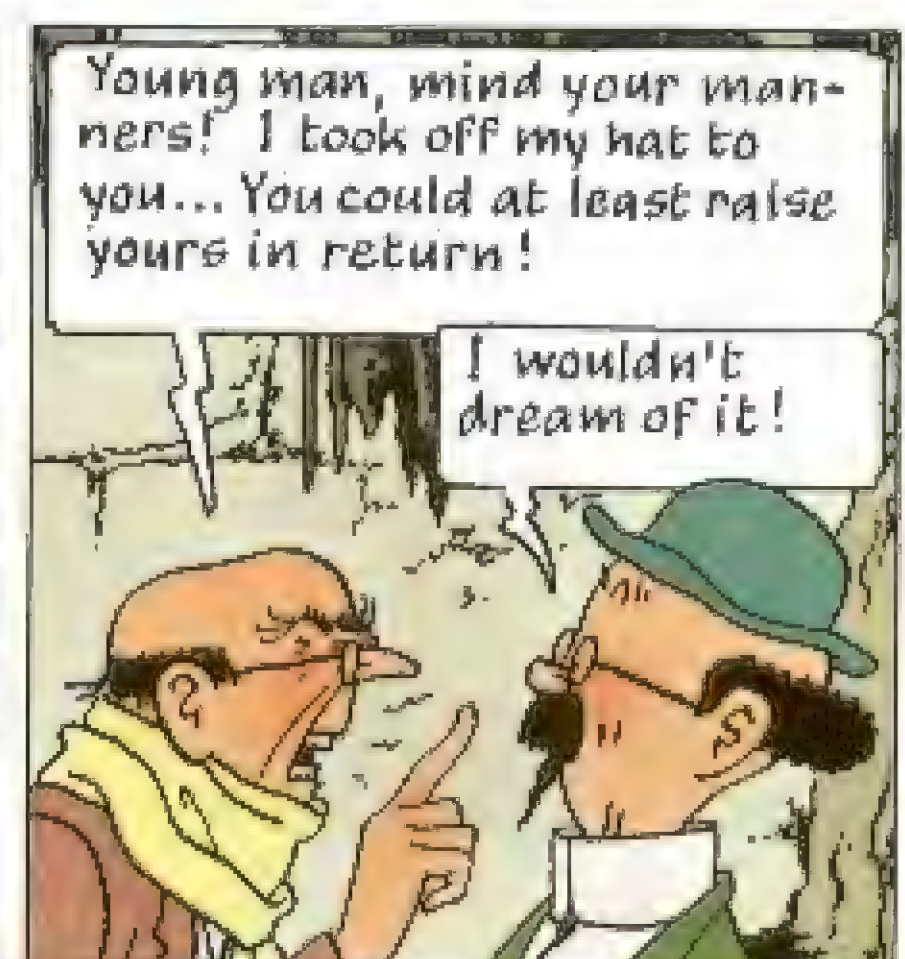
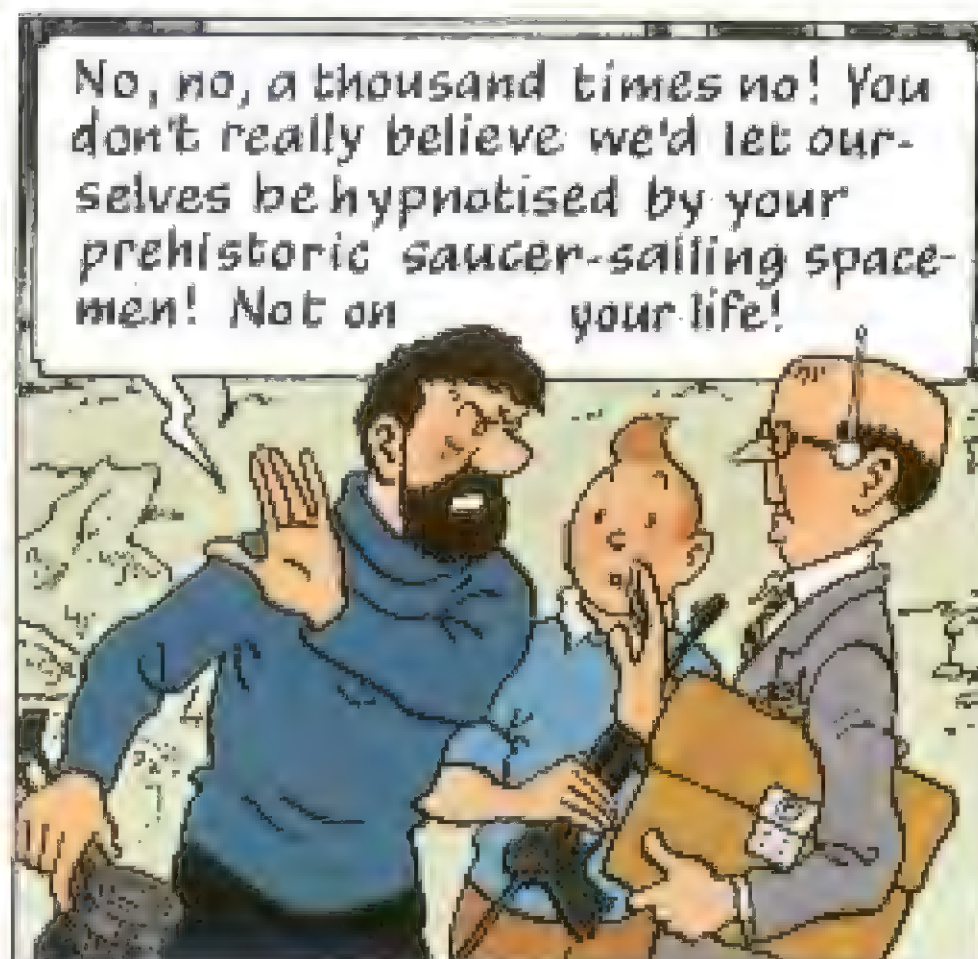
Dynamite?... We can do better than that!



Quick, go back to our junk and bring all the plastic explosive intended for those silly Sondon-esians! Hurry!



Aha, my clever friends, you don't know Rasta-popoulos... I'll get you, if I have to demolish this temple stone by stone!



Meanwhile ...

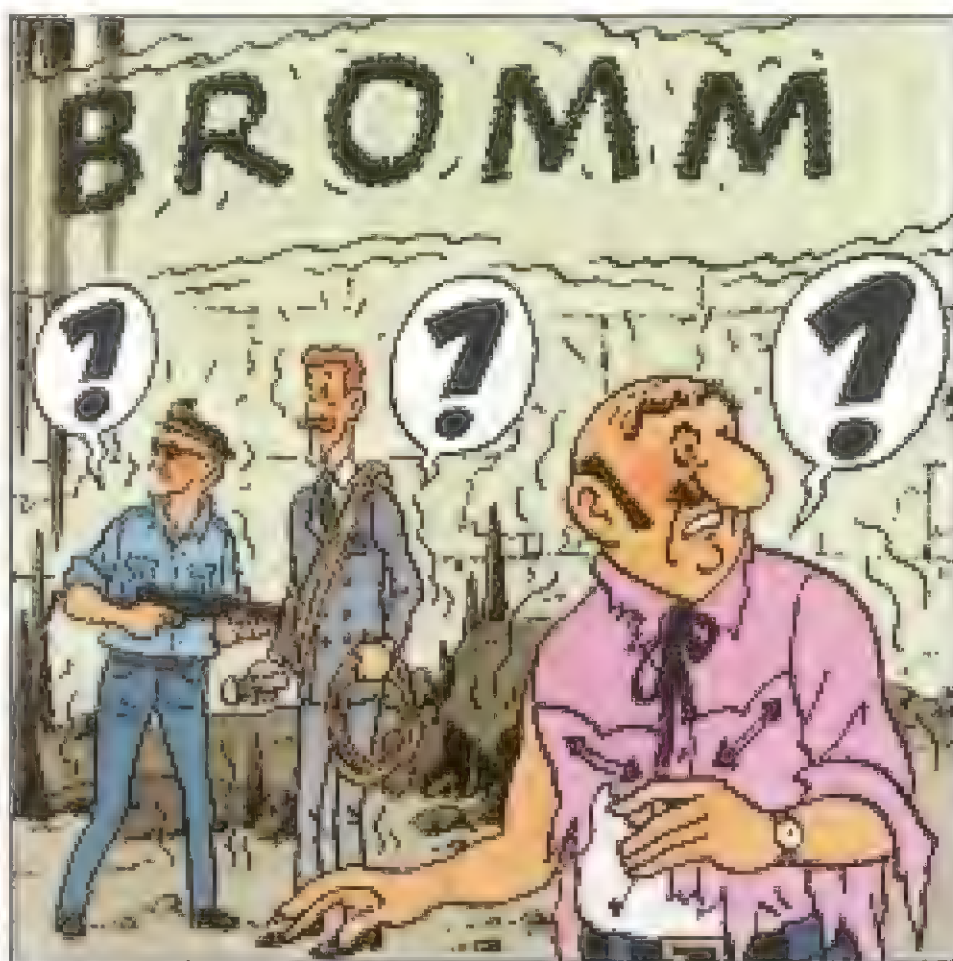
That fool Allan! What's he doing now? ...



He should have been back ages ago. I'll blow their statues sky-high... Then we'll see... Hello?



The bump on my head... it's gone! ... That's a good omen: it means my luck's changing!



AN EARTHQUAKE!



What have I done to deserve all this? Me, who'd never harm a fly! ... There's no justice!



At the same time...



Yes, is over... Earthquakes very frequent in zis area, but never severe... Yet zis time am wonderink ...



I not know why, but zis time I feelink very very uneasy ...

Oh?



Yes, am sensink somethink strange in air. Must not stay here ... Come, will rejoin your comrades.

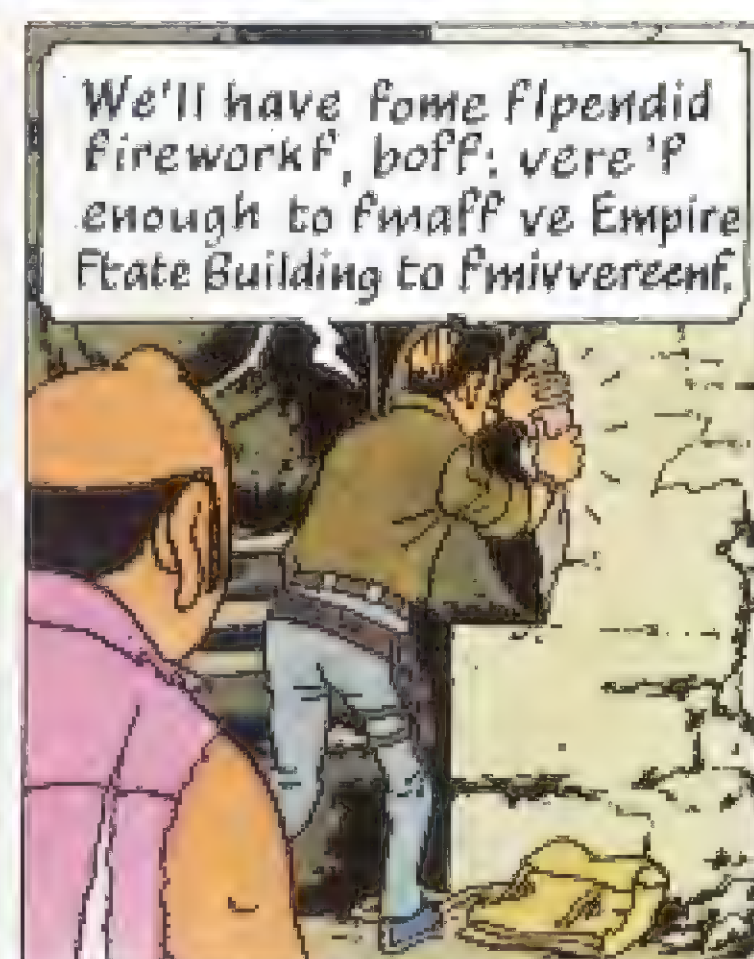
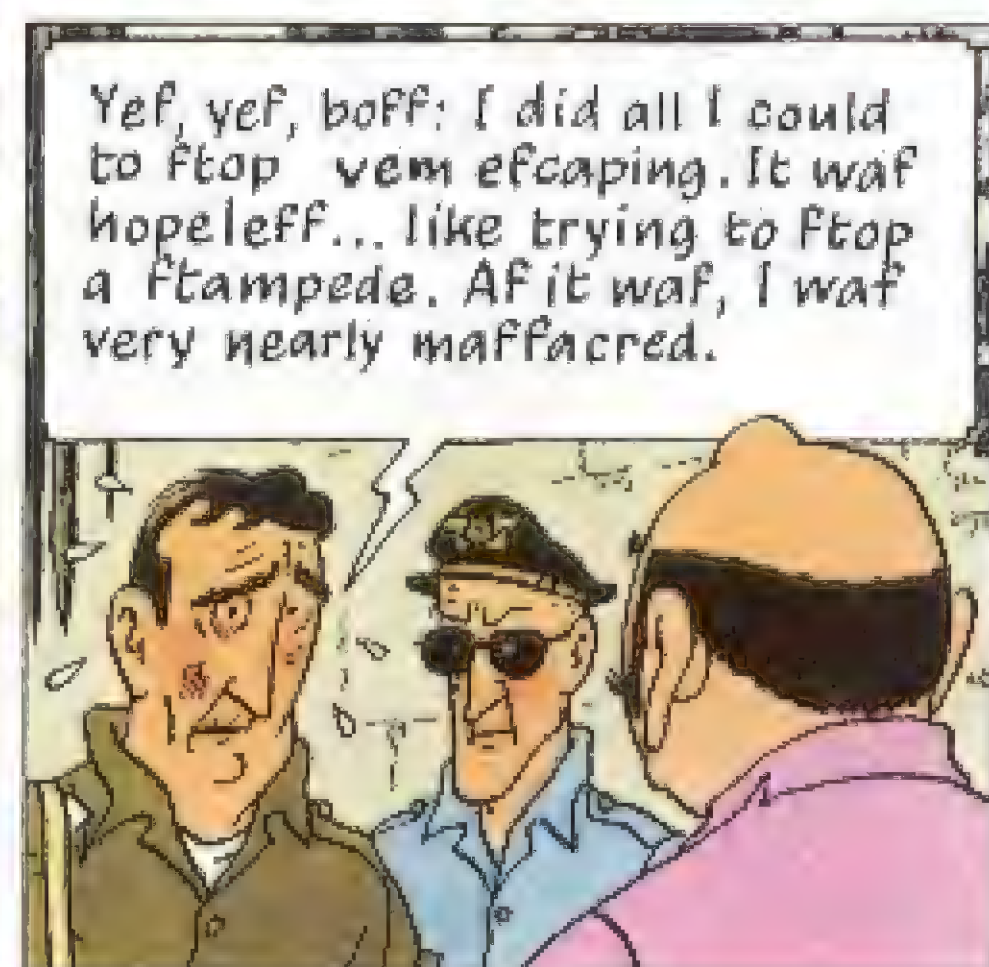
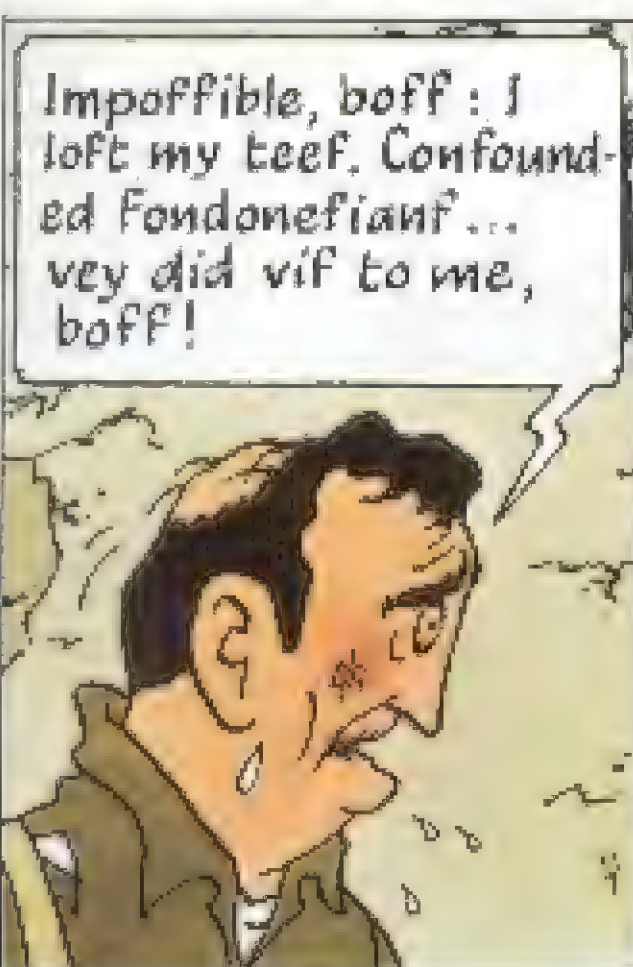


What's been going on?

No, it was him!

Come quickly. Have warnink of danger.





This gallery is runnink
from temple at one end to
crater of extinct volcano
at other.

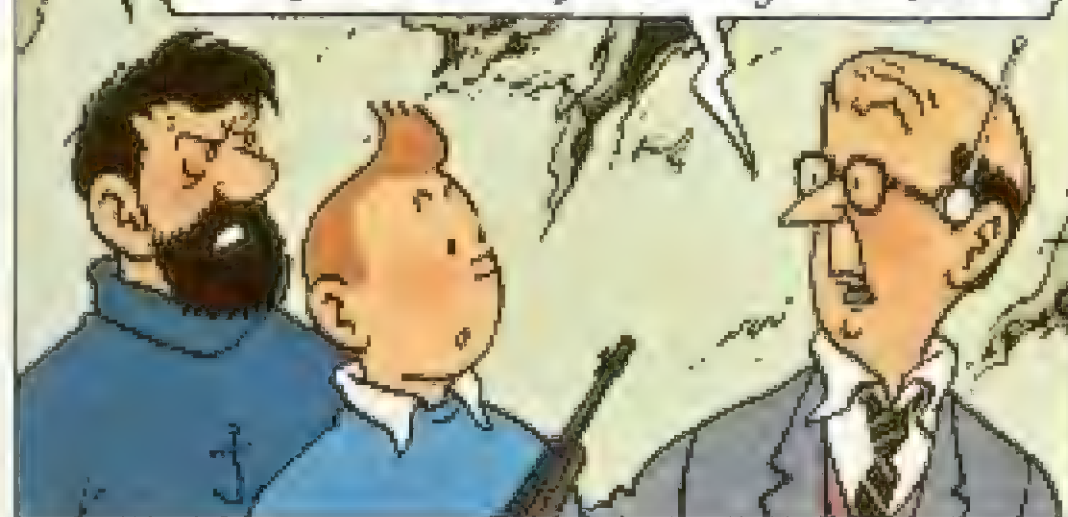


BOOMM

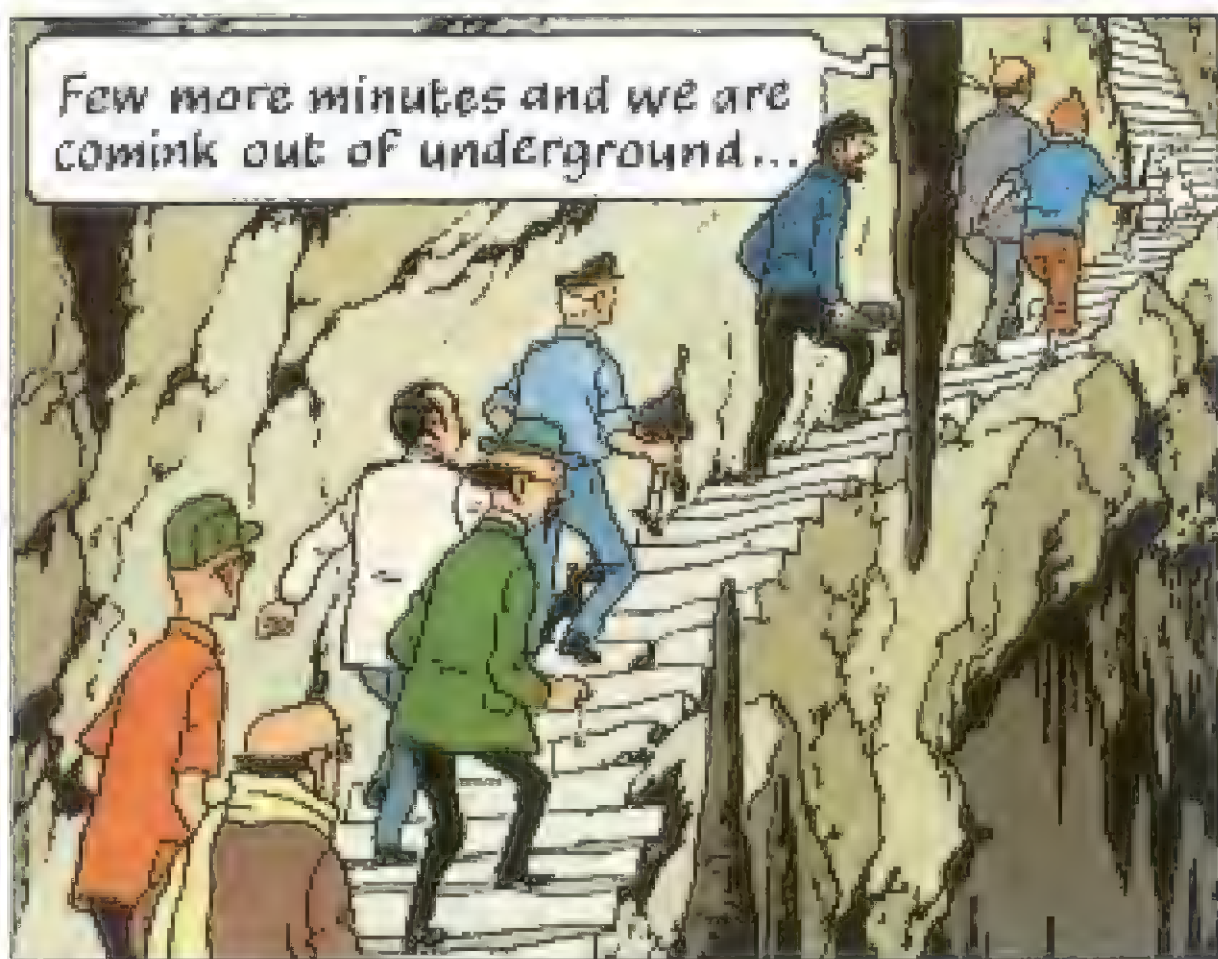


Look here, how many more earthquakes
have you got up your sleeve?

Zat was not earthquake. Is
somethink else: probably explosion
set off by zose gangsters. We must
hurry. I sensink great danger very close.



Few more minutes and we are
comink out of underground...



... the main thing
is, I found my
hat.

Of course.



?
PLOP



Good heavens,
it's dripping on
my head... In
that case, what
am I wearing?



Wait for me. I won't be
a minute. I must find
my hat!



It's on your head!
... Come back!



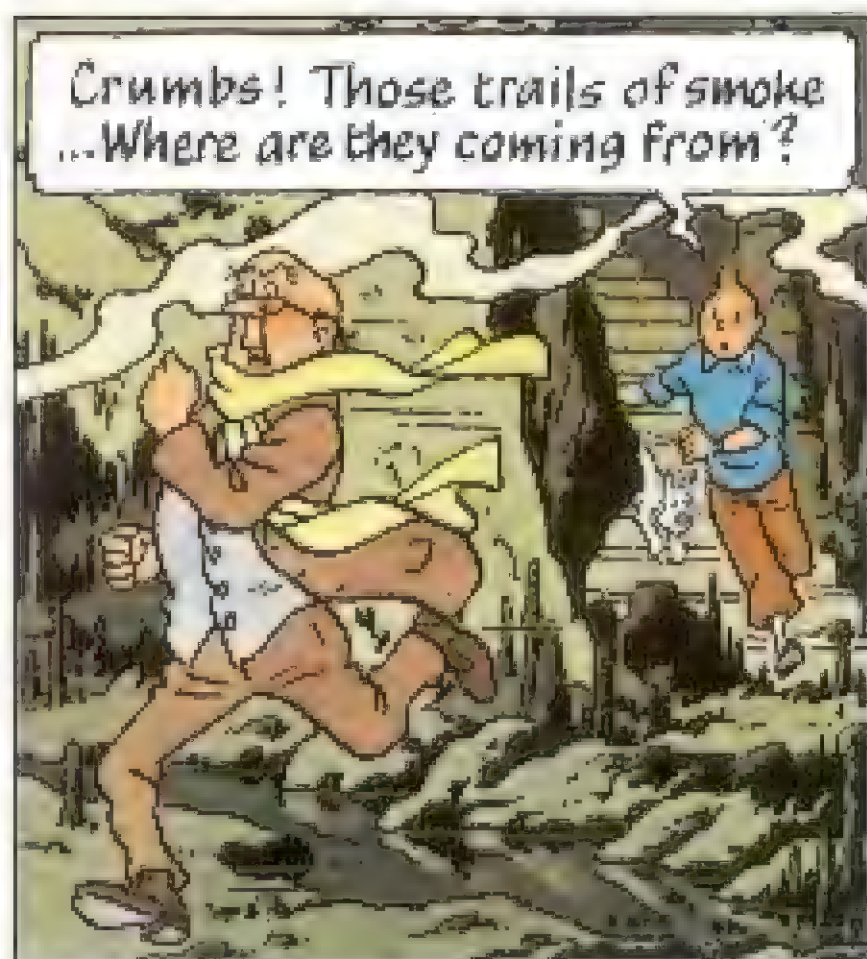
Yes, yes! Your hat's
on your head, Mr.
Carreidas.



No, this one isn't
mine! It leaks!



Crumbs! Those trails of smoke
...Where are they coming from?

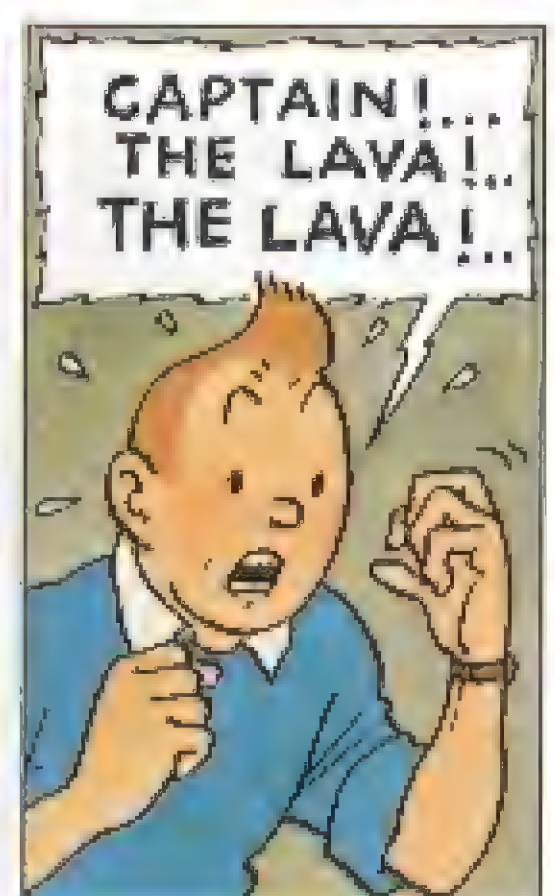
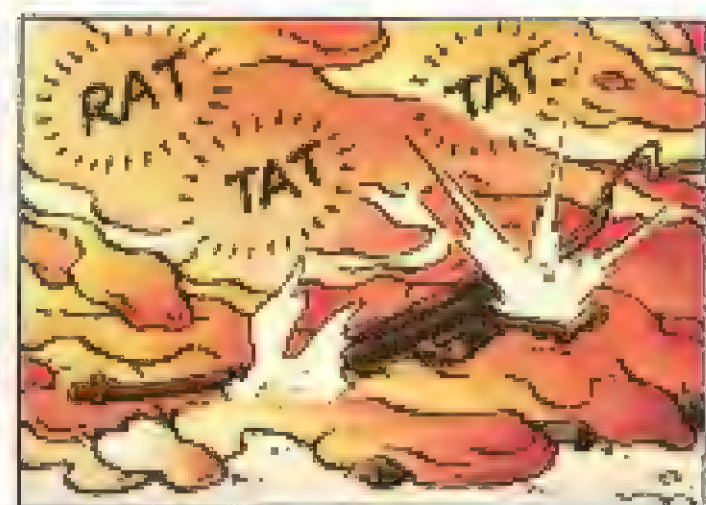
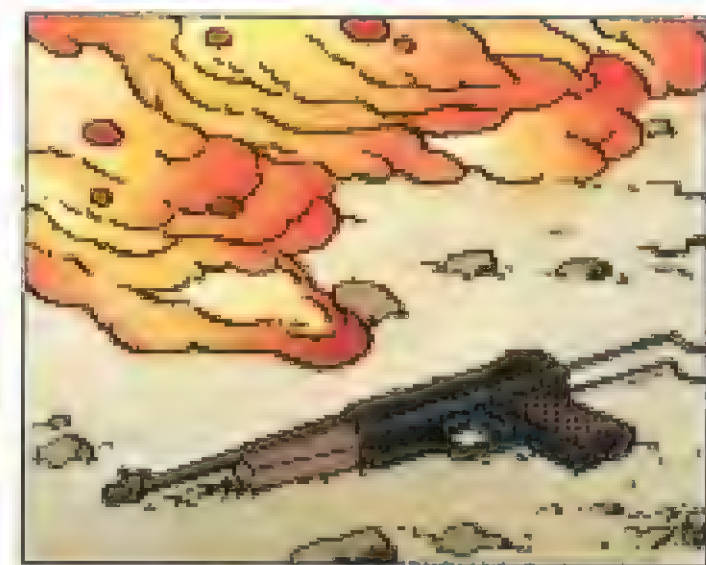


And what's that awful
smell?... It's sulphur!



AAAH







Well done, Captain!
A brilliant
recovery!



Let your-
self slide
down
now...



This way,
Captain!



Phew! I thought
I was in the
frying-pan
that time!

Come on
quickly!
We haven't
a moment
to lose!



I'm coming, I'm coming. That ectoplasm
Carreidas, he'd better watch out!
Purple profiteering jellyfish! He'll be
steak and kidney pudding if I catch him!

Hurry!



It's like a
furnace down
here now.

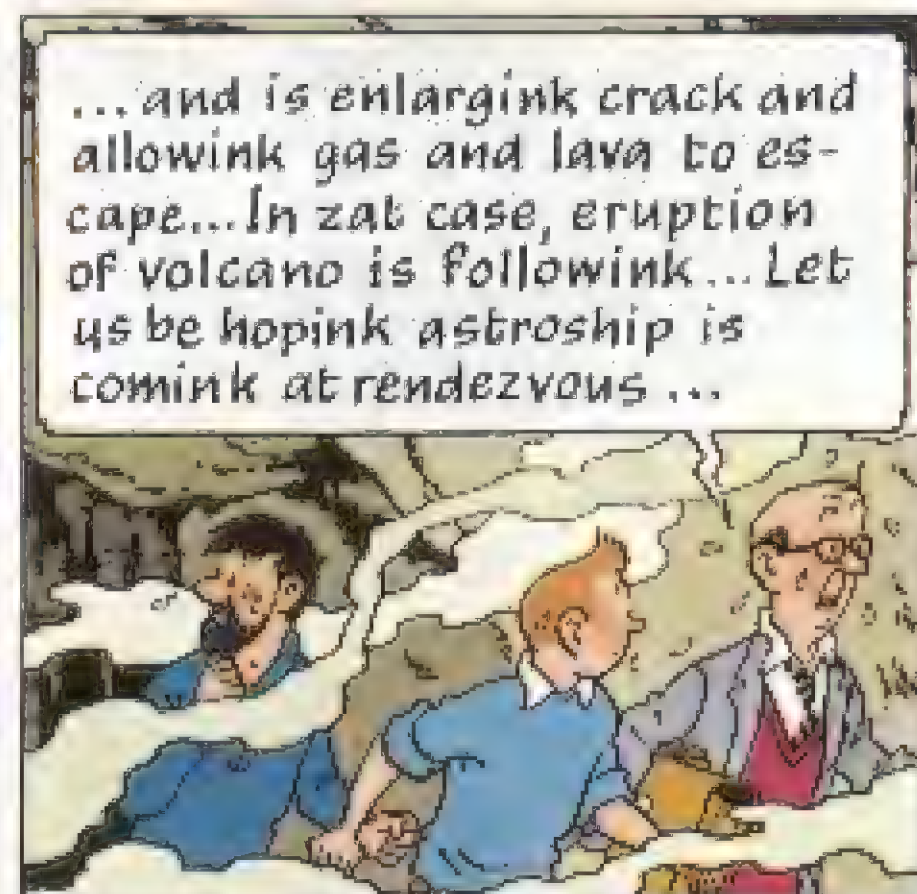


Ah, is good, is good! You safe and
sound! Come zis way!

The volcano's come to life.



Alas so. Earthquake probably
caused small crack in old
feed pipe of volcano. Is not
so dangerous. But zen
explosion is set off...



...and is enlargink crack and
allowink gas and lava to es-
cape... In zat case, eruption
of volcano is followink... Let
us be hopink astroship is
comink at rendezvous...



The heat is becoming intolerable
... If this goes on...

ATCHOO



Shut the door behind you!
Can't you feel the
draught? Dreadful!



And what about all this smoke?
You're doing it on purpose. Me
with my sensitive throat!
Are you trying to kill me?



Now is comink poisonous gas! Hold handkerchiefs over your mouths!

Come on, keep moving!



Well, well, well? What's happening now?



Let's see, what's this down here?

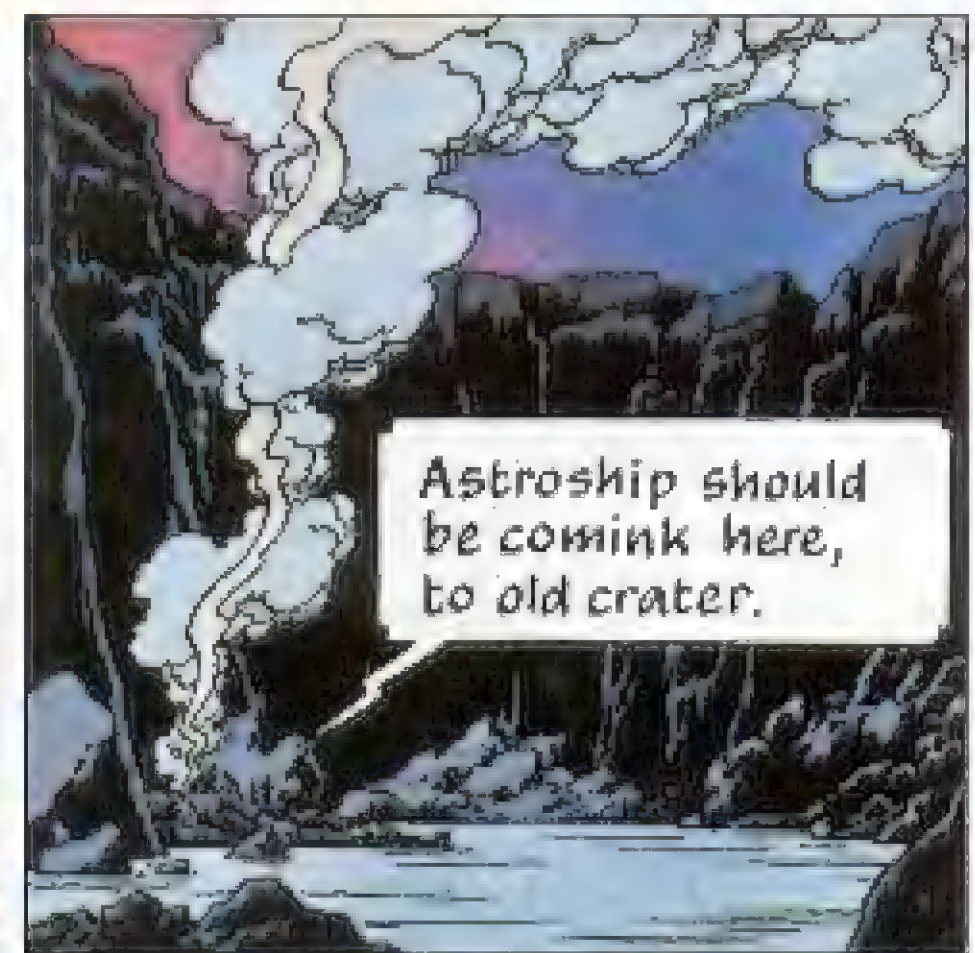


Zis way, quickly! We are nearly outside...

Come on, come on. And hold that over your nose!



Phew! At last! A lovely breath of good fresh air.



Astroskip should be comink here, to old crater.



Look over there! The sky's blood red!

Yes, yes, must be lava flowink down side of volcano...



Wait! Wait for me! Allan! Allan! Help! Not so fast! Wait for me!

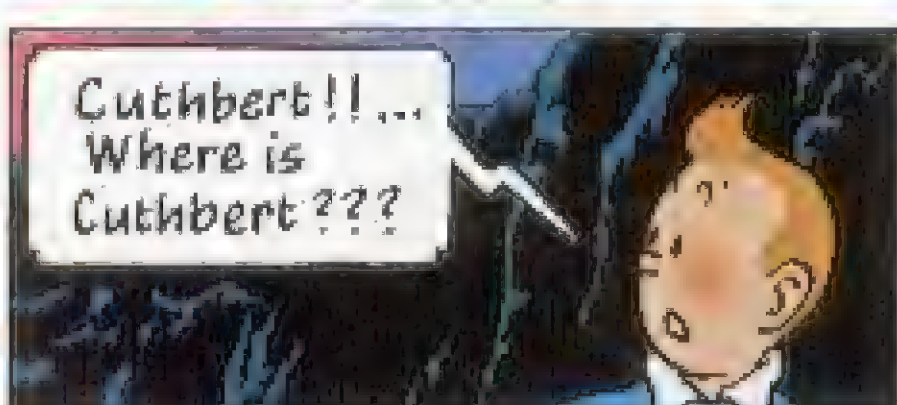


Ve...rubber...dinghy! ...It's our only... meanf... of escape!

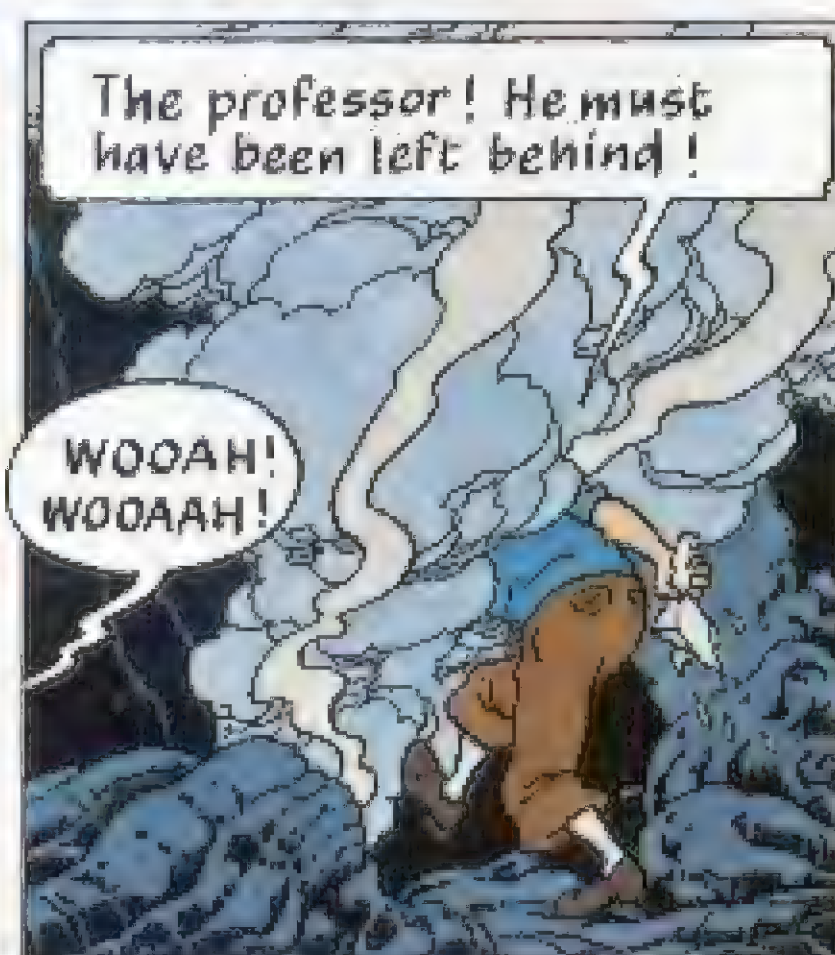


Have we got everyone?

Er... I think so... yes...



Cuthbert!! ... Where is Cuthbert???



The professor! He must have been left behind!

WOOAH! WOOAH!

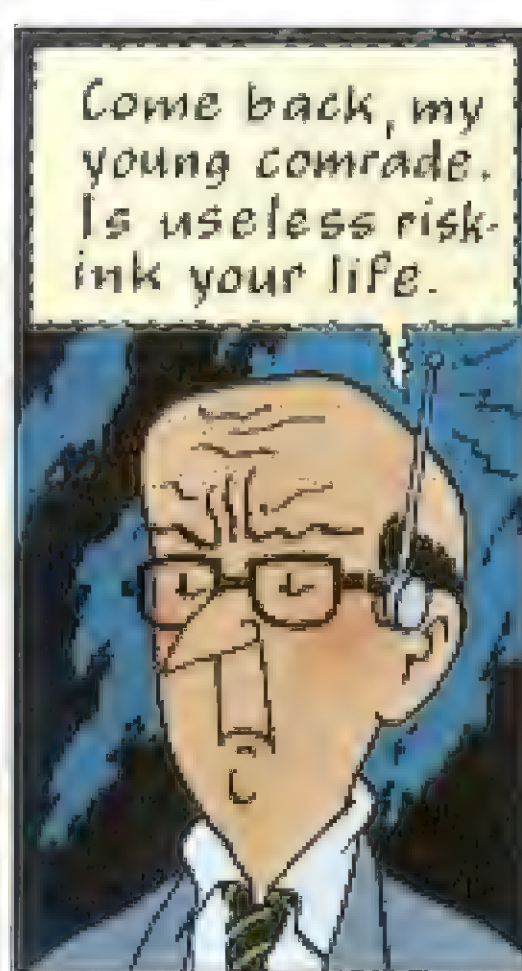


Tintin!... Come back, for heaven's sake!... Come back, Tintin!

WOOAAA OOOAAH



He's gone into that inferno! ... Call him back! ... Do something! ... I don't know... ring him up...telepathise him!



Come back, my young comrade. Is useless risk-ink your life.



What happened? Did he answer?

Yes, is answerink ... Is tellink me to go to...! And such polite boy, I thinkink!



Help me! ... Here... help me!

He's back!



Blistering barnacles! Good old Tintin! He's got him!



Quick...the kiss of life... We must ...revive him ...



Hip hip hooray! They're safe!

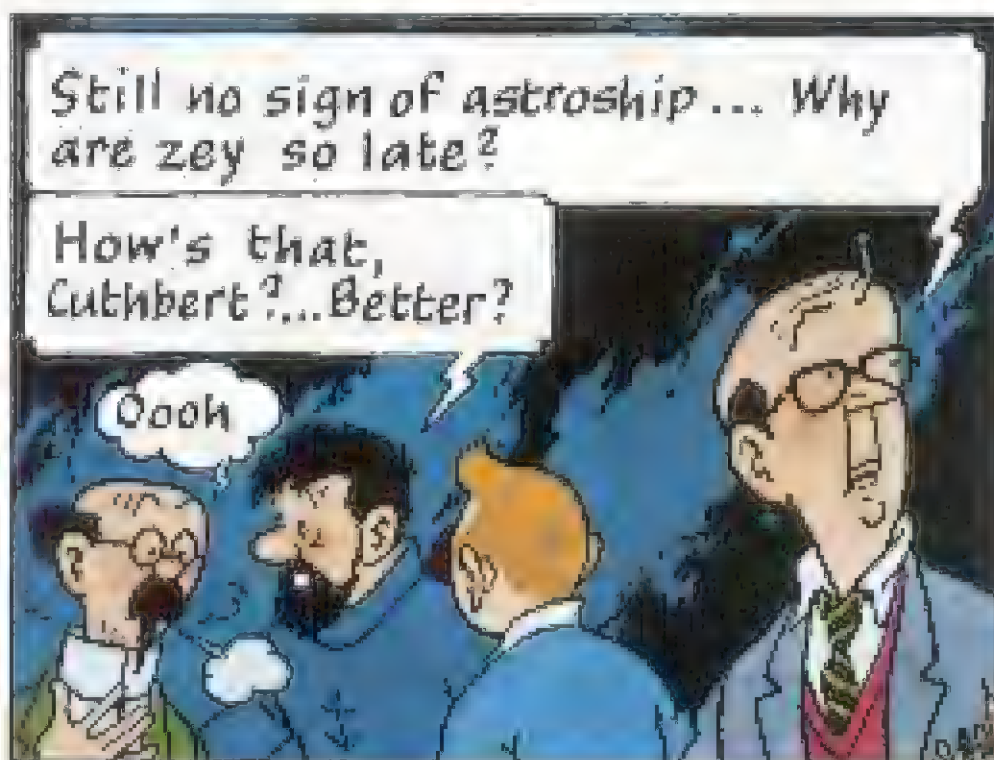


Yippee! Who's coming for a midnight bathe?



Here, Snowy. Not too far.

Pooh, I can swim, can't I?



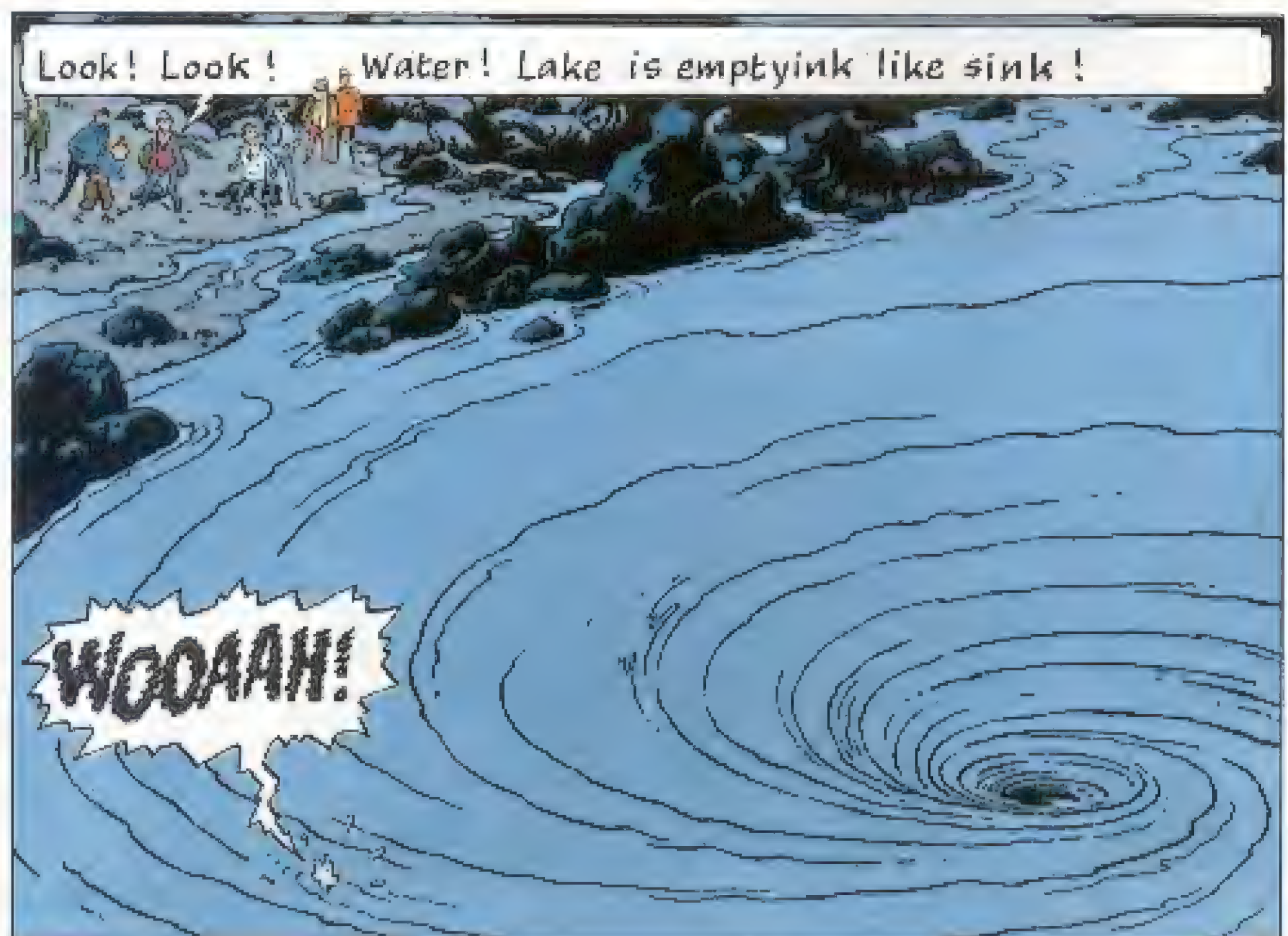
Still no sign of astroship... Why are zey so late?

How's that, Cuthbert?... Better?

Oooh

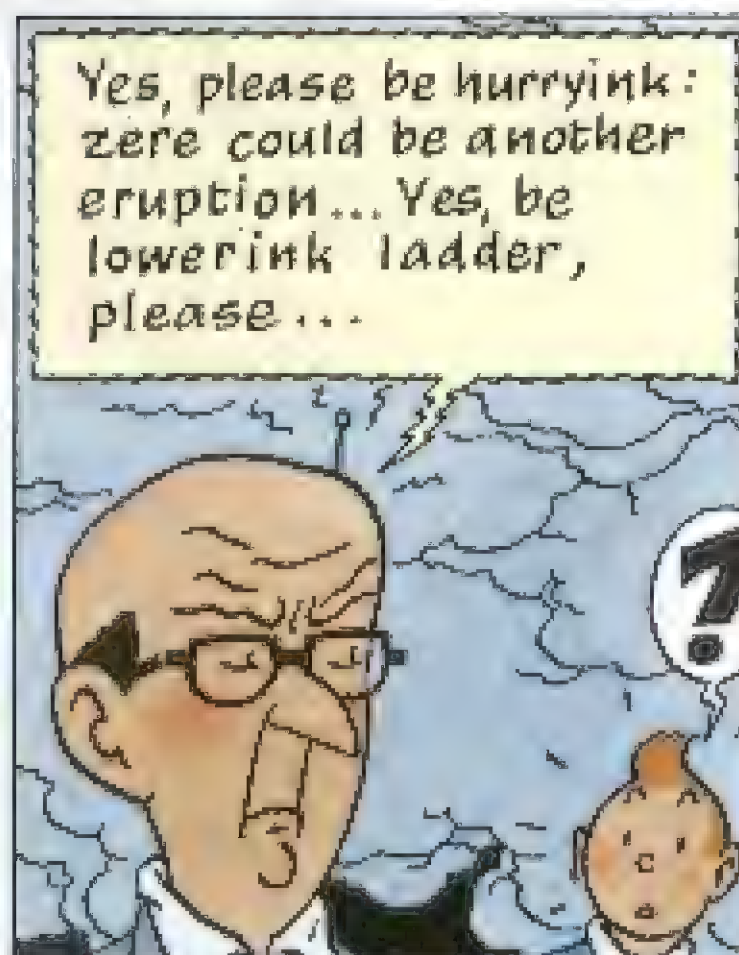
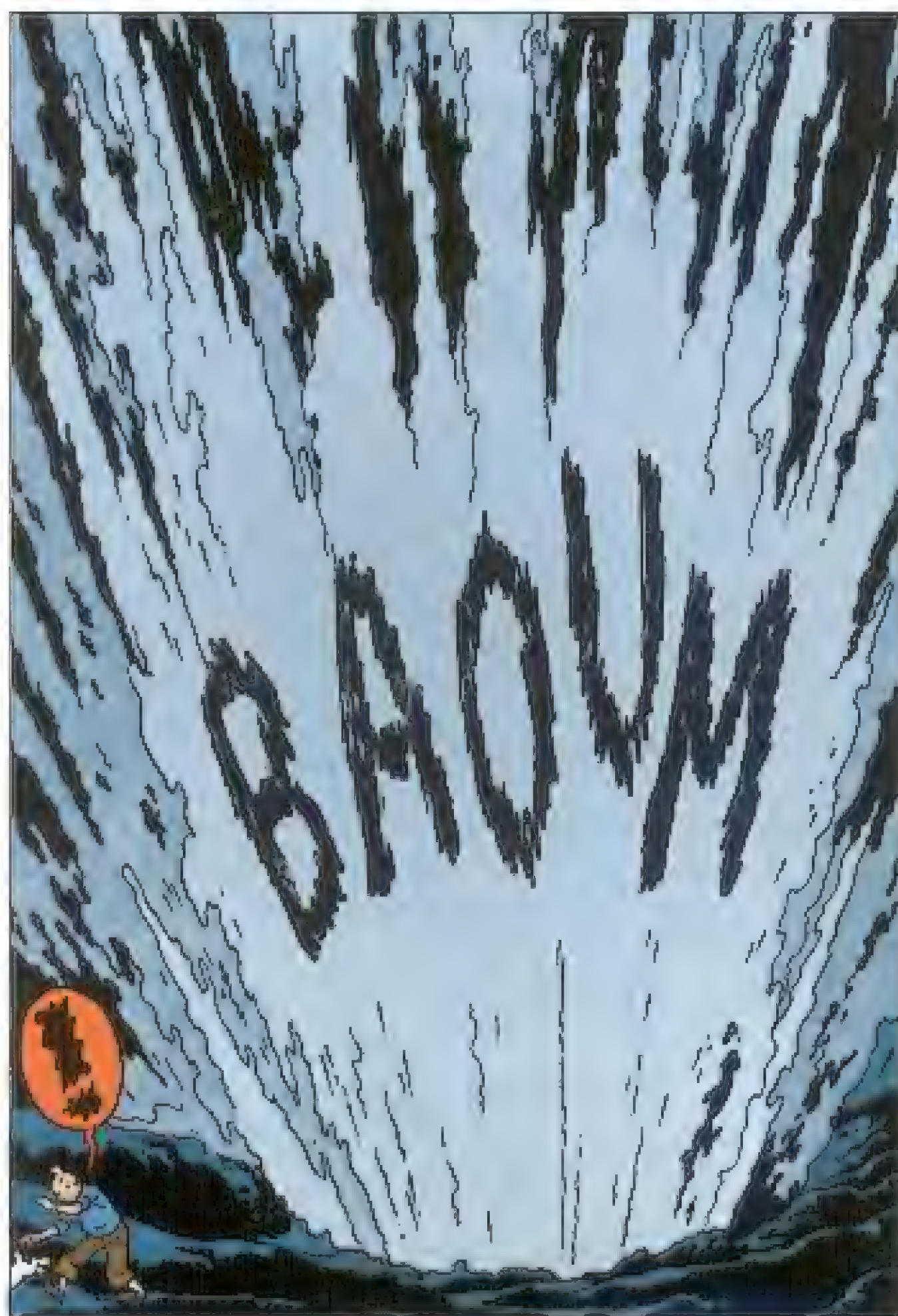


RRHOOR RHOR



Look! Look! Water! Lake is emptyink like sink!

WOAAAH!



Hypnotise us? Not on your life!
It's out of the question... Besides,
that sort of mummery wouldn't
affect us!



Wouldn't affect us...
wouldn't affect us...
wouldn't affect us wouldn't...



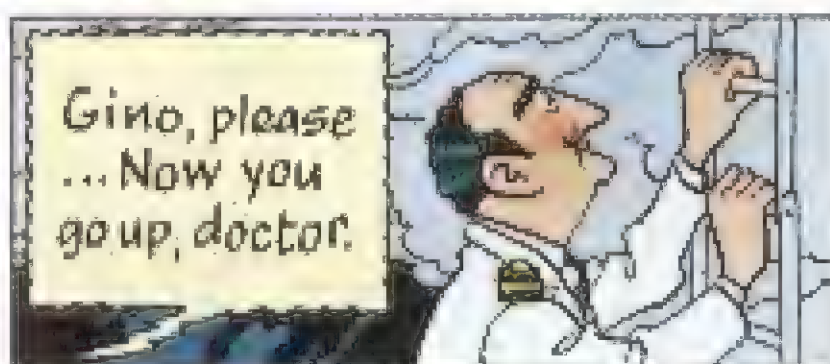
Now, gentlemen, you are at air-
port at Djakarta. You are board-
ink Carreidas aircraft, flyink
to Sydney. Zere is ladder. Please
go up first, Mr. Carreidas.



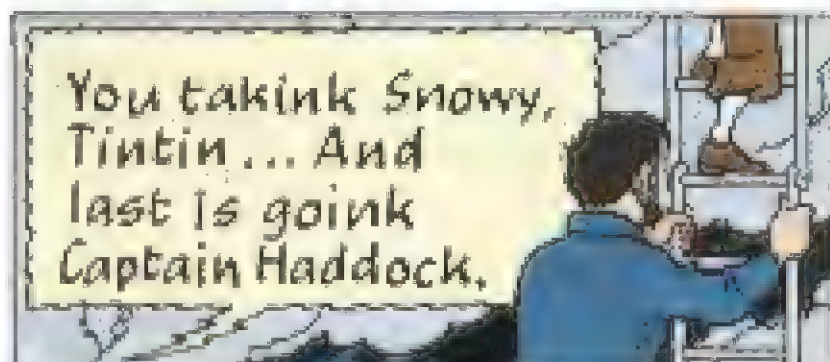
You followink
him, professor,
and zen you,
Captain Skut.



Gino, please
... Now you
go up, doctor.



You takink Snowy,
Tintin... And
last is goink
Captain Haddock.



Excellent... You are all
in aircraft...

You raisink
ladder quickly,
Chief Pilot! I
hearink danger-
ous rumblinks...



Is just in time!... Thankink
you, Chief Pilot. You excus-
ink me now while I lookink
after terrestrial comrades.



You, Mr. Carreidas. You
playink Battleships with
Captain Haddock. You cheatink,
naturally.

Naturally.



Captain Skut, you are at controls of
Carreidas 160. Flight is uneventful.
Nothink to report.

Nothink to report.
No, nothink at all!



Look zere!...
Rubber dinghy!



Is dinghy from Carreidas
160... Zat is suggestink how
adventure can be finishink
for Tintin and comrades.

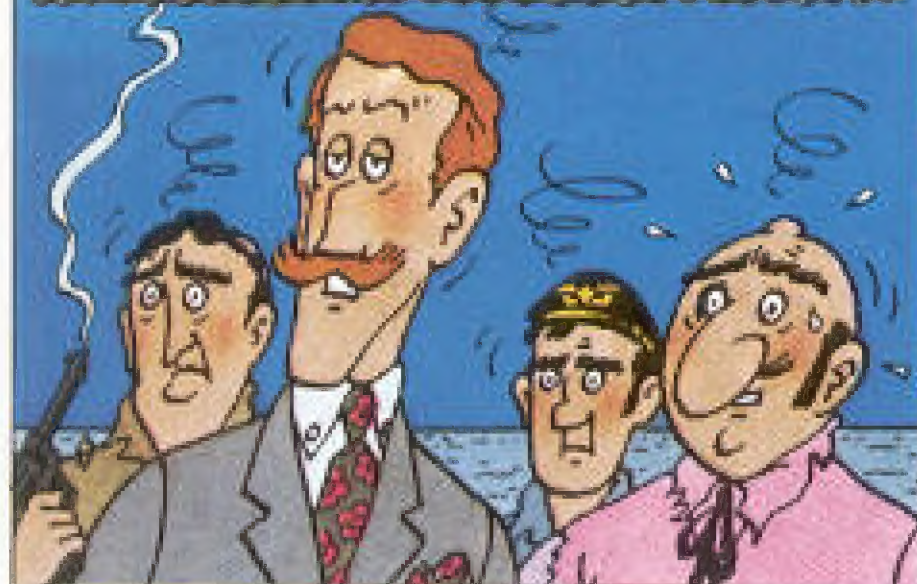
I fee fomefing in
ve fky! What
if it?



It's... it's a flying-saucer!! It's
circling... Diavolo! It's coming straight
for us! Fire, Allan! ... FIRE!



You puttink guns down, criminals!... Game is up!... You are in my hypnotic power.



All listenink carefully. Zis machine is simply helicopter comink to pick you up... You climbink aboard!

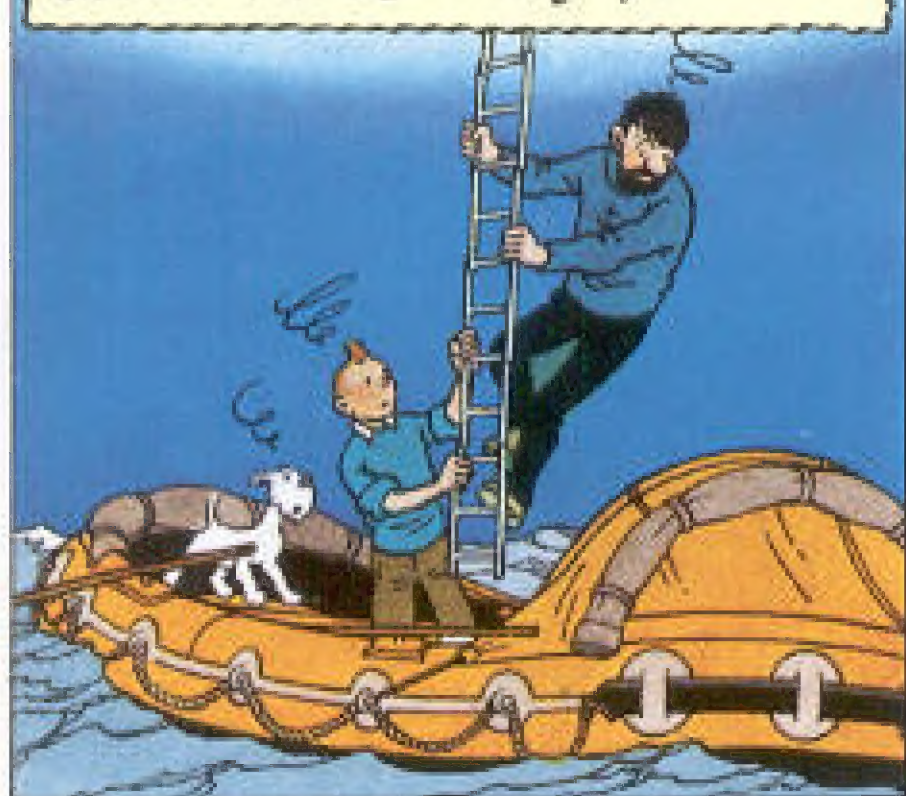
Yes, sir.
Yes, sir.



Now I speakink to you, Captain Skut, and to your comrades... You are forgetting everythink zat is happenink since yesterday. You only rememberink zis: after departure from Djakarta for Sydney, unknown causes are forcink you to be ditchink aircraft...



... and you are havink to board rubber dinghy.



All in boat?... Skut, Calculus, Gino, Carreidas, Haddock, Tintin, Snowy. Good... I takink charge of others... Now sleep, comrades. Zat is my command!



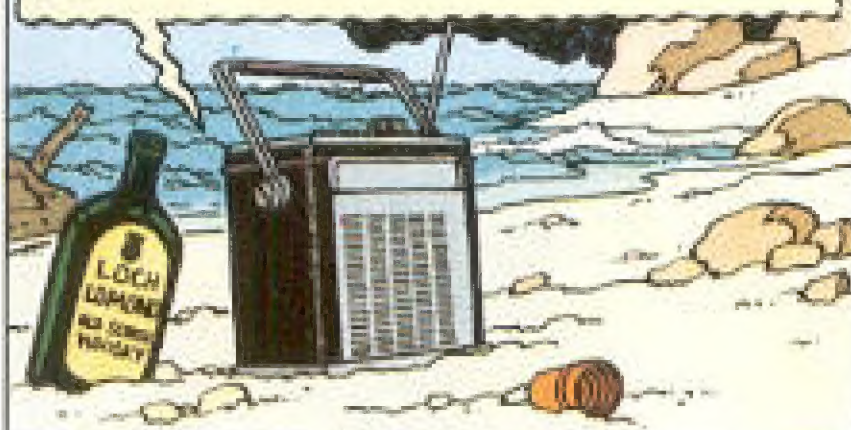
Adieu!

Wooah!
Wooah!



Some hours later...

Search has been resumed for the passengers and crew of the Carreidas aircraft which disappeared yesterday on a flight to Sydney. Hopes are fading of finding survivors, but aircraft...



...continue to patrol the area. During the night a volcano thought to be extinct has erupted on the island of Pulau-pulau Bompia in the Celebes Sea. A column of smoke more than thirty thousand feet high is rising from the crater. Observers are keeping watch on the volcano and are studying the eruption from the air.



One more run, Dick. See if we can film the crater.

O.K.

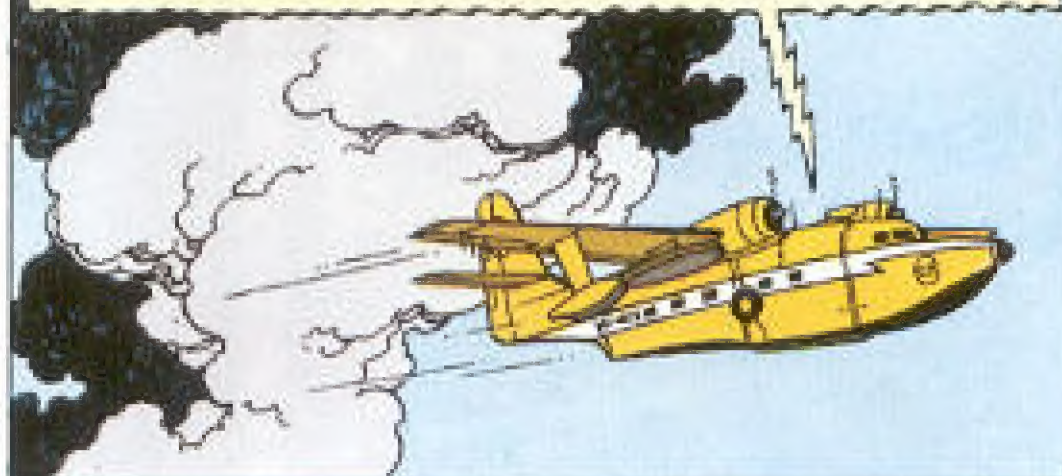


Hey, Dick! Look down there, at ten o'clock. Look!

Good Lord! A rubber dinghy!



Victor Hotel Bravo calling Macassar tower. We've spotted a rubber dinghy about a mile south of the volcano. Five or six men aboard. We've made several low-level runs over them but there's no sign of life...except for a little white dog.



Look, Dick! The wind's carrying them towards the island, and there's lava flowing into the sea. They'll be boiled alive like lobsters! We've got to do something. We must save them!

Wooah!
Wooah!



Thousands of miles away, several days later.

Tonight Scanorama is bringing you a special feature. The brilliant air-sea rescue of six of the men aboard millionaire Carreidas's plane made world headline news. Laszlo Carreidas and five companions were found drifting in a dinghy more than 200 miles off their scheduled route. They were snatched to safety only minutes from death in a lava-heated cauldron, the sea around the volcanic island of Pulau-pulau Bompá. All the survivors were suffering from severe shock. It was several hours before they...



...recovered consciousness in a Javanese hospital. Our on-the-spot reporter has secured the first interview with the mystery-crash survivors... Colin Chattamore in Djakarta.

A put-up job, or I'm not Jolyon Wagg! Bet Carreidas dumped his rotten old crate for the insurance.



Let's begin with the owner of the aircraft... This has been a terrible business for you, Mr. Carreidas. You must be greatly upset by the loss of your prototype, and the tragic disappearance of your secretary and two members of your crew.

Yes, of course ...



All very sad, but what can you expect? That's life, you know. What really annoys me, though, is that I lost my hat: a pre-war Bross and Clackwell. And that's absolutely irreplaceable.



About the needle-marks found on your arm, Mr. Carreidas. It seems that your companions didn't have these...

Naturally: I'm richer than they are.

I... er... precisely.



Captain Skut, you had to make a forced landing. Can you tell us something about it, and what happened afterwards? Your last radio message said you were flying over Sumbawa and had nothing to report.

Yes...



... yes, but is not possible to remember: is like gap in my mind... I not understand... Is like strange dream...



Me too. Just the same. Only I'd call it a horrible nightmare.

Blow me! Look who's here again. My old chum! The ancient mariner from Marlinspike!... The old humbug, he doesn't half come up with some comic turns!



I vaguely remember some grinning masks, and suffocating heat in an underground passage... Thundering typhoons, it makes me thirsty to think of it!

And how about you?



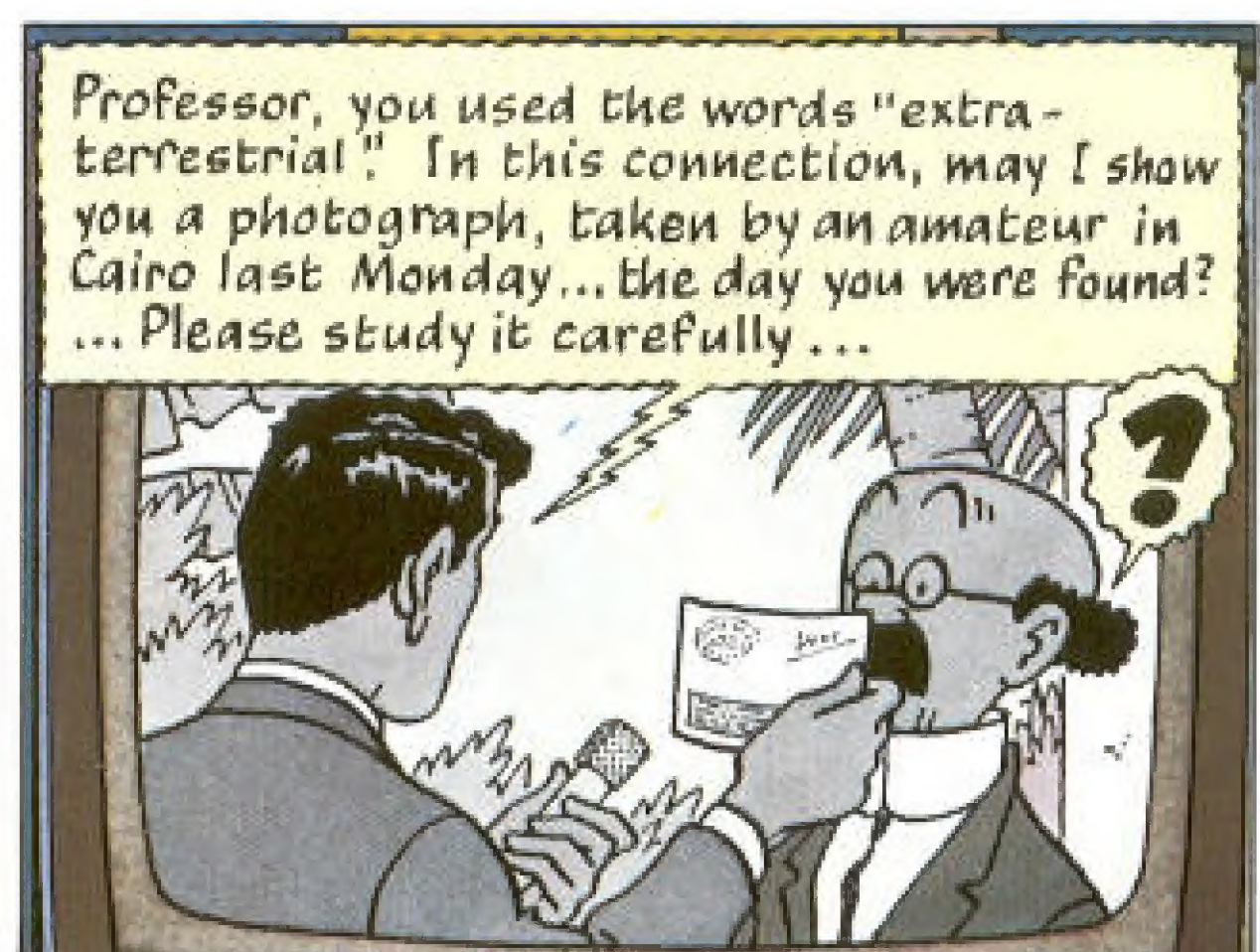
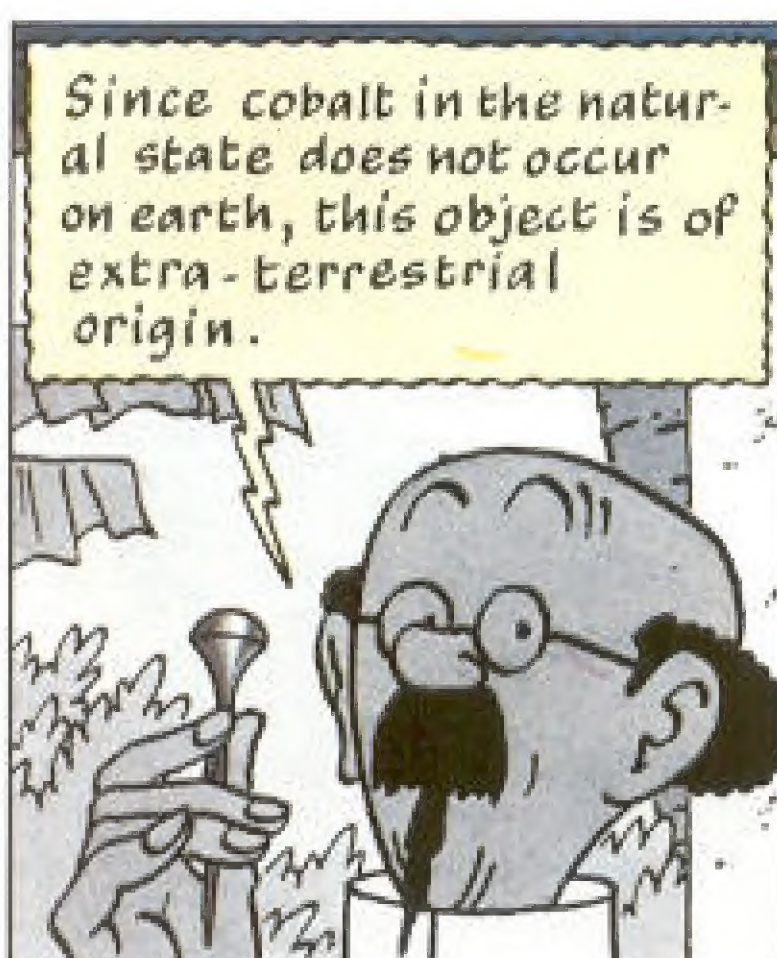
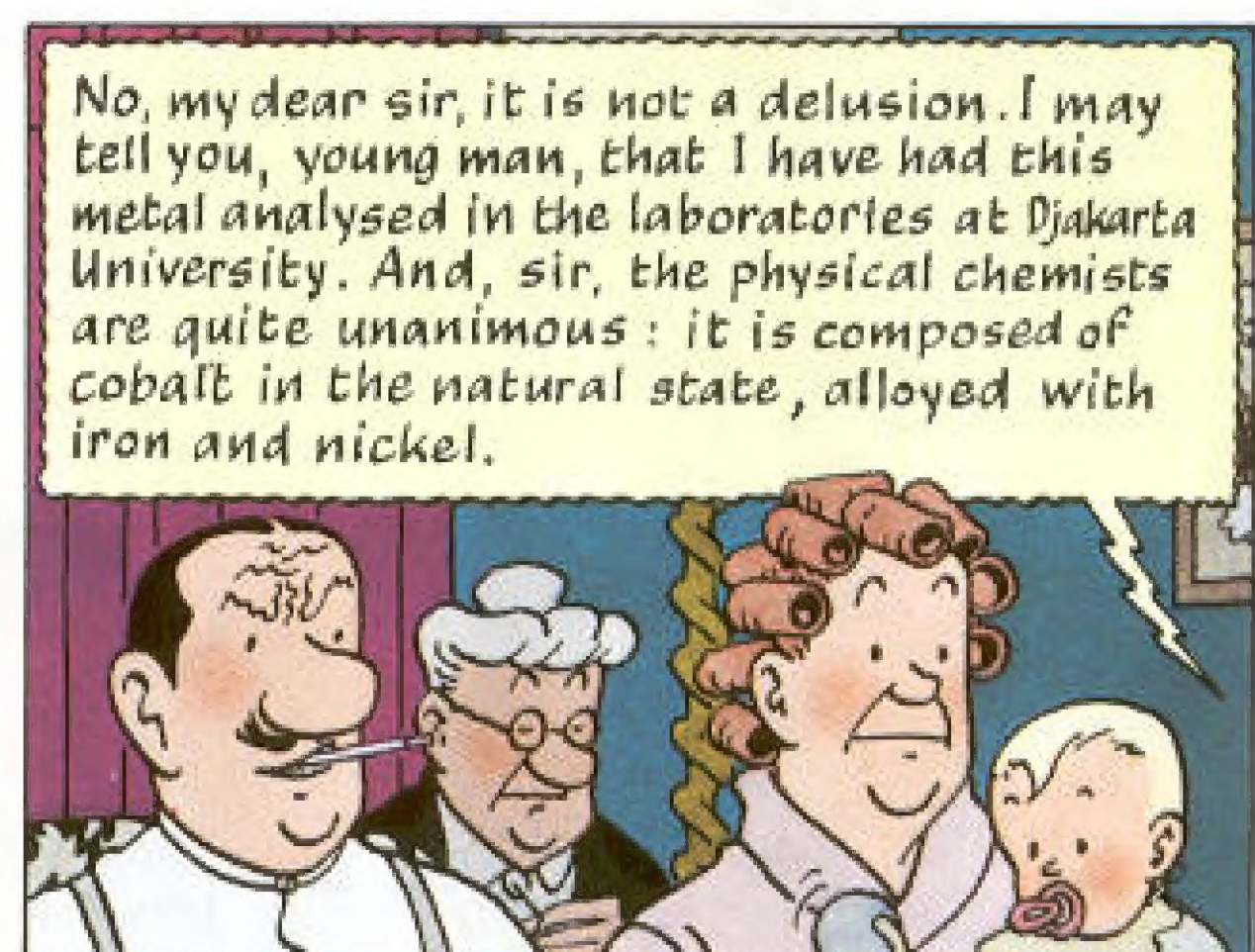
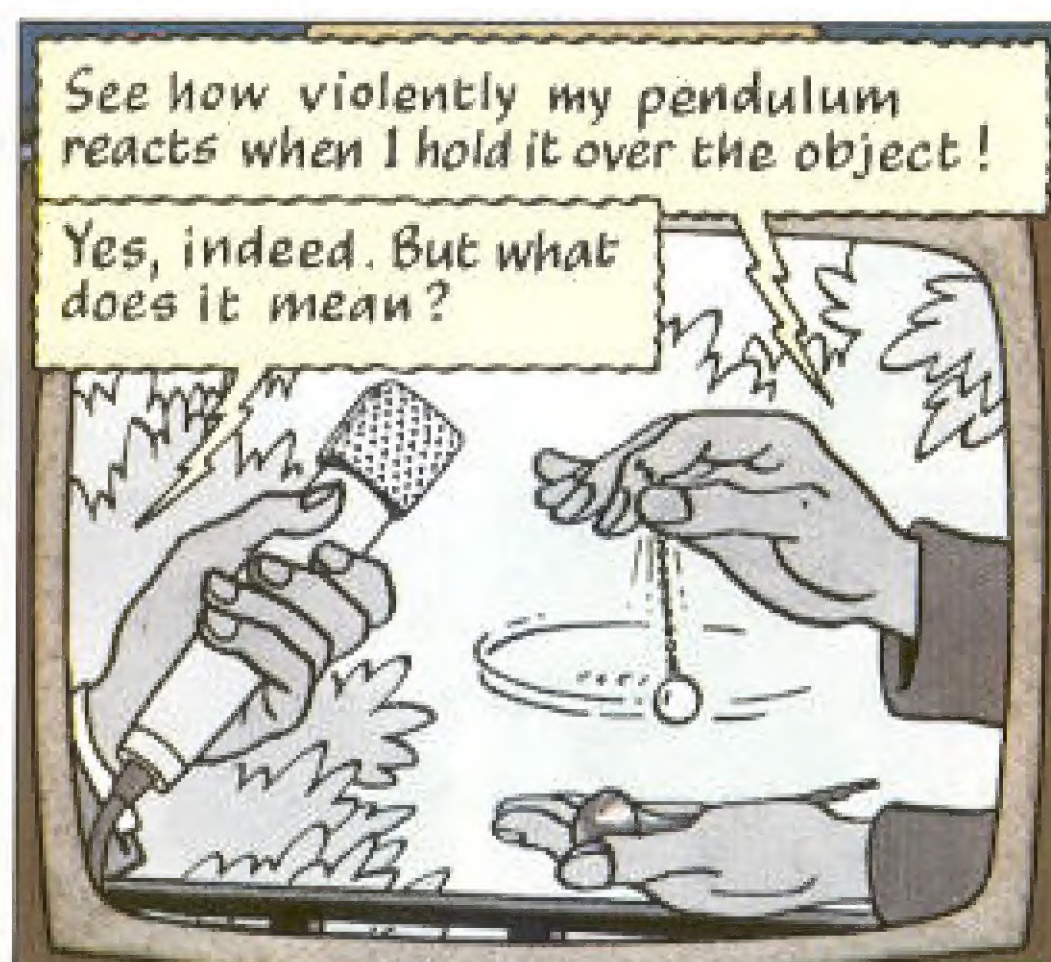
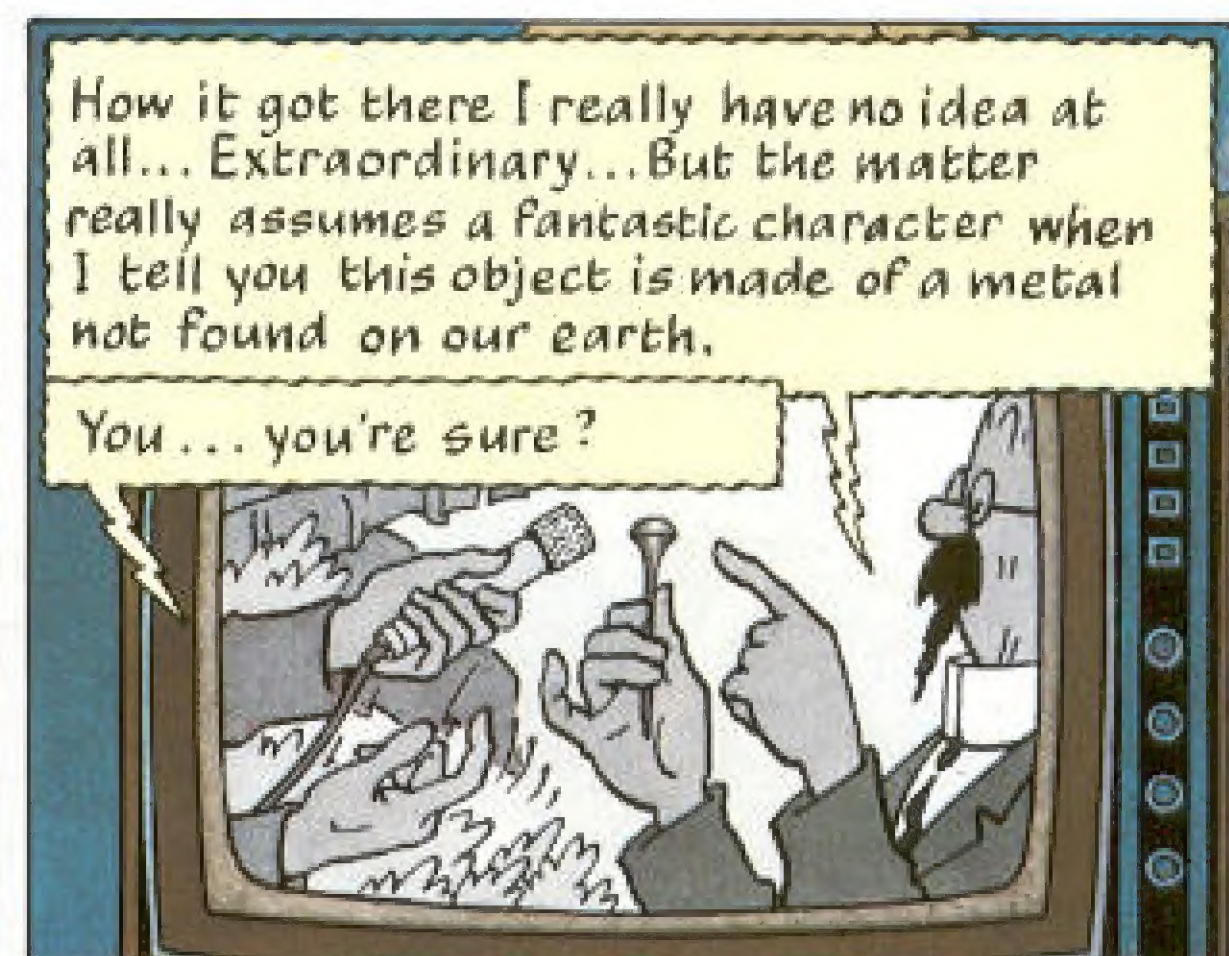
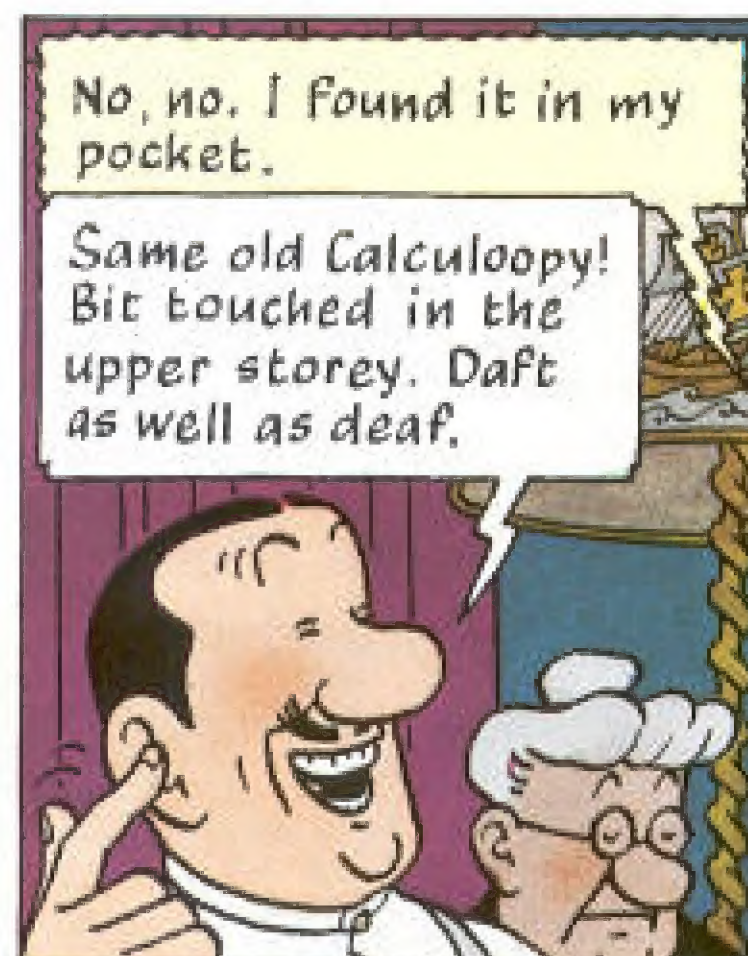
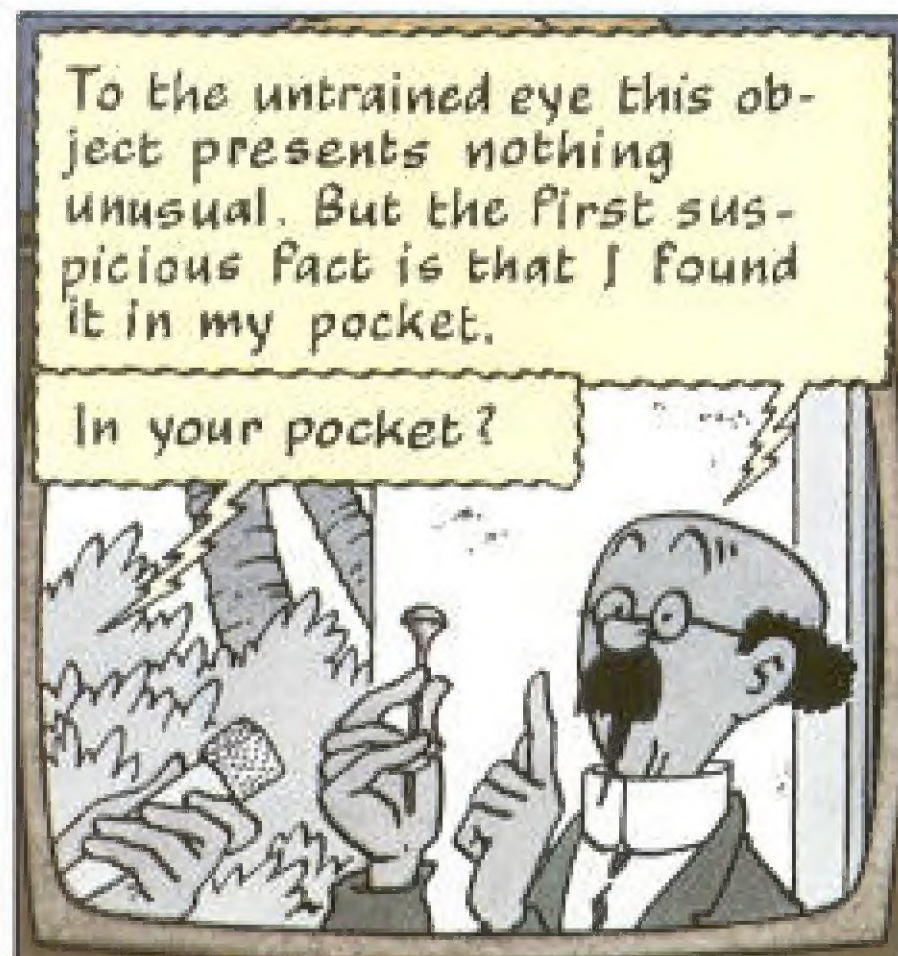
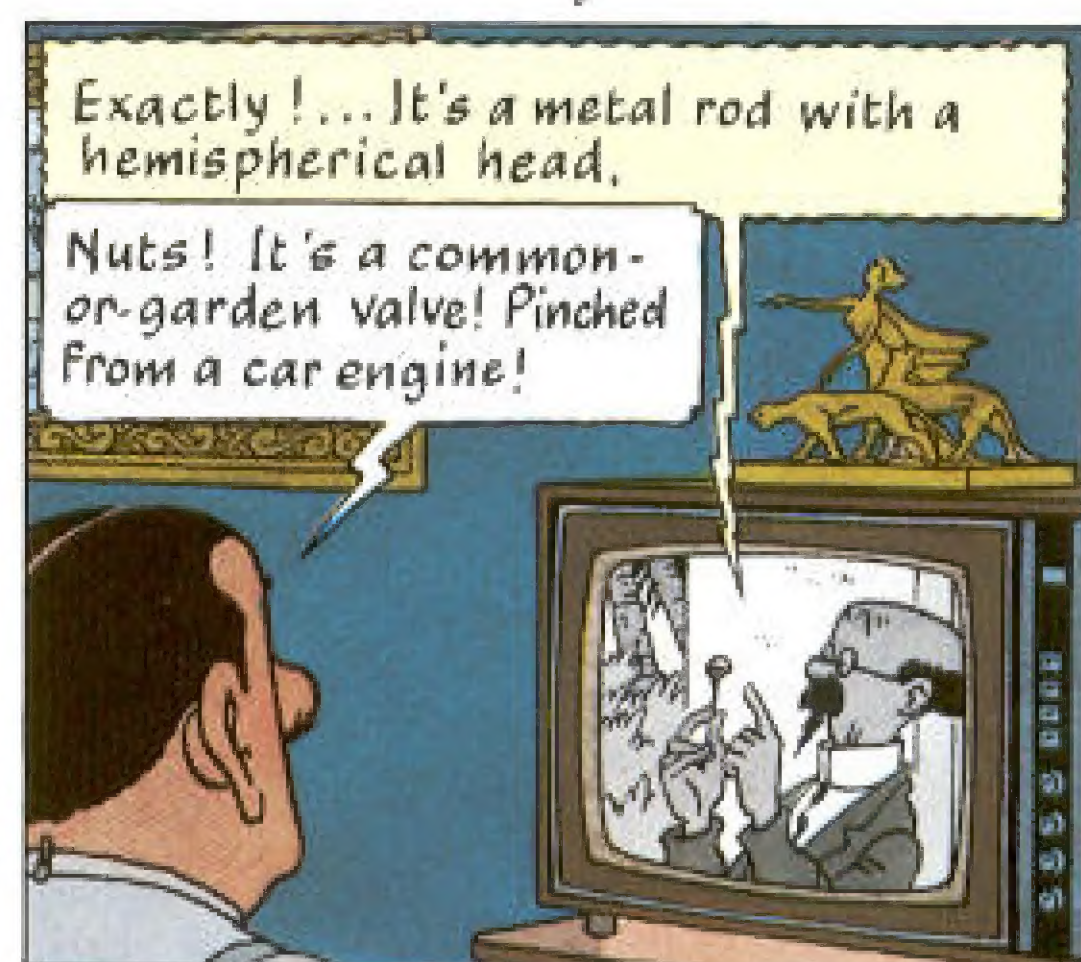
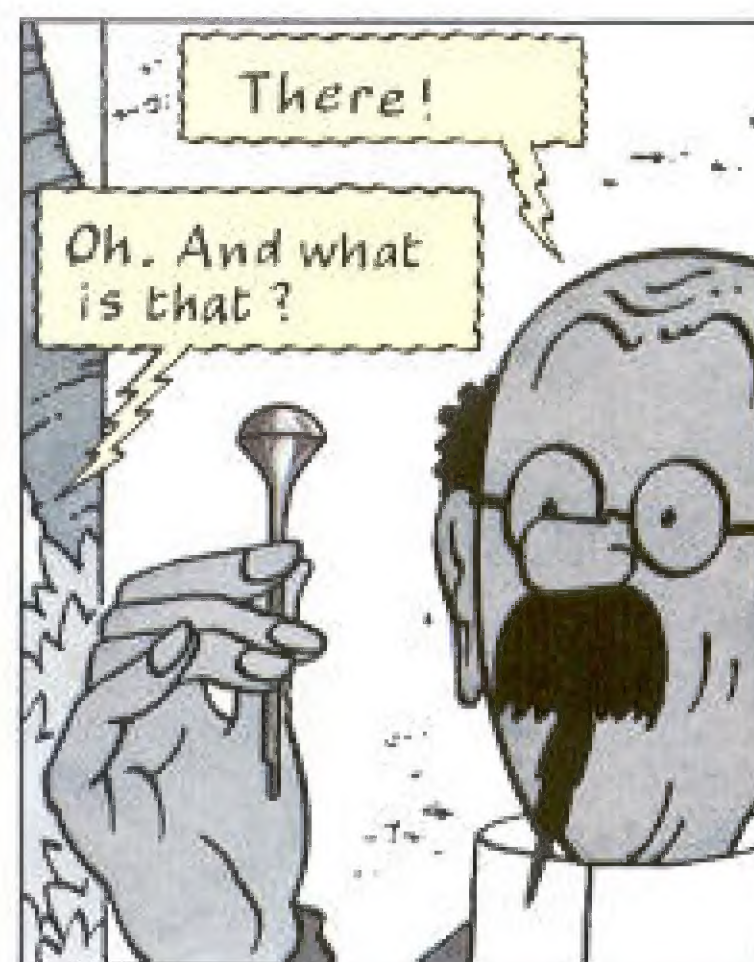
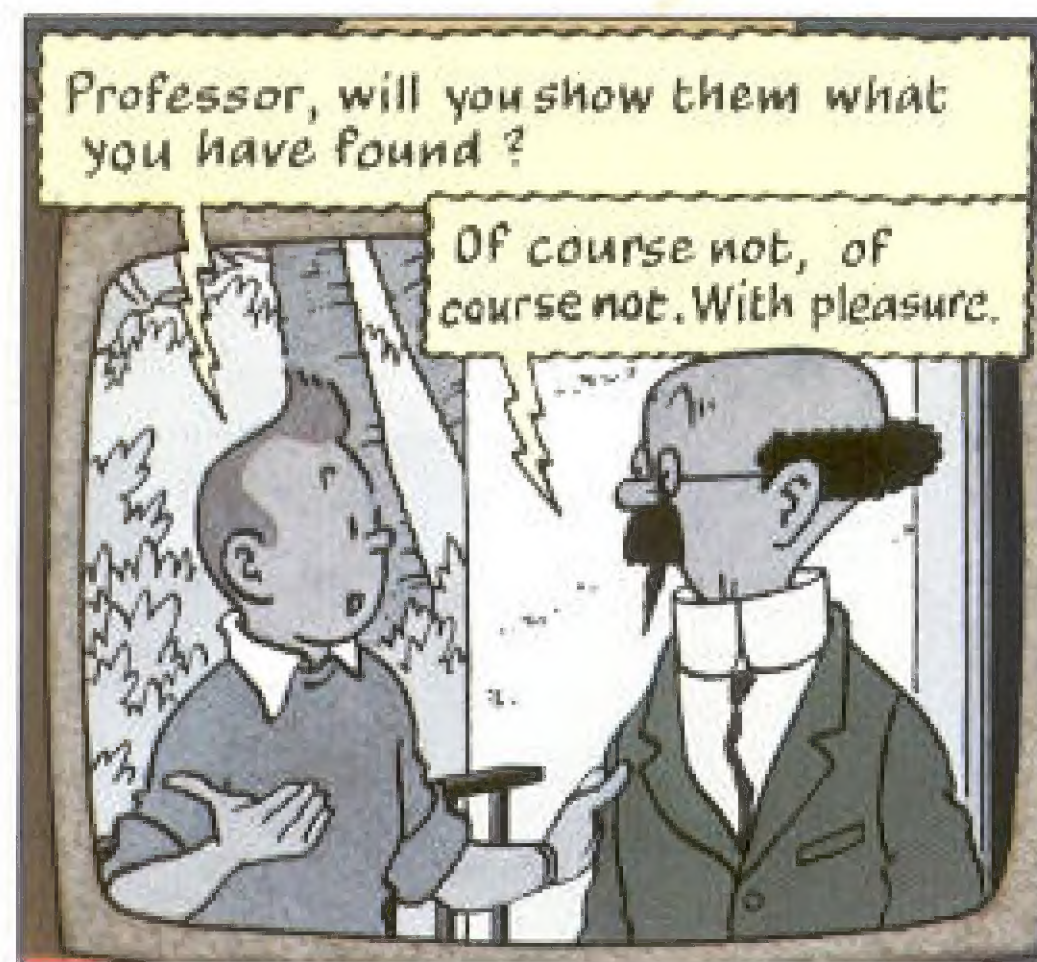
I... well, I had a similar dream. It's certainly odd, but...

And there's his pal, young Sherlock Holmes!



... the most inexplicable part of this whole business is... No, I think Professor Calculus will tell you ...





Would you agree with the photographer, who claims that it is indeed a flying-saucer? ... And would you say that this machine is of extra-terrestrial origin?

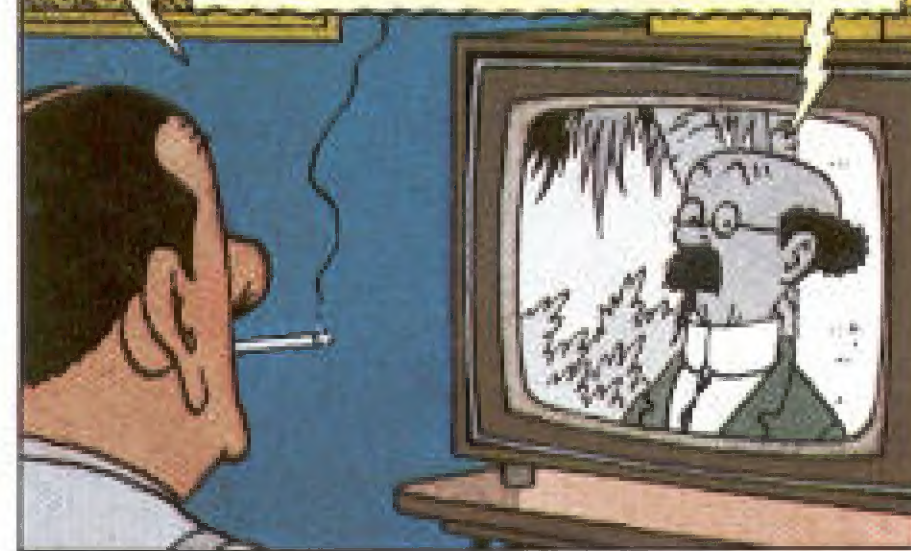


A bottle of gin? ... Frankly, I can see no connection ... To me, the photograph would appear to show an unidentified flying object, popularly known as a flying-saucer.



Do you think this 'machine' is connected with the object you found?

Round? That goes without saying. A saucer is always round, is it not?



Er...of course... One final question, Professor. I understand that you and your companions are suffering from amnesia...

If you wish, but I always take a glass of water with milk of magnesia.



I beg your pardon?...I... hmmm...the point I want to make is that occasional cases of amnesia are not uncommon... There's one reported in the paper today. The head of a psychiatric clinic in Cairo, Dr. Krollspell, has just been found wandering near the outskirts of the city. He'd been missing for more than a month, and he has completely lost his memory.



But in your case, how do the doctors account for the fact that you are ALL suffering from amnesia?

They don't seem able to give an explanation... any more than we can.



I could tell them a thing or two!... But no one would believe me!



And finally, what are your plans? Where do you go from here?

We're catching the next plane for Sydney. We shall just be in time for the opening of the Astro-nautical Congress.



Well, I hope there will be no further interruptions to your journey. Good luck from Scanorama, and thank you... Goodbye, Captain!

Goodbye!



DONG This is the final call for Qantas Flight 714 to Sydney. All passengers please proceed immediately to gate No. 3.



THE END